

051 Collier's the national weekly.
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SHELF IN
OVERSIZE

SHELF
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Collier's

NEWS STAND EDITION

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Charles Dana Gibson's Work
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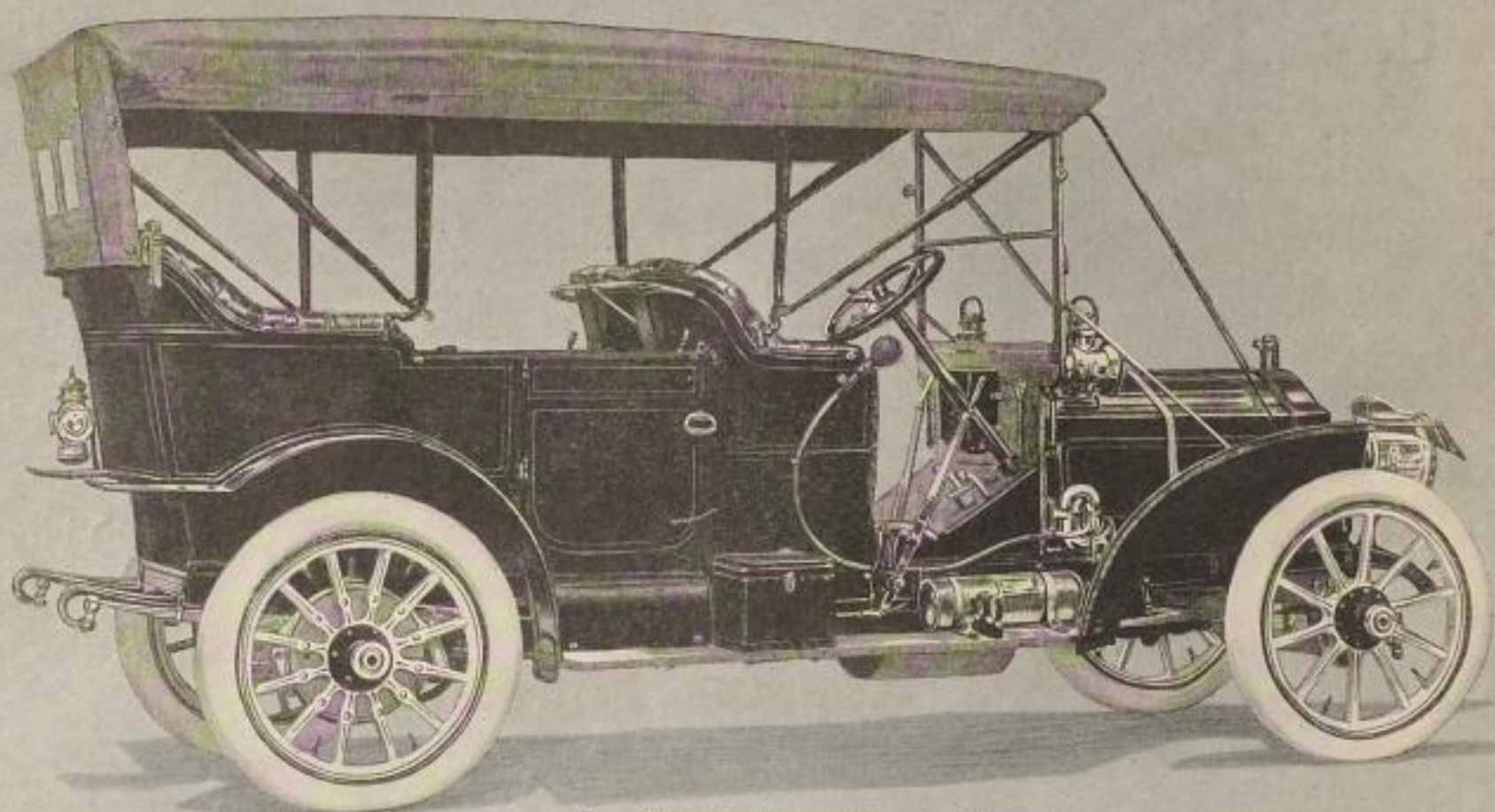
VOL. XLII NO. 11

(See Announcement on page 7)

DECEMBER 5 1908

Packard

"THIRTY"
1909



Touring Car with Packard Special Cape Cart Top



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

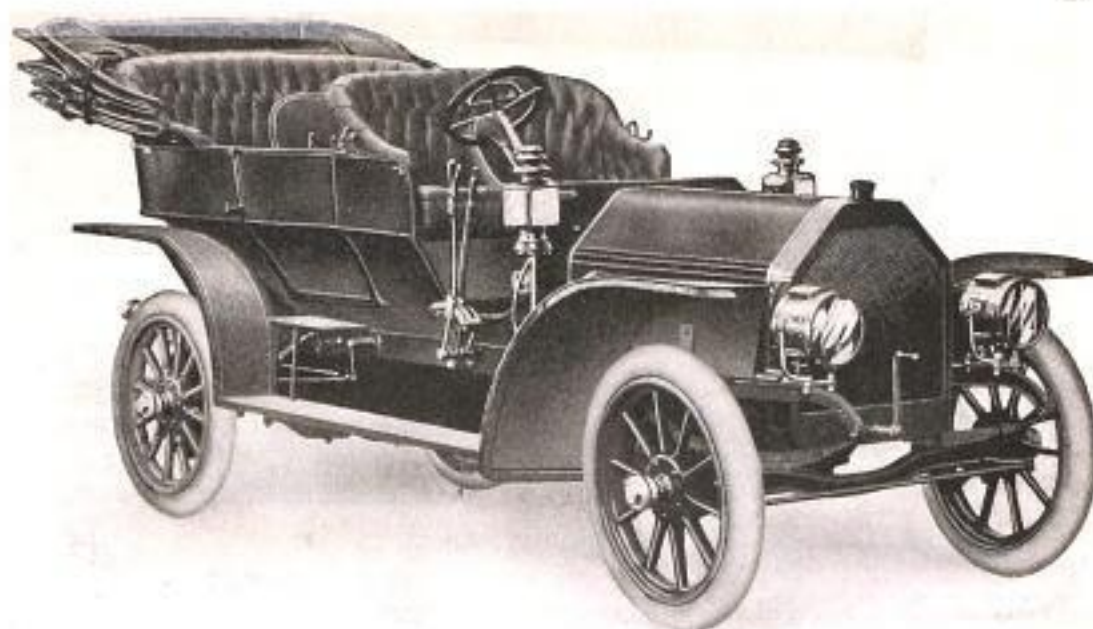
Glide

1909
Model "G"
Special
\$2500

equipped with side lamps, tail light, horn, coat rail and tool kit.

Extras: Touring Car or Roadster

- High Tension Magneto, making double ignition system **\$150**
- Pantasote Top, with side joints and straps. **\$100**
- Rushmore Searchlights, with generator. **\$ 50**



Don't Pay Too Much or Too Little—A Standard American Car Should Sell for a Standard Price

EXTRAVAGANT claims are made for the *very low-priced car*.
—Extravagant claims are made for the *very high-priced car*.
—Between the two you will find THE GLIDE—and the *right price*.
—A full dollar of automobile *value* for every dollar of *price*.
—The *very low-priced* may be a *very good car* for the *price*, but it is *not* to consider its *claims* to rank with the *best car*.
—For at its price you must sacrifice *two or more inches of road clearance*—*vital* when *touring*.
—You must sacrifice *ten to twenty inches of wheel base*—and the *valent in comfort*. On the other hand—
—The *very high-priced* may be a *very good car*; indeed it may

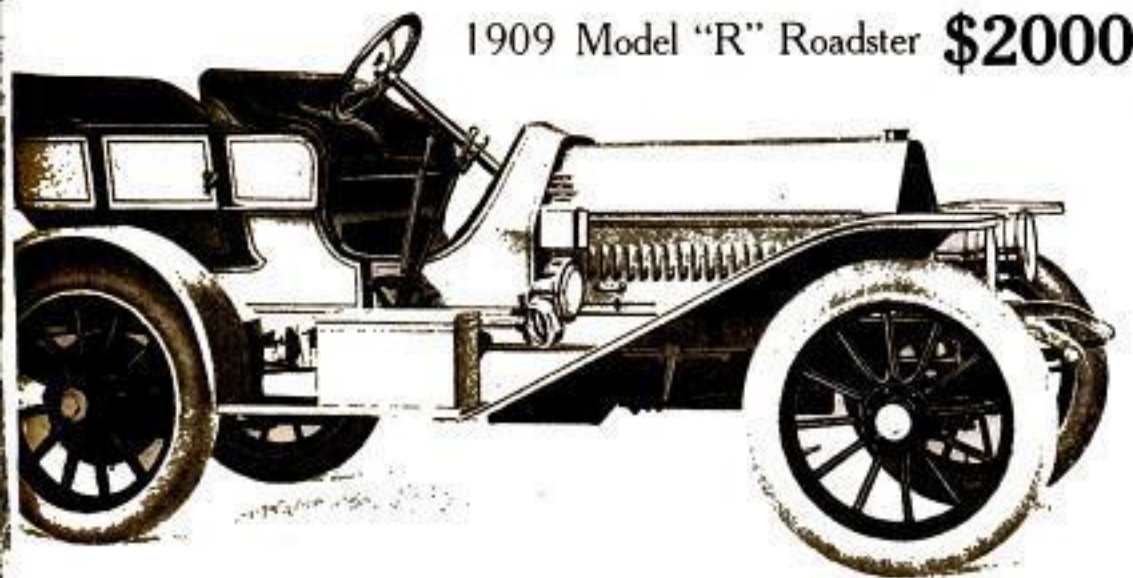
be as good as THE GLIDE. "It costs enough—it ought to be."
—But for every *dollar* of automobile value that it gives—you pay another dollar for—*extravagant methods*. You pay other extra dollars for *bills* incurred in *expensive track races*, which is *sport*, not *business*. They *have never* and *can never* aid in the development of the *all-purpose touring car* you wish to buy.
—The *Glide* is this *all-purpose touring car*, perfected *beyond* the point of *experiment*.
—There are no apologies to be made for the price of the *Glide*, \$2,500. This price is represented by \$2,500 of automobile value.
—You cannot get as much for less. You cannot get more for twice.

Let Us Reason Together

The *Glide* motor, 4 cylinders, cast separately, develops 45 *actual* power, not *theoretical*. A combination *never* found in the *very* *old cars*. The *Glide* price makes them possible.
We manufacture our own axles from our own design and they *break, wear out or cause trouble*. We make our own selective gear type transmission. The gears are 1½-inch face, of the *best steel* properly tempered.
The ideal mounting for any engine is that which does away with *vibration*. The *Glide* power plant is mounted on a sub-frame *so* and braced as to *eliminate all vibration* even at high speed.
Each feature cannot be "thrown in"—it must be *built in*—an *integral part* of the car. The *Glide* price makes this *possible*.
The *Glide* is built and tested for power, speed and reliability. The power plant of the *Glide* and its properly proportioned driving mechanism make it the greatest hill climber in the world today.
The selective type of transmission is standard—as used in the *best* cars.
The *Glide* improves itself makes it impossible to start with a *necking* jerk (how often you have noticed fine cars start that way), *possible* to stop with a shock.
The transmission changes quickly, yet there is a *gradually* increasing or diminishing momentum in starting or stopping, which *make the Glide* what its name implies.
You get such a feature "thrown in"? The *features* of the *Glide* are all *built in*—integral parts of the car such as—
The long, finely tempered, vanadium steel springs, affording *maximum* of comfort and further emphasizing the name *Glide*.

- The level driving gear on its special bearings.
- The floating type of axles.
- The entire absence of loose keys.
- The improved type of multiple disc clutch.
- The double hinged hood.
- The 120-inch wheel base of the touring car.
- The 106-inch wheel base of the roadster.
- The roomy tonneau—luxuriously upholstered—seating seven—*touring car*.
- The double brake system—internal expanding and external contracting. Brake drum 16 inches in diameter—3-inch face.
- From crank handle to tail light, the *Glide* is built to give full value at the price—\$2,500. No sum of money will buy a more serviceable, more thoroughly tested or more satisfactory touring car.
- No car exceeds in beauty the graceful lines of the *Glide*.
- Previously formed notions defeat the impartial selection of the *best car*.
- Do not pay too little in the first cost.
- Do not pay too much in the first cost.
- Buy a car which represents full value—and which gives you *all* you want in a car.
- Constant level oiling system, eliminating piping and automatically maintaining lubricating oil at the proper level in crank case. You have this satisfaction, you can never over-oil.
- Five Main Bearings for Crank Shaft, which preserve absolute perfect alignment to the shaft and prevent breakage.

- The expansion of one cylinder does not affect the other. The valves do not heat each other and the motor is easier to cool.
- Absolutely nothing cheap or slighted in its make-up. It is a top-notch car. It is designed by an engineering department that has made eminently good.
- Glide* cars have less weight per cylinder area than any other stock car and yet weight is so scientifically distributed as to give ample allowance for safety element.
- Timken Roller Bearings of ample size on all journals—they wear longest, can be adjusted and therefore are superior.
- All parts are made in our own factory, the motor excepted.
- We machine-cut and harden our own gears.
- The Rutenber motor long held the *world's record* of 1,004 3-16 miles in 24 hours, proving the *maximum* of power—absolutely *perfect* carburetion and *indisputable* mechanical efficiency.
- Only one universal joint of our own design manufactured in our own shop. They are made from drop forgings that do not wear out, break or cause trouble.
- Tires 34 x 4½ on the touring car; 36 x 4 on the roadster. Our cars are easy on the tires because they do not over-hang the rear axle and further because the tires are of ample dimensions to carry the car and the load the tires are intended to work under. In making the comparison of prices for cars, don't over-look their equipment.
- Roadster speed, 2 to 60 miles per hour with regular gear ratio. Faster with special gear.
- Standard color: Touring Car—Rich Dark Green Body, Cream Running Gear. Roadster—Special Automobile Gray Body, Red Running Gear; other colors at the option of the purchaser.



1909 Model "R" Roadster **\$2000**

The *Glide* may be seen at many agencies. Our descriptive literature will interest you.
Remember that at its price the *Glide* is a startling innovation. Much detailed information of great economic interest to the prospective buyer is contained in our free literature. May we have your name and address, please, today?

Established 1882. Incorporated 1893.
Remember the price, Touring Car, \$2500. No more no less.
Remember the price, Roadster, \$2000. No more no less.
Terms, cash with order, \$250, balance on delivery.
We will extend agency contracts for 1909 in unoccupied territory.

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(Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.)

602 Glide Street, Peoria, Illinois

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BOSTON, MASS.—Crown Motor Car Co., Motor Mart
NEW YORK CITY—Geo. J. Scott Motor Co., 1720 Broadway
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Glide Motor Car Co., 327 Baronne Street
FARGO, N. D.—D. B. Rea
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—H. G. Goosman, The Motor Inn, 1023 1st Ave. So.
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ates are recognized as experts and positions seek them.

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Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

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Distinctly the Tourist hotel of Charleston. Modern in every particular. Am. Write for our new booklet. H. A. Kelgin.

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31st Beul. and Lake Shore American or European plan. Free ride from city, near South Park System; 10 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

400 rooms. Grand Convention Hall. Absolutely fireproof. Magnificently large, light sample rooms.

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New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick. Feats on 4 streets. All outside rooms, as \$1.50 up. Centrally located.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Collier's

Saturday, December 5, 1908



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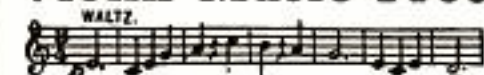
Number 11

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By Using
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Distinctly the Tourist hotel of Charleston. Modern in every particular. Am. Write for our new booklet. H. A. Kelgin.

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Genuine Holeproof Sox NOW 25¢ a Pair

The sox are the same identical "Holeproof" Sox that have heretofore cost 33 1-3 cents.

We didn't have to alter our quality nor change our expensive process. The reason is this—

The best yarn now costs us 10 cents per pound less.

We now pay an average of 63 cents per pound for our yarn.

Before we paid 73 cents.

So the reduction is really in the market price of yarn.

For we still pay the top market price—as before.



We still buy the best yarn we know—exactly the same Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest 3-ply yarn that the market affords.

The Saving is Yours—Not Ours

Instead of using this reduction to increase our profits, we use it to make our price less.

All makers now pay less for yarn but they are not cutting the price of their sox. So those who have always paid 25c for inferior goods can now have the best at that price.

You can now buy a box of six pairs of Holeproof Sox—formerly \$2.00—for \$1.50

It takes but one trial to prove that six pairs of "Holeproof" are the best sox that \$1.50 will buy.

We knit our sox with 3-ply yarn, which is doubled to 6-ply in heel and toe. Yet these parts are not stiff, for our yarn is extra soft. We could buy coarse yarn for less than half what we pay, but the sox would be uncomfortable.

Compare "Holeproof" with the best unguaranteed sox—the result will surprise you. You'll never again pay 25 cents for sox that wear out in a week.

Think of the Convenience

Think what a comfort to always have six pairs of sox in your dresser ready to wear when you want them. Think of never having to look for whole sox. Think of the time and the bother saved when in a hurry to dress.

"Holeproof" never fade, crock, nor rust.

We sterilize each pair twice in the making, so the sox are sanitary.

Each pair is thoroughly shrunk, so the sox never wrinkle nor stretch.

The shaping is done in the knitting process, so that shape is permanent.

The sox lose none of their qualities after washing.

31 Years to Make the First Pair

31 years were spent in perfecting "Holeproof." Over 100 imitations have been placed on the market since they became a success.

We are to-day one of the largest hosiery-making concerns in the world.

600 people are employed in our factory.

So when you buy a box of "Holeproof" you get more than appears on the surface.

You get all the foregoing assurance that the goods are the best to be had—that they are honest goods—that the guarantee is not made to get sales, but to protect you after you've bought.

Are Your Hose Insured?

We are not asking you to buy simply for extra wear—but for all that you like in sox—plus extra wear.

Simply resolve that you'll try "Holeproof."

After that you'll always buy "Holeproof"—you'll buy fewer pairs of sox—you'll save money—trouble—time.

Get the Genuine

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Hole-

proof" Trademark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way. Mail the coupon and we will ship the sox promptly and prepay transportation charges.

Remember, the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you. If the sox come to holes and darning within six months, you get new sox FREE.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Sox are sold in boxes of six pairs with a six months' guarantee reading like this:

"If any or all of these sox come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

Men's	<input type="checkbox"/>	Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.	
Women's	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Boys'	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Misses'	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Enclaved \$ _____		Please send me _____	
Name of Holeproof _____		This trademark is put on our box and each toe.	
Size _____ Weight _____			
Color _____			
Name _____			
Address _____			

How to Order

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, \$2.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, December 5, 1908

The Christmas Collier's

The Christmas Collier's will give the first glimpse of Charles Dana Gibson's work in color. Maxfield Parrish, Frederic Remington, and Jessie Willcox Smith are represented in the same number. There will be ten pages and a cover in color; and there will also be a page of whimsical drawings. The same issue contains a new Sherlock Holmes story, which describes a straight murder mystery of international importance, and tells how Sherlock Holmes solved it. Mycroft, the brother of Sherlock, is one of the characters in the story. Sarah Comstock has a story called "Who Is My Neighbor?" December 12 is the date.

Gibson in Collier's

The work of Charles Dana Gibson in black and white and in colors will appear exclusively in Collier's. Mr. Gibson is now touring the Middle West and Far West, studying conditions and men. A few of the cities where he has been welcomed are Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Emporia, Omaha, Lincoln, Denver, Salt Lake City, Virginia City, Carson City, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Minneapolis, Madison, and Chicago.

Speaking of his work in the future, Mr. Gibson said: "I plan to work in two directions equally interesting to me, or, perhaps, I might say in three directions, as my color work will have two branches. Some of it will be done for reproduction and will appear in Collier's Weekly. Then I shall go right ahead with my painting of portraits and shall give, perhaps, half of my time for the whole future to that work. It has taken a very strong and permanent hold of me, and I feel that I have mastered at least the grammar of it. At the same time, my interest in black and white has never flagged, and I never expect it to. When I take it up again in Collier's, in a few weeks, it will doubtless be somewhat affected by my trip abroad and by this trip that I am now making through the West and the Northwest, but I shall always wish to express in that medium a certain side of life that interests me intensely—what might be called, perhaps, the observation of human nature in detail, the minor incidents, the satire, the special traits of character. Now, a man can no more express these things in oil than he could express in black and white the intricate shadings and values by which woman's hair shades into her forehead, or the gradations of value from the cheek to the neck, or the quality of the complexion. A few years ago I decided that I was unwilling to go through my life expressing only half of my interest. I knew that a new and difficult art could not be mastered while I was immersed in the same life and the same work that I had so long known. Therefore I broke away from my black and white for the time being, and from my environment, and went abroad to stay until I had learned the rudiments, at least, of the new medium. I worked as intensely as it was in me to work at the problems of oil while studying the great masters of portrait painting in Spain, Italy, Holland, France, Germany, and England. I feel now that I have mastered the alphabet and that I can go on expressing myself more fully and more satisfactorily every year. Each of these arts is made more satisfying by the fact that it is supplemented, and that, therefore, I can feel that I am not leaving unexpressed a large part of the things in the world which interest me most."

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Harvard defeating Yale on November 21 at New Haven. White of Harvard is scooting around Yale's right end for one of the series of gains that landed the ball on Yale's 25-yard line and gave Kennard his chance to kick the field goal that won the game



Kennard of Harvard kicking a goal from Yale's 25-yard line. He was put into the game, the moment before, for the sole purpose of making a field goal



Harvard and Yale lining up. The two stervens were closely matched—Yale excelling in punting and Harvard in rushing



Deadheads who climbed—overlooking Yale Field



Going home after the game—cars and autos loaded to the gunwales



Harvard's human serpent—the triumphant Cambridge men dance the snake dance of victory on Yale Field and hurl their derbies over the southern goal

HARVARD CONQUERS YALE IN FOOTBALL BATTLE



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street

NEW YORK

December 5, 1908

Progress

THE PUBLICATION of the party contributions is a moral milestone. The last campaign was conducted on a higher plane than any other in the country's history. This country, in its national affairs, leans to party government; no third party has ever made conspicuous headway or held the balance of power—the Independence League, with a well-known Georgian as its candidate for Vice-President, got eighty-three votes in Georgia—fewer than the number of GRAVES's personal friends. Whatever, therefore, raises party organizations to higher moral planes is good. The publication of contributions, voluntary, because no national law requires it, epitomizes many a moral paragon. A conscientious President need no longer fear to be associated with his campaign treasurer lest he be told who—now concerned with executive decisions—contributed; he can pick up each morning's paper without fear of life insurance investigations or any embarrassing revelation. A campaign treasurer can fill his office with dignity and respect; he need no longer be a fat-fryer dealing in implied promises and threats. A campaign manager is no longer in the disagreeable, suspicious position of one who must receive and disburse large and definite sums of money—without auditing. We have gone far.

Criticism

THESE ARE SENTENCES which the New York "Sun" has printed at various times about the contemporary President of the United States:

... He has not displayed any physical degeneration. It would be inexact and scientific to classify him as a maitoid or a paranoiac. He is technically an omnia. That is, the delusion under which he labors is infinitely more acute and more than that of the true megalomania. ... Some superficial observers have diagnosed it as acute megalomania; it is something allied, perhaps, in its incipience with that, but different from it or any other known form of mental liability."

... Friendless and hopeless, a virtual outcast from his party, derided by the North and West, which long looked on him with unreasoning reverence, and justly hated by the East."

"He can not brace himself to tell the truth at this crisis and confess that his culpable folly has been the cause of the empty treasury. ... He sits in criminal idleness."

"He sits among the ruins of his administration and of his party, conscious that he has ruined both."

The following paragraphs were divided in time from the foregoing by long interval:

"Can any person skilled in the psychologic indications read this pretentious scribble" (one of the President's messages) "without perceiving that its legitimate use is rather in the inwards of a carefully framed hypothetical question addressed to experts? ..."

"... The wide swath of destruction which his folly and his insane propensities precipitated. ..."

"... The perpetual political and economic St. Vitus's dance which he has led."

"... He has produced a panic, shattered the foundations of credit, brought widespread financial disaster."

The first four paragraphs referred to GROVER CLEVELAND; the second to THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Some of the "Sun's" references to Mr. CLEVELAND's physical characteristics, and its imputations to him of mental and moral infirmity, are rather too brutal to reproduce. Doubtless, Mr. ROOSEVELT will yet live long enough for the "Sun" to pay him respect.

One Achievement

MAKING THIS A MORE homogeneous nation is, among the achievements of President ROOSEVELT, one of the greatest and one which most depended on the accident of his personality. It came about through his abounding vitality, the strength and variety of his human sympathies. Quite apart from personal contact with him, by reason of his public utterances on morals, manners, and a wide range of subjects far apart from the business of the Presidency, many thousands of people have felt the strength of his encouragement and the stimulus of his interest. More than any other man, he has loosed the power of partizan loyalty. If he had been the recent candidate for President, the Solid South would have ceased to exist. He has made a Confederate soldier Secretary of War. His letter about Tarr's religion contained nothing new for the broad-minded; but thousands who believe

in him will accept his message that bigotry is wrong, and ten years hence the amount of suspicion and harsh feeling among men will be less by reason of one episode in ROOSEVELT's Administration. This sort of service, in its broadest aspects, is especially useful in a country whose national character must finally be determined by a fusion of different races and creeds.

Decency

SENATOR FORAKER will do better not to disturb the ceremonies of his reputation. A letter of recommendation and exculpation from his former employers can hardly avail him. Is any canon of legal ethics so loose as to listen to explanation about letters from a corporation to a United States Senator in its employ which say "here is another objectionable bill; it needs to be looked after"? Consideration of Mr. FORAKER just now is tempered with sadness and the recollection of his vigor and courage; a period of retirement might even improve his case, but flaunting a candidacy for reelection is not the particular kind of manifestation of courage which will help.

Where the Money Goes

THE LIQUOR INTERESTS ride the taxation argument hard. "Think deeply," they say to the farmers of Ohio, "before you destroy a large portion of the State's revenue by voting your county dry, and in the end have your taxes doubled." One of the chief charges on public revenue is the support of police and jails. The city of Albany is in Dougherty County, Georgia, which went dry the 1st of January, 1908. The following comparison of the number of arrests for all offenses in that city, without prohibition and with it, has some bearing on the taxation argument:

		NUMBER OF ARRESTS			
		1908	1907		1908
January	81	117	July	45	144
February	45	144	August	36	135
March	63	108	September	54	153
April	45	126			
May	54	117			
June	45	143	Total	468	1,179

"It pays far better," said the President the other day, "to support the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in a community than to pay the salary of a policeman."

Head-Lines

A SUPPOSITITIOUS FRENCH CRITIC is imagined by the New York "Evening Post" as gracefully amused by the Yankee headlines which summon the jaded reader to the article beneath. With the smiling malice of the Gallic essayist he expresses his profound admiration for the genius of those men "who almost automatically will dig the heart out of a 'story' and blazon it before the reader not only with marvelous brevity and meaning, but with appropriateness of characterization. Can you seize, for instance," he asks, "the full relevancy of a rubric like: 'Presbyterian Falls Twenty Feet,' or 'Professor Thrice Married Denies Authenticity of Bible'?" There is really more to the matter than the satire admits. It is a difference of race psychology that is expressed in our always picturesque and often frantic headlines. The English newspaper publishes a four-column article under the heading: "Parliament Convenes." In precisely similar circumstances our daily press introduce their one-column account: "Tillman Brandishes His Pitchfork." The Parisian paper invites the reader with: "Deliberations of the French Academy." "Howells Has Grouch" is the reaction of our more popular dailies on a meeting of the Authors' Club. "Women Typewriters Hand In Their Complaint" would be the sober-hued announcement of English journalism. We would voice the same thought by observing: "Love-Pirates Mutiny." The Continental or English reader is drawn to the total event. If it is the kind of event he cares for, he will read the article whether the proceedings were frenzied or earnestly placid. We care for the specific, unexpected episode, and for that alone. Funeral or Congress of Colonial Dames, song or sermon are alike, if only they come to white heat for a moment and lend themselves to barbed satire or tragic rush or sudden laughter. Our journalism is of the same genius as the street crowd—swiftly mobilized by sudden death or comic ecstasy, and instantaneously fading away when the tragic crux or the point of the jest has come to its wave-crest.

Handicaps

JUDGE GROSSCUP says the coming issue will be:

"Whether the corporate form of national activity shall remain a mere class possession or will be raised into a truly national possession, taking its place alongside the farms of the country."

This would be a more well-knit and well-balanced nation if the stocks and bonds of the great railroads and industrial corporations were distributed in small holdings among shopkeepers and farmers in the way the French *rentes* are to be found in the stockings of the peasants. The agencies which prevent such widespread distribution in this country are:

1. The loose governmental supervision of the issuing of corporation securities, which permits the words "stocks" and "bonds" to be associated with wildcat frauds and causes suspicion of this form of property on the part of all except that small class whose intelligence and information enable them to discriminate.

2. That failing, both in public sentiment and in law, which permits newspapers to advertise as "stocks" and "bonds" the paper shares of premeditated swindles.

3. The New York Stock Exchange, in the way it is conducted at present, without any more governmental control than is exercised over a private club. Its machinery is used chiefly for the creation of fictitious and fraudulent prices, and for tempting small investors, not to hoard their holdings in the way that makes for stability, but to speculate in them in the way that causes public insecurity and the deterioration of personal character.

Slumbering Spirits

A POET born three hundred years ago seems no vital influence on the lives which swarm and throb in this young land. This very reason is more cause why we should record that, on December 9, 1608, JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, London. With the coming of his tercentenary we are glad to pause for an instant from the contemplation of stocks and tariffs, of Senators and shams, and look back. MILTON's poetry is not of a temper to strike fire in the heart of the modern American; the older generation still clings to its WORDSWORTH and TENNYSON; youth, when it reads poetry at all, finds zest in the up-to-the-minute riming of KIPLING. Meantime the family volume of MILTON gathers dust with other "classics." His scholastic spirit of research, his use of mythological or Biblical characters and scenes, above all his "grand style," do not tend to make him known to a nation busy growing wheat and tunneling mountains. However, "they also serve who only stand and wait." MILTON's spirit is not dead. A fellow poet hailed him:

"Chief of organic numbers!
Old Scholar of the Spheres!
Thy spirit never slumbers,
But rolls about our ears
For ever and for ever!"

And this is true. MILTON still has his band of followers. Some country parson, some rare introspective lad, a few devoted teachers, still know and revere him. For these we celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of that misunderstood, militant, blind Old Scholar of the Spheres who, in his own darkness, sang of the:

"Holy light! offspring of Heaven first-born."

A Poet

WHEN CYRANO and his Gascon cadets were hungry, he tossed them a copy of the "Iliad." For meat, he gave the strong men charm and pathos and the heroic mood. And so in this year, which is not proving easy for many, it will bring one sort of relief if readers will betake themselves to the poetry of FRANCIS THOMPSON. Year by year it is making its way with the bookmen of the world, and, more gradually still, with laymen too. A mystic after the ancient order of CRASHAW, THOMPSON starved and fell ill in the approved manner of all the heavenly singers. There is no champagne-and-automobile route running from Charing Cross to Parnassus. Life was poignant to THOMPSON, but it was interpenetrated with the sense of wonder, so that all created things were charged with a subdued glow, and he went along his journey always ready for the person who, soon or late, might give him the revelation. His posthumous poems, such as "In No Strange Land," are bright with a sure light that only faintly flickers in the modern minor poets whose inspiration is derived from reading and an overcultivated melancholy. Representative of THOMPSON's mood and close-packed style are the lines:

"But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry: and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross."

How to Invite Prosperity

JAMES J. HILL says it is not fair to Mr. TART to unload upon him the whole burden of bringing back prosperity while the rest of us, with a contented sigh of anxiety relieved, lean back in our rocking-chairs. Industrial prosperity after a panic comes about mainly through a com-

bination of confidence and capital. Mr. TART's election has supplied confidence. About the capital there is no magic. Capital is an accumulation of *unused days' works*. The average man can help best by making last year's overcoat do another winter and giving a little harder work for the same money.

A Real Togo

THIS IS A REAL LETTER written by a real Jap to the Mayor of Vancouver, British Columbia, in which the Jap solicits the privilege, forbidden by the city ordinances, of running his pool-room on Sunday:

"NOVEMBER 11, 1908,

"441 POWELL STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C."

"MR. MAYOR,

"Dear Sir—There are vast number of Japanese who have been gathering to city of Vancouver from the many different stations toward the winter. After having engaged the hard and toilsome labors, they generally intend to spend the winter happy and pleasing days by having meetings with their old friends who have been desolated for a long time without the communications from their dear parents and friends in the old country where they have been praying day and night for great success in this newly discovered land. Nevertheless there are very few where the local Japanese in this beautiful city of Vancouver where they can have ideal days to repose their serious humor. On the result of this it has been unable for having so many troubles amongst the local Japanese, by having heavy drinks and by going to the dark Chinese dens where thousands of men and women have lost all their property and have been cut off from the communications of success and joy for ever.

"Fortunately we have succeeded in establishing an ideal club for the local Japanese and shall play pools at 441 Powell st. where is one of the best locations part of the Japanese quarter in the city of Vancouver.

"Hereafter, it will be very benefit for all the Japanese if you kindly allow play pools on Sundays.

"I beg you to grant this application for above statement.

"I remain,

Yours truly, S. Uno.

"SANZIBERO UNO"

For the enjoyment of Mr. WALLACE IRWIN's "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" it is not necessary to realize how completely he has grasped the inverted mental processes and the quaint idiom of the Jap, but knowledge will add zest to the pleasure of those readers who appreciate Hashimura Togo.

In a Monarchy

THE OFFICIAL LANGUAGE of the promise which was exacted from the Kaiser by the German people is said to be:

"To exercise more reserve, to interfere less in governmental affairs, to be more careful about his public and private utterances."

It seems to us that to elaborate the analogy on which the point of the editorial depends would be infringing dangerously upon the obvious

Living on the Land in Iowa

A FARMER'S WIFE in Ogden, Iowa, has sent this letter to the Des Moines "Capital":

"In September, 1892, sixteen years ago, my husband, then a young Illinois twenty-six years of age, started northwest to seek a home. In Central Iowa he secured an eighty-acre farm with a three-room cottage and small stable, paying down \$1,000, money he had saved from his wages as farm hand, and giving a mortgage on the land for \$1,800 for five years at eight per cent.

"In the spring of 1893 we were married and came to Iowa to live on this farm. Starting in with two good horses, a plow and harrow, wagon and corn planter, cows, one dozen chickens, we went to work with a determination to win. The year we did some tilling, built a cellar, plastered and painted our cottage, bought some machinery, paid our interest, and had \$100 to pay as principal. In the fall of 1895 we purchased another forty acres joining the original eighty, paying \$1,000 an acre, or \$1,700.

"At the close of each year we always pay all of our debts, our taxes and interest, and always have a snug sum to pay as principal, making it a point to pay for everything we buy, so far as possible. . . . Have never run a store bill exceeding ten dollars. It is so much easier to pay for an article when you get it after it is gone.

"The spring of 1898 found us free from debt with some money on hand, we bought another 120-acre farm, paying \$45 an acre, which we have paid for working hard and keeping everlastingly at it. This farm we have always rented at \$3 and \$3.25 an acre.

"In 1901 we purchased another forty, paying \$70 an acre, which we have for by close farming, raising horses, cattle, and hogs to sell, milking from eight cows, raising about 200 chickens each year. We have never kept a man, preferring to do the work alone. In busy seasons I often help do light work in the field, such as raking hay, plowing with riding plow, and picking corn—that I find healthful as well as profitable, having never been sick a day. . . .

"In 1905 we purchased another eighty-acre tract, joining the two first, making us a lovely 200-acre home farm, paying \$70 an acre with improvements. This farm we have improved by building an addition to our house, a \$1,000 barn, three wells and windmills and other small buildings, besides 10,000 tile on the different farms.

"We have been very busy, but yet have found time to make seven trips to Des Moines to visit home folks. We do not find it necessary to work on Sundays, as we do, but find it a pleasant recreation to drive to the village church, three miles or rest quietly in our own home, reading good books or papers, among them the 'Daily Capital.' We are no misers or spendthrifts, always having plenty of money and wear. We are contented and happy. . . .

"We are at present preparing to move to a small farm near town to educate our children. I have endeavored to state facts as they occurred to us, hoping that one may be benefited thereby and determined to secure a home, for what two done surely others may do."

A useful, happy life. This family is attending to its own uplift.



The Committee on Ways and Means, now holding a special hearing on tariff revision, in the new office building of Congress

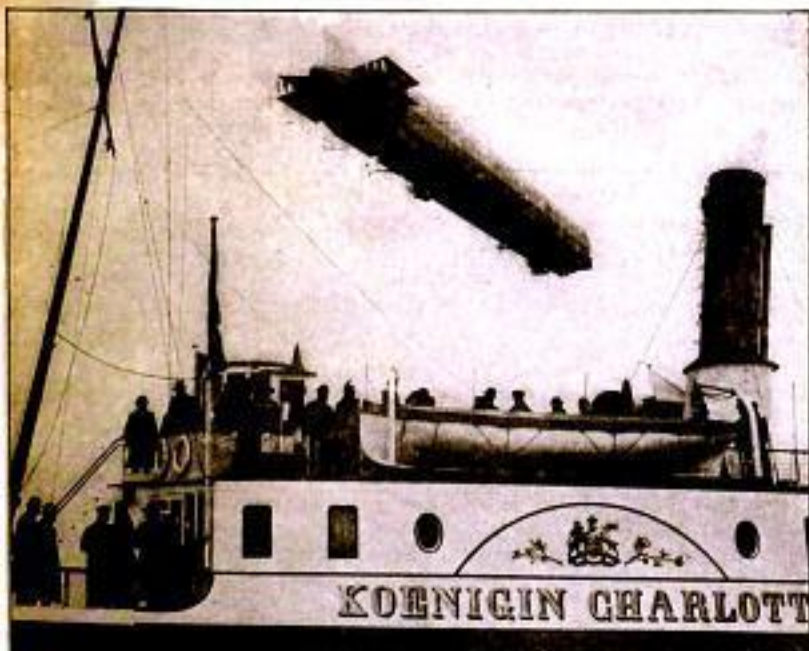
OPPOSITE PAGE BY THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION



Wilbur Wright, speaking at the banquet given in his honor by the Aero Club of France



To Charles Perrault, the author of "Cinderella"



Emperor William watching the flight of Count Zeppelin's airship



Indignation meeting to protest against the attempted assassination of Prosecutor Heney



Syracuse making first touchdown in game with Michigan



Grave of Samuel ("Sunset") Cox decorated by letter carriers of the nation

STATESMEN, STATUES, ATHLETES, AND AERONAUTS

FOR AND AGAINST CANNON

Expressions of Individual Preference From Many Republican Members of the Next Congress

COLLIER'S has asked the Republican members of the next Congress to state whether they favor or oppose the reelection of Mr. Cannon as Speaker of the Sixty-first Congress. That Congress will not sit until after the fourth of next March—the present is the short session of the old Congress, and Mr. Cannon holds over. But the next Speakership will be a vital question until it is settled.

In a public showing of hands, such as this is, Mr. Cannon's candidacy makes an appearance of strength which the facts do not warrant. His friends are quick to speak; his partisans, the clique that rules the House with him, the beneficiaries of his favor in past sessions, form a powerful nucleus, but not, after all, any considerable fraction of the whole House. The opposition, on the other hand, is divided among Fowler, Burton, and Smith. A very large number of those who answer COLLIER'S queries, especially new members, prefer not to be quoted until they have actually been seated as members of Congress. We shall print further instalments of these letters later.

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"During the campaign just ended I have publicly stated that my choice in Republican caucus for Speaker would be Hon. Theodore Burton of Ohio. In case he was not a candidate, or is not available, I favored some other Republican who had been closely identified with the progressive policies of the Roosevelt Administration. I understand that Mr. Burton expects to be a candidate for the Senate against Senator Foraker. This being the case, I am not at present prepared to say whom I would support in the caucus.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN J. ESCH,
"7th District of Wisconsin."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I certainly think Mr. Cannon ought to be elected Speaker of the House. I have not the time to go into an argument on this matter, but there is a great deal of misapprehension in the country about Mr. Cannon, a large part of it due to the gross misrepresentations which have been made by the press and others in regard to him. He is sincere, thoroughly honest and able, and is just and fair as Speaker. Legislation or failure to legislate is not chargeable wholly to him, as so many suppose, but to the majority in the House.

"Yours very truly,

"SERENO E. PAYNE,

"31st District of New York, Chairman Committee on Ways and Means."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"By all honorable means defeat Cannon. I am glad COLLIER'S has taken up the fight. You may count on my vote and, I believe, upon a majority of the members of Congress from this State.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN M. NELSON,
"2d District of Wisconsin."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I am for Cannon. No popgun need apply.

"Sincerely yours,

"C. A. SULLOWAY,
"1st District of New Hampshire."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I belong to those members of Congress who love Mr. Cannon for the enemies he has made; namely, the short-haired women and long-haired men and others who have attacked him most unjustly, as I believe.

Very truly,

"RICHARD BARTHOLOLT,

"10th District of Missouri, Chairman Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I think it would be very unwise to elect anybody Speaker other than Mr. Cannon in the next House. While Mr. Cannon has been abused by your paper and many other papers of the country, yet the abuse has never been deserved and comes mainly through ignorance or prejudice. Yours very truly,

"JAMES R. MANN,

"2d District of Illinois, Chairman Committee on Elections No. 1."

"I am much in favor of electing to position of Speaker of the House of Representatives a man who is thoroughly in sympathy with a legislative program along progressive and constructive lines, and who will shape his Congressional committees accordingly. Mr. Cannon, in my opinion, has not represented the best and most advanced thought of the Republican Party in matters affecting the welfare of the people and the country as a whole. He has been an obstacle in the way of much legislation that would have been in the interest of progress and intelligence. He has fought the Appalachian forest reserve bill. He was not in sympathy with legislation providing for clean meats and pure foods. He opposed legislation to encourage agricultural and industrial education. These are but samples of the reactionary policy which Speaker Cannon has pursued. It does not seem to me that the

highest interests of the people, or of the progressive element in the Republican Party, which is committed to the Roosevelt policies of progress, can best be entrusted to the leadership and direction of a man whose past legislative history and apparent tendencies are opposed to wise, beneficial, and progressive legislation. Firmly believing, as I do, that much needed legislation along progressive lines will be retarded by the election of Mr. Cannon as Speaker of the next House of Representatives, I shall vote and work for some other member of the House for this important and responsible position."

[From a public statement made by Congressman C. R. Davis, 3d District of Minnesota, while he was a candidate for reelection.]

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I am glad to give you my opinion on the question. It is that I think no man in the United States is so well qualified for the position of Speaker as Mr. Cannon. He has had thirty-four years of experience as a legislator, during all of which time he has performed his duties as a public officer in a patriotic manner.

"It is conceded that as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House his work was of as high character as that of any man who ever occupied the place. He guarded the appropriation of the public funds with a vigilance that was commended by all alike, regardless of politics. He came to the Speakership with a knowledge of the duties of the place second to that of no other man in the public service. That he has performed the difficult duties of the office in a manner satisfactory to the membership of the House nobody will deny. That he has more intimate knowledge of the needs of the nation than any other man in the country all unprejudiced people will agree. That he has no motive other than to produce the best results for the people of the nation is conceded on every hand. That he has earned the right to succeed himself by the character of his work in the past is believed by an overwhelming majority of the members of the House. His courteous bearing, his strength of character, and his courage all tend to make him the ideal man for Speaker.

"No man as Speaker can please every one. No man should attempt to. The man who occupies the place as Speaker should always endeavor to do what he knows to be right. He should work in harmony with the House and with the President. Mr. Cannon has done all of this.

"No one questions his integrity or his loyalty to the country. No one doubts his patriotism. He has the confidence of his associates.

"There is no reason, in my judgment, why any person other than Mr. Cannon should be elected Speaker at this time, and there is every reason why no one else should be.

"In private life men are retained in their position and promoted because of their experience, ability, and integrity. The treatment of men in public life should not be different. Merit should be rewarded wherever found, and must be if we hope to get the best results from our public servants.

"Very truly yours, MARTIN B. MADDEN,
"1st District of Illinois."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"The Iowa delegation will no doubt present the name of Walter I. Smith of this State as a candidate for the Speakership, in which case I will give him my hearty support. Very truly yours,

"JAMES W. GOOD."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I am decidedly of the opinion that it is not advisable to elect some one other than Mr. Cannon for the next Speaker.

"I will support him in preference to any other man. He is able, fair, and true, and has a splendid record in the House, and for honesty and good sense has no superior there. Very truly,

"AMOS L. ALLEN,
"1st District of Maine."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I am very much opposed to it [electing some one other than Mr. Cannon]. I think it would be a great mistake. I think the criticisms directed against Mr. Cannon as Speaker are based upon a misunderstanding of the situation. I know of no one in the new Congress so well qualified to look after the interests of the American people, as the same are touched upon by the American House of Representatives, as the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon. In my judgment he not only will be elected, but he ought to be elected.

"Yours very truly,

"J. S. FASSETT,
"33d District of New York."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I favor Hon. Walter I. Smith of Iowa for the Speakership to succeed Mr. Cannon.

"N. E. KENDALL."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"It is my earnest wish that Hon. Joseph G. Cannon be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives

for the Sixty-first Congress. If he is a candidate for reelection he will receive my support.

"Very truly yours,

"J. W. FORDNEY,
"8th District of Michigan."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I have no objection whatever to announcing my position upon the Speakership. I am decidedly opposed to the reelection of Mr. Cannon to that office. Mr. Cannon has put himself upon record officially and personally as a member of that faction of the Republican Party which has been opposed generally to the attitude and policies of the present Republican Administration, and to the dominant elements of the party as exhibited at the Chicago Convention. He recently has taken occasion to declare, in no uncertain tone, that he is opposed to appropriations for the Panama Canal, for the improvement of waterways generally, to the policy of conservation of natural resources, and also to the great forest reserve and reforestation policies of this administration. This latter question is intimately connected with a matter of vital importance, particularly to this portion of the Pacific Coast, namely, irrigation; and I apprehend from his general course of conduct that Mr. Cannon does not look favorably upon Government irrigation, which we, in this section, regard as the greatest event in the course of our material development.

"I am of the opinion that some person more in harmony with the present and forthcoming Republican administrations, with the Taft-Roosevelt policies, with the dominant and progressive elements of the party, and with the great spirit of reform which is pervading the entire country, should occupy the great office of Speaker of the House. Furthermore, this has grown up during this term of Congress throughout the country a feeling that a certain air of dictatorship and intimidation has characterized the proceedings of the Lower House of Congress, and if this is persisted in it will undoubtedly encourage the condition of general unrest, social and otherwise throughout the country, and may lead to the defeat of the Republican Party. Mr. Burton of Ohio is my choice for the Speakership if he will promptly go into the race and make the fight. He meets the foregoing needs completely, is a man of breadth and power, and is in sympathy with the spirit of progress and a friend of the Administration. As president of the National Waterways Association he would encourage the great work of improving our waterways, and would not be guilty of the political crime of attempting to throttle the great engineering work of the age, the Panama Canal, midway of its development, with the consequent loss of so many millions of the people's money, to say nothing of the loss of the canal itself. Very truly yours,

"MILES POINDEXTER,
"Washington."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"I have no objection whatever in telling you that I think that the election of Joseph G. Cannon as Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Sixty-first Congress is advisable and that I strongly favor his election. Yours truly,

"J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
"15th District of New York."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"In response to yours of the 9th, I beg to say that I feel from six years of sitting under the incumbency of Mr. Cannon that he is the best man in the House to be elected Speaker for the Sixty-first Congress.

"From my observation and experience he is eminently fair as a presiding officer, he has had a wide experience in the affairs of the Government, and has consequently a broad grasp of the problems of the entire country.

"I can not see in the make-up of the next House where we could find any man who shows an improvement over Mr. Cannon, and therefore deem it advisable to elect him to succeed himself.

"Very truly yours, ERNEST W. ROBERTS,
"7th District of Massachusetts."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"In my opinion no name other than Mr. Cannon's will be presented to the caucus. It is true that Mr. Fowler has announced his candidacy for the Speakership, but there is no possibility of his developing any strength. I do not believe that the Western members would vote for an Eastern man for Speaker at a time when every one knows the tariff is to be revised. The only serious difference of opinion that I have with Mr. Cannon is on the question of forest reserves, but I doubt if there is a Western man who would be thought of as Speaker who does not share Mr. Cannon's opinion on that question.

"Very truly yours, F. D. CURRIER,
"2d District of New Hampshire, Chairman Committee on Patents."

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"Mr. Cannon should be and will be reelected Speaker if he lives until the Sixty-first Congress convenes.

"Respectfully, CHARLES E. FULLER,
"12th District of Illinois."



Leys's "Panther and Cubs" at left; Crunelle's "Fisher Boy" fountain at right



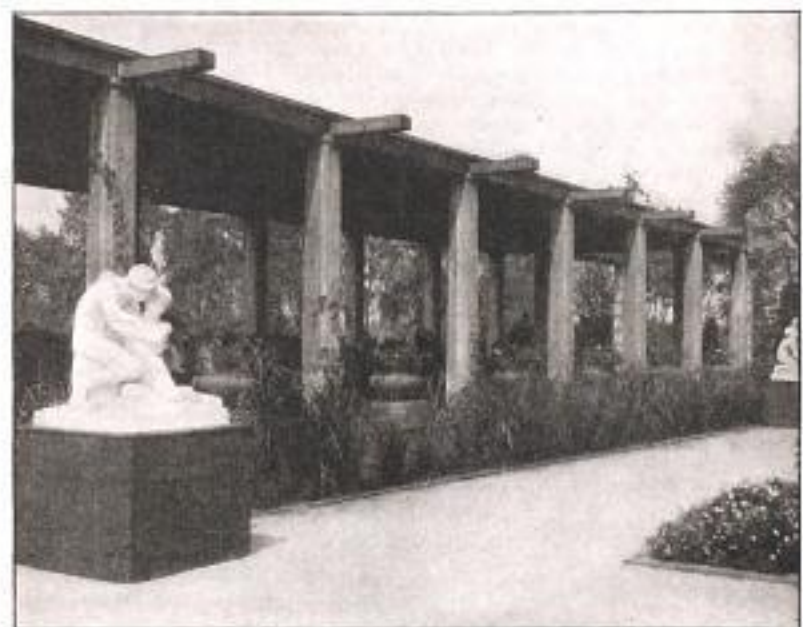
Groups of World's Fair statuary distributed around the circular rose garden



Edward Crunelle's graceful "Youthful Bather" naturally placed



The Fisher Boy



"Pastoral" group at the end of rose garden, modeled by Lorado Taft



Approach to rose garden, showing personifications of Indian corn and wheat



View of rose garden's edge, showing how statues were distributed for natural effect

CHICAGO'S OUTDOOR SCULPTURE

A New Race of Statues for Public Parks to Take the Place of the Frock-Coated Statesmen and the Prancing Bronze Steeds of Our People's Malls

IT WAS natural that the art-loving citizens of Chicago should seek a "practical" art, and it is pleasant to record that they seem to have found it. The first outdoor sculpture exhibit ever held in this country was seen in Humboldt Park, Chicago, in October. This was the first real effort to provide a natural and fitting environment for public works of art, and to teach the people what kind of sculpture is a real adornment to their public places. It demonstrated further that her sculptors have founded a practical, useful, popular art that is destined to supplant the stiff, restless, bronze equestrian heroes and frock-coated statesmen, fast becoming the butt of the wits as well as the buffeted of the winds, with a living art that shall have beauty and meaning for all. Here is an art expression that carries its message to the low-

liest of the workers that people the neighborhood of Humboldt Park.

Since the Ferguson bequest of \$1,000,000 for public art in Chicago the sculptors of that city, not unmindful of the main chance, have been creating, designing, and modeling groups and figures for public decoration that have an appeal in themselves, and a definite meaning to all who may see them in the playgrounds of the people. These works have been seen occasionally in the Art Institute exhibitions, and a hopeful few have been ambitious to see them in a setting that would demonstrate their fitness for the parks. When Superintendent Jens Jensen of the West Park System began publicly to express his real opinion of some of the stiff bronze effigies that have been marring his beautiful landscapes, he hinted that outdoor sculpture that fitted its surroundings would be much appreciated. The Municipal Art League and sculptors, who had long been nursing

these same thoughts, immediately sat up and harkened, and the unique exhibit just closed was the result.

The show was made possible through the cooperation of the Municipal Art League, the Art Institute, the Field Museum, and the West Park Board. It was "staged" by Superintendent Jensen, and Lorado Taft and Charles J. Mulligan, sculptors, and included formal and informal divisions.

The formal part comprised a number of groups from the late Chicago World's Fair, loaned by the Field Museum, and placed in and around the rose garden, which is laid out in the form of a circle, partly surrounded by open pergolas. The most impressive of these groups, and by reason of their pastoral character, the most appropriate, were the sturdy personifications of Indian Corn and Wheat, modeled by Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter in collaboration. These were placed on either side of the approach to the rose garden, and formed a dignified monumental entrance. The most interesting part of this new idea art exhibit, however, was found in the spacious informal garden of an acre or more immediately adjoining the rose garden, but entirely screened from it. The site was well chosen. There was enough of nature's art of concealment in its winding walks and rivulet flowing over an excellent imitation of natural stratified rocks to give surprises

(Continued on page 35)

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBO

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1908
 Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who must wear grandy Robe of Literature & Science embroidered over with tucks & jounces which represents Art; but he must also retain a calm Derby Hat to make him sensible in order to do so.

DEAR SIR:—



MY Uncle Nichi would not go roundy town seeing America he would not come home & talk about it. I should like to remain his affectionate Nefew, I should delight to reverence his bald hairs because he are my Ancestor—but I will be lynched if I can remain faithful to all them fooly Questions he ask-it! Each moment by clock-time he come to me with Queery & when I are giving sweethearted reply he are preparing another Enquire for answer. Only a mean dib can plug his voice, thank you!

"I observe something," he say-me yesterday because he think he did. "I observe it how female women of America is entirely beasts of burden." "That are something to observe," I deploy. "Where they carry them beastly burden, please, if proper?" "I observe it," he remain, "how they carries them burdens in enormed & sometimes overbearing quantities on top of their heads. Oftenly ladies of minus 126-pounds of complete frailness is seen tottering from walk to walk with awful monstry platforms on their skull while on top side of this are piled fruits & vegetables, glassware, window-curtains, fuel, iron & wood, office supplies, general groceries, flours & other provisions. What you call them platters full of merchandise?" require Nichi.

"Would you get amazed if told?" I ask it.

"I shall attempt to," he report. "Them platters," I say slow for gentle break, "is called Hats!"

Uncle Nichi is staggered to believe it. "In Japan," he tangle, "they would be called roofs. Such a Hat are sufficiently sized to support a entire family."

"In America," I falter, "it oftenly re-



"... for winter wear will be heavier-than-air types which is very chick"

quire a entire family to support such a Hat."

Uncle Nichi set down because he are a oldy man and got a faint nerve.

"I will told you more," I revoke. "Those Hon. Hats is pinned on to them Ladies what forget how painful they feel & drag them from places to places with smile of sweet resign. They are even happy while wearing them because they Imagines something."

"What could they Imagine after that?" are enquiry for Nichi.

"They Imagines they are beautiful!" are report from me.

"Hashimura Togo," rasp them feebly Unc, "up to now I have believed everything. Please tell lies more gently. I are not prepared to swallow too much."

"When foreigners talk about American Ladies they must be prepare to swallow anything," are argue I make. "This are customary."

"Ladies must be oftenly scrushed to death beneath them awful lids," require Nichi with Hearst editorial look.

XLII—Hats and the Ladies Inside of Them

By HASHIMURA TOGO



"... with awful monstry platforms on their skull"

"Such are the untruth," I let go. "Them Hats is frequently more lighter than they looks by appearance. Although they are huge enormosities amassed all over outside with riotous debree, yet they are kep light by fact that there ain't nothing inside of them."

"What-so!" say Nichi. "Ain't them Ladies got their brains inside of them Hats?"

"If Ladies had sufficient brains enough to fill such Hats they would wear them much smaller," are joint from me.

"Can we expect something worse soon?" suppose Nichi.

"Of surely we can!" say me. "In 'Woman's Homely Companion,' stylish paper, I read 1 page of fashionable hints wrote by a elderly clergyman who sign himself 'Frou-Frou' because he need the salary. He make following alarmy prediction:

"Stiles for 1909 will be built on Delagrang models with box-kite planes fore and aft to look awful tasty. All them patterns for winter wear will be heavier-than-air types which is very chick. Them Zepellin hats, so poplar last season, are now being frowned at by Dam Fashion who says they are clumsy & apt to catch afire. Them new hats will seem kind of horrible when first looked at, but when they got a fan-shaped propeller going at full speed in rear, you got to acknowledge they look mischievous & expensive."

"Many poor girls is making them at home after Buttermilk Patterns furnished by request & 10c extra, please. Some light ash-wood ribs, 90 yards mercerized silk & a trifle of wire (which can be took out of any piano) are sufficient for."

"By sending \$7,000 to Paris you can get one of them ready-trimmed by the Wright Sisters."

"If it was not printed in that 'Homely Companion' paper I would enjoy a suspicion that Hon. Frou-Frou was talking about airships," contract my poor Relation.

"Hats & Airships is very dear cousins," I rotate. "But they has some delicious differences. Some Airships can't lift nothing—but Ladies is often entirely carried away when they looks at Hats."

"Where would they be carried away to?" ask Uncle Nichi who are studying American jokes by correspondence school.

"To any extreme," I choke off for fear I shall hit Uncle Nichi with a angry Dib. So he go way for read newspaper & learn some more intelligent Questions to ask it.

MR. EDITOR, it are fashionable to appear smart & suspicious when conversing in print about Ladies. Any colledge child not intelligent enough to learn bookkeeping & stenography can publish at least 1 book called "Sneery Thoughts of a Snappy Cynick" & sell from 10 to 1,000,000 copies. This to include several epigrams about Mrs. Eve and other famous Parisians. ("What are a 'epigram'?" ask Little Annie Anazuma.

"A epigram are a cheap Joke in a dress-suit," are reply for Japanese Schoolboy.)

Even Hon. Rud. Kipling, who write many novels and speak fluidly in both English & American, make sinickal talk about female Ladies. He say "A Woman are merely a Woman, but a good cigar cost 25c."

In Manila a good cigar only cost 8c, and yet Ladies is found growing there in tropical bundance. So you see it are useless to try & compute the worthlessness of them in terms of tobacco.

Mr. Editor, I know only 3 Ladies to my acquaintanceship; but there is a 4th one now which I am learning pretty quick. Among this crowd are Hon. Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286 pounds of entire beauty, to her I enjoy a tender business relation. She reward me \$1.50 weekly for barber her lawn & comb it with rakes. Oftenly I speak to this lady with pathetick expression, because she may rise my salary if I look sufficiently unhappy. Sometime she bring me tea by side-porch to include ginger-snaps & I tell her delicious lies about myself so she will think what a fine Jobber I am.

This Lady are very expensive in clothes which appear hellish & also include dimonds. She obtain her gownds in Paris where they hates Americans and shows it by the stiles they sell them. It are a mean revenge. But Mrs. Macdonald can afford to dress in stile, because she are rich enough to be exentrick. I do not yet notice that she wear Directory skirt at knee. I shall telegraf you if she gets one.

Nex in my acquaintanceship of femines are Little Annie Anazuma, 9 year-age daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber. This childy Japanese are too young to be a lady, but she are already quite foolish.

& 3rd on this List of Ladies are Miss Alice Furaoki, wife to my Cousin Nogi. I was once her finance, but when she marry Nogi I broke my engagement to her for spiteful reasons.

But 4th of them are a Girly Person to which I must own up. She are by initials Miss Evelyn Suki & have become a dear schoolfriend to Miss Furaoki and very oftenly they meet together to do some chumming & other giggles. And very oftenly I make drop-in to home of Cousin Nogi for borrow opera glass or cigarette or what he got. And oftenly Miss Suki make door-knock for see Miss Furaoki & Japanese Boy are axidentally there. I make eye-wink of soul to think how sly I are.

By last Wednesday P. M. I get nervous about Cousin Nogi & go see him offhandedly. Miss Furaoki come to door and I make very humbel signals to her with derby hat.

"I am delicious to ask it, please, Mrs. Madam, thank you so much, so sorry I come. Are Cousin Nogi inside, thank you?"

"No, he are entirely out!" dib Miss Furaoki who despises me earnestly.

"Then I shall remain, thank you," I say for cheerful smiles & take set-down to parlor where I see Miss Suki

doing a fancy task in company with Miss Furaoki. On cents was a large oblect to reason clothes-basket & them Ladies fondly trimbing it with smiles and other laces. Occasional stand off-side, mouths confused by sometimes they make critick fa speek in millinary language.

"What you call That what doing?" I wander.

"Intelligent persons calls it a snip Miss Furaoki.

"By Bible you could not wore Hat," are mope from me.

"What-say Bible about it?" Miss Suki who are studying to missionary.

"Hon. Bible say, 'Do not hide light under a bushel basket,'" sound I make.

Deep breathing from Miss Furaoki look slyly joyful. soonly them Hat are sufficiently plete for have try-on to head of Furaoki who make poze before with cowcattish expression.

"You hide cozily inside," I at

"It are a very theatrical hat," Miss Suki fairly.

"It look like a famous Play to I commune for pious regard."

"What famous Play you mean querry Miss Alice. "You mean jolly Widow?"

"Maybe 'Payed in Full' are them Hat look like," beseech Miss

"Ah, no!" I revolve, "another them!"

"Then which play it look like smart?" rasp wife of Nogi.

"It look like 'The Devil' to me assassinate, and go out by door. So of crashy furniture inside, and symptoms of an American Girl. I some delicious snickers from Suki. Thank her so many!

FOREIGNERS visiting America first time is expected to say thing about American women getting off the boat. A very st Prince from Island of Borneo recently come-over & say following tistick about American Women:

1—They are naturally very foolish are less so when educated.
 2—It are easy to distinguish them by their clothes—
 3—Except in the case of Ladies who wears derbies.



4—They are awfull extravagant.
 5—They are terrible stingy.
 6—Many of them has more snip espee than Frenchwoman.
 7—Many has less.
 8—They have got such quantity Charm, etc., that it are difficult a Foreigner to look at them without enjoying Lovesick symptoms.

American Ladies hear them compliments, Mr. Editor, with pompadours swole up with pride; but they are forgetful that what them Hon. Sublime said about them are true of every national Lady in the entire world—with the exception of the Ladies of Zeeweexi Land where it are the custom for them to cut off their noses to spite their husbands.

Hoping you can afford it, I am, Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.



"Stiles for 1909 will be built on Delagrang models with box-kite planes fore and aft to look awful tasty"

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CANNED DRAMA

Pictures and Pantomime for the Masses—An Interpretation of Moving Pictures

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



THE moving-picture show has spread over the earth in the past two or three years. In buried mountain towns, in tiny seaports, far-flung from the main highways, the same scenes are unrolled nightly that you may see in London or in New York. There are several thousand moving-picture theaters—between six and ten thousand—in the United States alone.

And these theaters are not, in the majority of cases, nickelodeons in the city slums, with children as patrons. Not only are there three famous vaudeville theaters in New York, a former "first-class" theater (the Harlem Opera House), the historic old Fourteenth Street Theater, and several houses built for the purpose, giving moving-picture shows at ten and twenty cents, with uniformed ushers in attendance and adults as the major portion of the audience, but throughout the country, especially in the South and West, canned drama provides nightly entertainment in hundreds of towns. These new moving-picture theaters are patronized by every one; they are often almost a social center. And the shows they give are, as a rule, in every way superior to most of the barnstorming troupes that used to visit on rare occasions the local "opera house."

Moreover, the recently invented combination of the phonograph with the moving pictures has opened up a vast new field, and now, just as you can hear Caruso on the talking machines, you can both see and hear Zerkow in the moving-picture houses, and Harry Lander and Mabel Hite and James J. Morton. You can see and hear a performance of "Pinafore" or "The Mikado" or "Carmen" or "Ingomar" or "The Devil" or "Romeo and Juliet." If you do not object to the phonograph you can not very well object to this new development in moving pictures. And to object to moving-picture shows as immoral because of the cheap ones is as foolish as to object to all drama because of rotten "burlesques" or blood-and-thunder melodrama. Moving pictures are here, and they are a big factor to be reckoned with. Let us see what they are doing and can do.

A "Studio" in Action

THE sudden growth of canned drama was made possible by the cheapening of the process of film manufacture from fifteen cents a foot to five cents. That is why, in New York alone, several big factories turn out thousands of feet of "subjects" every week, while France is peppered with them.

If you enter a moving-picture "studio" you will probably be surprised by its likeness to the stage of a theater, though on a smaller scale. There is a loft full of dangling back drops, there are ropes, pulleys, sets of scenery, dressing-rooms, actors standing about in paint and costume. One of the numerous "authors" whose ingenuity devises the episodes depicted has prepared a scenario. The stage-manager holds the typewritten copy in his hand. Formerly, perhaps, he was stage-manager for a Broadway star. At his direction the scene is set. It represents the interior of an English cottage, for "Osler Joe" is to be photographed to-day, in pantomime. There are a score of actors, some of them players out of work, more of them regularly employed to pose for these pictures just as they might be to act in a theater. Over and over they are drilled to go through the first scene till they can run it off smoothly, with some show of naturalness.

The scene represents a wedding. The players can not repress their instinct for speech. They say "Good morning" as they enter. They improvise dialogue for the pantomime. With the canvas scenery, the paper flowers, the litter of the "studio" on all sides, the scene looks anything but realistic. But there is a string tacked on the carpet which the players never overstep. Peep through the finder of the camera and you will see why. That string marks the edge of the lens. Within its compass, seen through the camera, the picture becomes

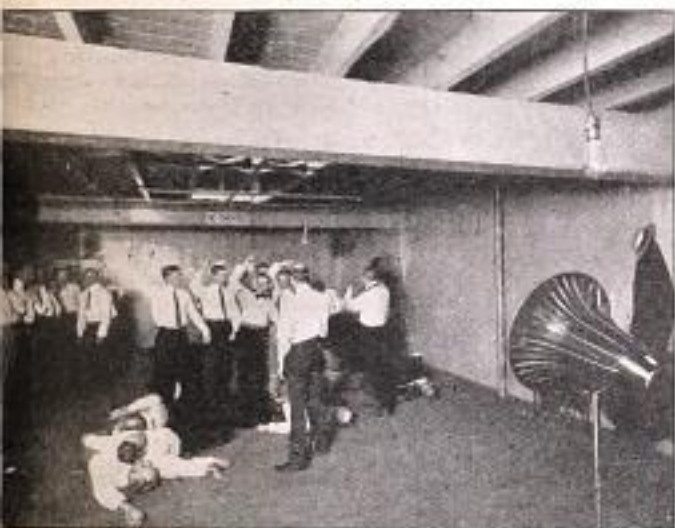
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Manufacturing an outdoor scene



The cameraphone stage set for an outdoor scene



Rehearsing a battle scene in the Philippines



Singing an opera into the phonograph



Poignant film: a paralyzed old man and his young daughter



Enlarged section of film showing a trick photograph



An outdoor episode



A "Carmen" film



Stage-manager rehearsing express robbery at biograph studio



A violently comic film



THE SONG AND THE SAVAGE

By
CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS



WAS born in a two-room flat on West Thirty-fourth Street. It was a bitter gray day in early December, and my mother, who was suffering from a long illness, lay in the bedroom, her poor white face drawn with the cold, and I imagine she was suffering, too, from lack of proper food. My father was sitting at the piano in the front room, his head buried in his arms which were resting on the music-rack. After he had remained in this attitude for

a long time, he got up and went into the bedroom, where he looked down at my mother until the tears came into his eyes. Then he went back to the front room and stood staring out of the window at the streets, all white with a deep snow. With a shrug of his narrow shoulders, he turned back toward the room again. He clapped his cold hands together, blew into them several times, and then sat down on the chair before the piano and began to run his fingers slowly over the chilled keys. His lips were drawn and his eyes were fixed on a framed photograph of my mother which stood on the top of the piano. It was one she had had taken at the time of her marriage, several years before, when her face was round and soft as a peach, and when there was always a smile on her pretty lips.

My father had sat thus for some minutes, when quite suddenly the sun broke through the gray clouds which had overhung the city throughout the long winter morning, and filled the sky and the streets and the little room with a wonderful golden haze. At the same moment, the slight bowed figure of my father grew taut, the stray chords and notes he had been playing took concrete form, his hard-set features broke into a pleasant smile, and the now warm room fairly glowed with the new-found melody. That is how I came into the world. My father rushed to his desk, and with the help of a piece of lined paper and a pencil hurriedly gave me the permanent form with which I was to make my fight in the great outside world.

LATE in the afternoon of the same day, carefully rolled up in a piece of brown wrapping paper, I was carried by my father to the shop of a music publisher on West Twenty-ninth Street.



His head buried in his arms

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS



SIX MILLIONS of our countrywomen here in the United States work for a living—that is, they work outside of their homes. They are in 296 of the 303 industries tabulated at the last census. Of these six million women workers at least one million are daily thrown into intimate business relations with men, a contingency that is rapidly changing the entire web of our social life, for in consequence the mystical reserve long maintained as necessary between the sexes is being broken. Man can not through the long hours of a business day preserve his traditional superiority—nor can woman keep her halo. The reserve comes down, and each finds the other but human, not individually—that would not be a discovery—but as a class. Undoubtedly, appealing femininity loses something of its allurements when confused with business and mistakes—and no man is infallible. That is one phase, not particularly revolutionary in itself, except that it is the thin edge of the wedge.

Consider the position of the competent private secretary, or the stenographer who frequently holds the place without the title. From seven to eight hours in the day she and her employer are constantly together. Their relations are purely those of business, yet no two human beings, unless of exceptionally esoteric qualities, can be thrown together for eight hours in the day, for days, months, and years, without gaining an intimacy of a considerable extent.

The business man sees more of his secretary than of his wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart. In two years—or less—the stenographer has probably a far more correct estimate of his character than has any woman in his family. It would surprise the wife if she could know how many intimacies of the home life are revealed, quite incidentally. A man is likely to be caught off his guard at least once in a day. Three hundred working days in the year leave few things not hinted.

When a man has known his stenographer for five years, she is in many ways a larger element in his life than is his wife. He looks to her for cooperation in every happening of the day. He practically thinks aloud—and he does not think business uninterruptedly.

That girl has the key to the man's mind; she is his second brain; she thinks with him, for him. He may love his wife faithfully and devotedly through everything, but the stenographer is his real companion—and she knows his domestic ups and downs. His wife holds him—or she doesn't. In either case, as matters now stand, he is drifting insensibly into the habit of looking

By HARRIET BRUNKHURST

to more than one woman for the fulfilment of his nature, and whether the wife receives the better share depends almost as much upon circumstance as upon either herself or her husband. In any event, the reserve is down, mentally—more than one woman knows the man intimately, and the stenographer is getting a broader gage upon living than is the wife.

When a man marries his stenographer, however, she usually is entirely willing to resign her place in his office. Her business experience, curiously enough, teaches her no fear of her successor's gaining an intimacy inimical to her own happiness.

It has taught her also that, valuable as she may have been before her marriage, it is usually a mistake for the wife to share her husband's business life. Her particular case might prove the exception, but that would depend largely upon how much real business ability and breadth of mind she had developed. The fact that the personal relation has been entered argues against her ability to subordinate her personality sufficiently to be neutral and impartial in her attitude. The evolution of woman's character through familiarity with the world's affairs eventually will change this, but today it is a fact.

"The Greatest of Social Revolutions"



AND just here is a vital point. As matters now stand, the business girl's career is comparatively short. Whatever her ability and attainments, the chances are that she will marry, and usually she leaves business. Nor can it be denied that this probability interferes largely with the real advancement of woman as an actual force in business. They are in it, and they are valuable, but by the time they become skilled they indulge in white satin and tulle—usually with the satisfaction of knowing they earned it, and possibly a mental reservation that if things turn out badly the same ability that earned the bridal finery is a fairly reliable safeguard.

There may be something of absurdity in placing the credit for even a share of this greatest of social revolutions upon the shoulders of the bright-faced little miss

A study of the relation between business men and the young office women in their daily confidence—the social revolution resulting from woman's companionship with able men, her contact with the outer world, and the focusing of her own life through definite work—the halo fades and the species evolves

of sixteen, who, more or less qualified for work, place in an office. If she is bright, she will quickly—with amazing rapidity, in fact. Suppose she does not hold her first position, she will have something; and the next position she is likely to

Thereafter she is thrown with men in a relation or less close. She may be but the telephone girl, perhaps she will do clerical work and she may on occasion even to speak to those who constitute the moving of the organization, yet she is in the business; she sees, she and she profits by it. She even remains in a clerical position and still absorb enough of the atmosphere to give her a remarkable grasp on the whereabouts of business and the liability of men.

She learns that there is "a man higher up"; that none high enough to be as the stay-at-home little girl to believe the successful man

She learns to know men, though she observes only her corner.

If chance throws her where she comes daily in contact with the staff of a big organization, how long it be before she has sharpened her wits to be ready for any of them? Not long. She will have at her finger-tips things that would hopelessly confuse her mother, is all the most matter-of-fact, every-day affair.

She may be favored a bit because she is a girl, rest assured that the real reason is that she is in place. Business is business, and chivalry does not for much—although there is probably as much quality in these as in any other days.

None the less, whatever her position, does the girl penetrate man's armor. She learns that he is a man and but human (she likes him better and intelligently for it); that there are few exalted where she can not follow him; she learns that any business is simple when you get the inner it—and that the bigger and better the system, the simpler in most cases.

This girl may come to feel a profound respectability of the man she serves; she may be proud of working for him, but he wears no halo for her—or it not for long. It isn't in human nature to be indefinitely an attitude in which a halo will replace—a rather comforting reflection.

There are an infinite number of other things she learns in business. She quickly discovers that

and here it was that I underwent the first test as to my usefulness. A sallow-looking young man with an alpaca coat and a cigarette hanging from his lips was playing the piano at the time for a beautiful young lady with a great deal of blond hair and a black fur coat that reached from her neck to her feet. Without a word of apology, the manager of the shop, Mr. Van Isenberg, a hard-featured man who was in his shirt-sleeves and had a cigar stump locked in his teeth, brushed the blond lady to one side, knocked the piece of music which the young man had been playing off the rack, and stood me up in its place. Without more ado the young man at the piano began to play me over and over again, and always with more and more spirit. At last, with a fearful thump on the keys, he stopped his playing and swung around on the piano-stool so that he faced Mr. Van Isenberg.

"Fine!" said the young man. "That's all right—a little bit of all right, sure."

"All to the orchids," said the beautiful young lady, although no one had asked her opinion: "I'm for it." And I was much pleased at the criticism, which was evidently meant to be favorable. I was glad, too, to see the smile on my father's face, because a smile and his poor wan features had long been strangers. But Mr. Van Isenberg only chewed at his cigar and glowered at me and then at my father, and most particularly at the beautiful lady and the young man at the piano.

"Come in to-morrow at four," he grunted to my father. "Al Meyer wants some numbers for his new show and this might do. I don't know—we'll see to-morrow. Good day."

MR. AL MEYER was a jolly young man and much nicer than Mr. Van Isenberg. He was tall and thin and wore a pink stock and a fine suit of clothes and had wonderfully bright shifting eyes. He began to smile at my very first notes, and he continued to smile to the very end.

"Good—good!" he said, slapping his knee: "that's it." And then he and father and Mr. Van Isenberg talked and jabbered away and argued for a long, long time. The young man at the piano, with the dead cigarette hanging from his lips, kept on playing me over and over again, and Mr. Al Meyer would turn about and nod and smile at the young man, and then back to Mr. Van Isenberg and father, and talk about "lyrics" and "percentages" and "a lump sum" and "royalties," and a lot of words I couldn't hear or understand anyhow. Mr. Van Isenberg fairly shouted his arguments, while father spoke in his usual mild manner, but Mr. Al Meyer smiled at the both of them, and although he seemed to fancy me greatly, I heard him say that I was not worth shedding blood over. After an hour of this talking and wrangling, in which I was glad to see that father retained a dignified calm, but a true regard for his rights, Mr. Van Isenberg produced ink and pens and several long legal-looking papers, which they then seemed to change to suit the long talk that had gone before. At

last, when it was getting quite late, Mr. Van Isenberg read one of the papers aloud, and I was pleased to hear that father had been "a sport" and had refused the "lump sum" for me and had decided to take "royalties" instead. And father must have been "a sport," for I knew how much he needed the "lump sum" just at that time. But, as a matter of fact (I think that it must have been at the suggestion of the jolly Mr. Al Meyer), Mr. Van Isenberg gave father "a little something on account," and away we went with it to buy some wonderful fruit

in boxes and some big bottles of deep-colored wine labeled port and sherry and burgundy. It was a great supper we had at the flat that night, with little mother sitting propped up at the table, with pillows at her feet and pillows under her and at the back of her, and father dancing about and pouring out the wine into her glass, and going on his knees as if she were a queen on her throne to offer her the fruit. And the best of it all was that he was always telling mother not to thank him, but to thank me, and then he would jump over to the piano and play me two or three times and hum my tune, for I had no words then which he could sing. But he hummed my tune so loud and beat out my melody on the keys so hard that at last one of the smaller strings in the piano could stand it no longer, and, with a fearful squeak of pain, snapped right in two, and that was the end of me for that evening.



The room fairly glowed with the new-found melody

EARLY the next morning I was done up in the brown paper again, and father took me on my first really long journey, and, as it afterward turned out, what proved to be the most important trip of my life. We went on a train to a little town called Cos Cob, and from there we were driven in a rickety carriage to a funny old-fashioned house right on the water. A young lady—that is, she was fairly young—all dressed in black and with a sweet face, much the same kind of sweet face that my mother has, received us at the door and gave us a courteous welcome. For a short time we sat on the piazza overlooking the water while father and the lady talked, and then we went into the sitting-room and father played me over several times on a grand piano, which seemed to me altogether too grand for the simple little room. It was curious how from the very first I seemed to affect the lady. She did not look at me, but out of the window at the blue water,

MORE THAN THE WIFE

her personality offset her lack of experience—and she no harm, if she is clever enough to grasp that exactly the same thing is true with a man. A girl, plain or pretty, gets speedily into the routine of office life, and business methods of conduct as of work begin their influence. She learns that man with the tale of troubles, illness, misfortunes, after days plays a silly and losing game. She feelsulsion for her that is almost masculine. She that cheeriness, good health, punctuality, wills, and painstaking work wonders where erratic may falls. She learns justly to rate these quali-both men and women. Given a clear conception workings of incompetence and spurious brilliancy, big portion of the old wall comes down—good too.

learns these things for herself. Her mother can teach her, for the old creeds do not apply. To-day's girl is as far advanced beyond the standards of mother as was that mother in her younger days of privileges beyond those of her French sister. a simple matter of development.

grip that a girl gets on the big world of affairs nothing remarkable when measured by the old ards. She develops abilities that at times astonish her co-workers. It is scarcely strange that she is a more and more important element in the life man with whom she works.

agine, if you please, a girl of seventeen just out of school and engaged by a firm whose policy take inexperienced operators and break them into a way of working. She could take notes in short- and she could transcribe them with a fair degree accuracy, but beyond that—the attainment of any other—she had apparently nothing to recommend her. plain, awkward, without even good taste in dress, as a fair sample of the girl who in twenty years make one of the thousands of patient, unattractive, little housewives for whom people feel a sense of sympathy, but seldom or never sympathy or appreciation. was a big office, and this girl took the place of a secretary to a man who is a notable scholar. associates, other than her direct employer, were seventy-five people, who ranged from clerical work- men with many sets of letters after their names, settled into her niche, and for months she was a tiny to practically the entire office.

first outward change was, of course—for she was there—an improvement in dress. Not long there- it began to be noticed that the little stenographer given a considerable degree of confidence by her employer. She accompanied him, as a matter of course, to the big libraries. Presently she was sent

alone more and more frequently. In a year she was a recognized force in the office; in two years she had the detail of her employer's work so thoroughly in hand that practically the whole of the scholar's office duties had come into her charge, leaving him free to attend to the abstruse work that really demanded uninterrupted attention. The thousand and one interruptions that formerly had come to his desk troubled him no more. It was simply a case of "Ask Miss —," instead of "Ask Dr. —."

An Invaluable Companion



ET, inestimable as was her value to her employer, she herself had profited most. She had found herself. She was quick, keen, concentrated; well-dressed, well-poised, with a vivid, intelligent face that had gained actual beauty. She was not, and she would never be, a scholar; but as a constant daily companion she filled, beyond doubt, a bigger space in that man's life than any other individual. Moreover, she had gained a business acumen that the scholar himself did not possess; she had become a tangible force in a big organization; and she had won a speaking acquaintance with arts and sciences, of which she had known nothing.

Married to that same scholar at the time that she became his stenographer, there is scarcely one chance in a thousand that she would ever have approached a real companionship with him, for marriage rarely means any remarkable development. As it is, she has known a great man better, probably, than any living person knows him.

Married after her business experience, however, that girl has a grip on herself that should bear good fruit, for she has been forced to learn many of the things that a woman should know. The average wife, living without that knowledge, remains under the handicap that the ages have placed upon women.

Perhaps the greatest thing that a woman learns in business is that delicacy of physique and ill-health are not synonymous; and, further, that the charm of femininity is not in the least lessened by the elimination of whims and vagaries.

She works with the full knowledge that without health she can do nothing, and she brings her intelligence to bear upon the problem of keeping her body in perfect working order.

Probably the first thing she does is to stop the practise of the foolish little indulgences that cause half the minor indispositions of womankind.

If the business girl has a headache after spending an evening on the sofa with a novel and a box of chocolates, she does not ascribe her indisposition to the fact that she wrote thirty letters the day before. Instead, she puts a ban upon the chocolates, and does it—there is the key of it all!—cheerfully. If a second evening with a novel still results in a headache, she consults an oculist as a simple business precaution. If the trouble lies not in that direction, then it is lack of exercise, and she discards the novel for a walk. Further, she does

(Continued on page 20)



"A tangible force in a big organization"

and before father had played me over twice I noticed that her eyes grew misty, and several times I saw her press her fingernails deep into the palms of her soft, delicate hands. I heard afterward that she was a young woman who had had a great deal of trouble of one sort or another and that she was very emotional and could cry on the slightest provocation. I also heard that this "temperament," as they called it, was probably what gave her such fine thoughts and the power to put them into such simple words.

FATHER left me with the sad young lady for two days, and I must say I enjoyed the outing very much. During my whole visit I stood on the piano-rack, where I got the full benefit of the cool fresh air, and through the windows I could see the tiny waves breaking on a long line of gray rocks at the foot of the lawn. The lady, who continued to cry a good deal, played me over and over again, and by the evening of the first day she began to sing words as she played. At the end of the second day she had scribbled off three verses, which it seems told all about me, and she placed my story next to me on the piano-rack. Father came out the next morning and the lady played me over to him, singing the verses at the same time, and then she told him that that was just what I meant to her. Father seemed perfectly delighted and thanked the lady again and again and told her how really grateful he was, for, although he could express his thoughts in music, he could never find the right words. Then he wrapped me up with the verses and took me back to town in the train.

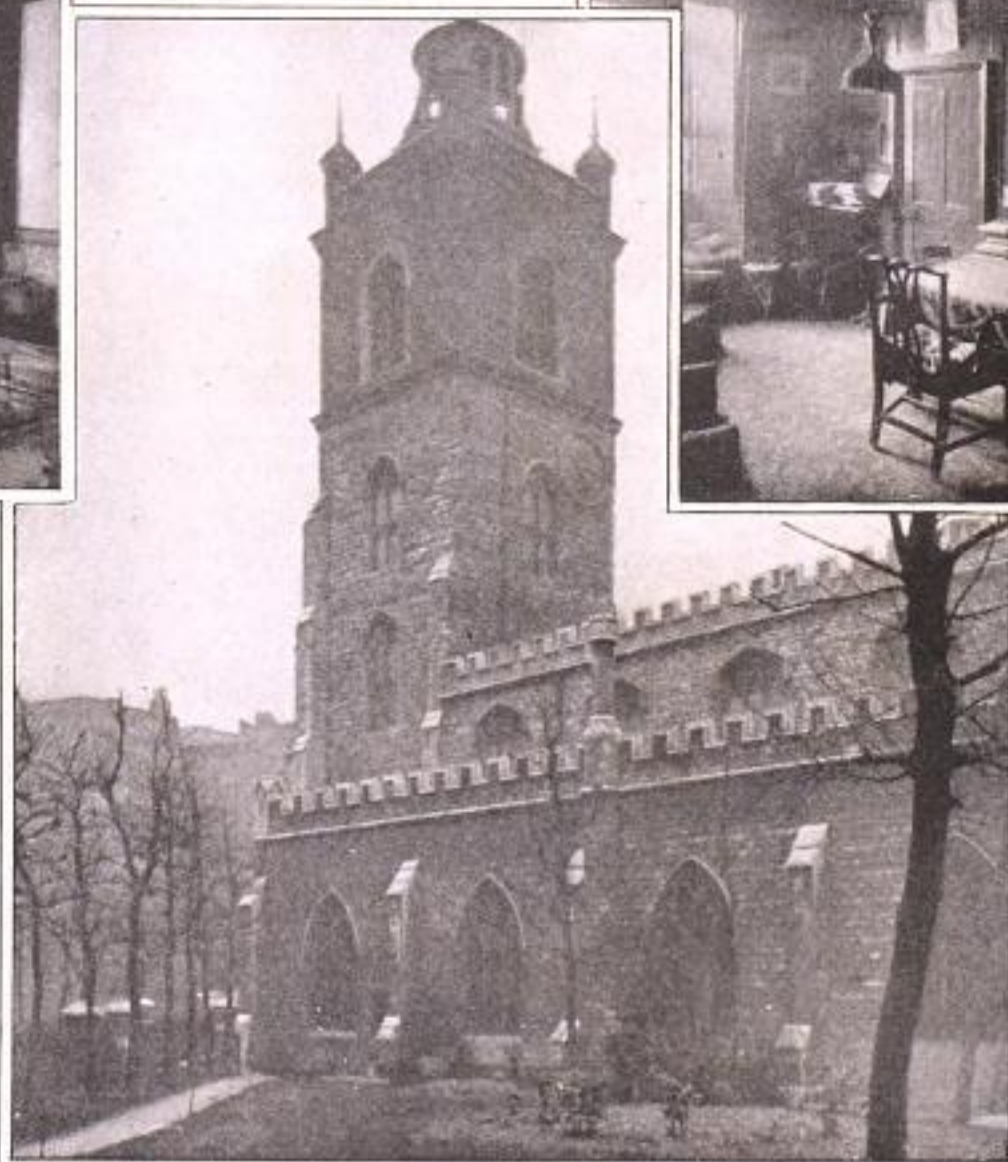
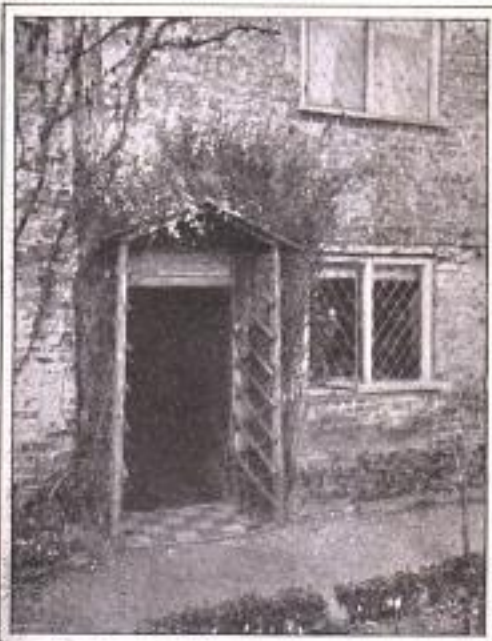
IT SEEMS that I was to be part of what is called a midwinter production, but which was also to be known as "The Lady of Longacre."

And now it was that I suffered the few unhappy days of my



A yellow-looking young man was playing the piano.

life. It was a strange contrast, indeed, between sitting quietly on the piano-rack at father's home or down at the little cottage at Cos Cob and being knocked about the cold, bare stage of a Broadway theater. They put me away in a large book marked "Music" on the outside, and I was shut up with a lot of marches, two-steps, and waltzes and several ballads, but when The Musical Director took them out and played them for the ladies and the gentlemen to sing, I must say they sounded very dull and common. It was several days before The Musical Director noticed me at all, and then one afternoon he picked me out of the book and put me on the rack of the piano. The ladies and gentlemen were sitting about the stage on long benches and camp-stools, and were talking in very high voices about the janitor and the cold stage and the brutality of managers in general and the jolly Mr. Al Meyer in particular. But when The Musical Director began to play me softly on the piano, it was very amusing to notice how quickly the chattering stopped, just as if Mr. Al Meyer himself had walked in. And then a tall dark woman covered with beautiful furs rustled in at the stage door, and, pushing her way through the crowd of the lady and gentlemen singers, came straight up to the piano and began to hum over the words the lady at Cos Cob had written for me. Two or three times she did this, while the others sat about and listened, and then she told The Musical Director she wanted to take me home with her. I didn't want to go at all, because I hated the tall dark lady the very first minute I saw her. It seems, as I learned afterward, that she was "The Lady of Longacre" herself, and the opera was all about her. She carried me home in a very shiny electric brougham to her apartment, which was just off the park. It was a fine place, I suppose—the furniture was white-and-gold and the curtains were all of pink silk, and even the piano was white and had pretty pictures painted on it, and the room was always filled with the most wonderful scarlet flowers. But for some reason I was never happy at "The Lady of Longacre's" home, which wasn't really homey at all, and I was glad even to get back to the music rehearsals and the cold, dreary stage of the theater. The gentlemen and ladies who sat about and sang there were a funny, jolly lot. They never seemed to care about anything in the morning except when they could get away to lunch, and after lunch how soon The Musical Director would let them off for dinner. Sometimes a few of the ladies would come back early from lunch, and while one of them would play the piano, the others would sing and dance about the stage as if they really enjoyed it. There were two sisters named Gabrielle who danced together most beautifully, but of all the ladies of the company the one I liked best was the one they called The Savage, although she got mad once and said her real name was Aileen Mooney, and for the other lady who had called her The Savage not to forget it, either. She was a large lady, with lots of wavy bronze-red hair and the most wonderful big eyes



Milton
It
Lost,
1674.

and a rather biggish mouth, but beautiful teeth and a skin that always looked as if she had just come out of the bath. She had a lovely voice, too, deep and sweet, and she could dance almost as well as the Gabrielle Sisters. I don't know why they called her The Savage, unless it was that late one evening at the stage-door she hit a young gentleman over the head with her umbrella because he tried to be polite to one of the "Shrimp Ballet" ladies. But the best thing about Miss Mooney was the way she went leaping about the place all the time and laughing and telling funny stories. Nothing could keep her quiet, not even Mr. Al Meyer himself. He often pretended to be very angry with her, and I thought once he was quite rude to her. The Savage was a poor lady—much poorer than the others—and her clothes were not very good, and one day when she was dancing about, the seam of her coat gave way and the lining came out. Mr. Al Meyer, who was sitting in the orchestra pit, called her over and said she was too full of life and the primitive instincts were breaking out again, although any one could see it was only the lining. But, I suppose just to make up for his rudeness, he told her that she was to have some lines and one verse of a song in the first act, and The Savage came running back to the other ladies shouting at the top of her voice that she was to have a part and was a regular actress. Then she went dancing over to the grumpy old stage doorkeeper, whom everybody else was afraid of, and told him to send away her red taxicab and get a green one because she had on a green skirt, and she also told him that when the brokers called with orchids to be sure to tell them that she was rehearsing her new part and to send the bouquets to the nearest hospital. Of all the ladies in the company I always liked Aileen Mooney much the best, and if it had not been for her I do not know how I should have stood those four weeks of rehearsals.

BUT one day they at last took me out of the big book with the other music for "The Lady of Longacre," and a young man with long hair and a sallow face did what he called "orchestrating me," which was really dividing my anatomy into many different parts. When he had finished orchestrating me he copied me, both entire and the many separate parts, in a fine clear hand on nice white paper, and then carried me back to the theater again, and I was put in a big trunk marked "The Lady of Longacre—Theater." Here I lay for two days, when I was taken with a whole carload of other trunks and scenery to a town called New Haven, where it seems I was to make my first public appearance.

THE great event was on a Friday night, and on the day previous, which was the same day we reached New Haven, I was taken out of the trunk, and while The Musical Director kept the entire copy of me, the other parts were distributed among all the other musicians. I shall never forget how I sounded when

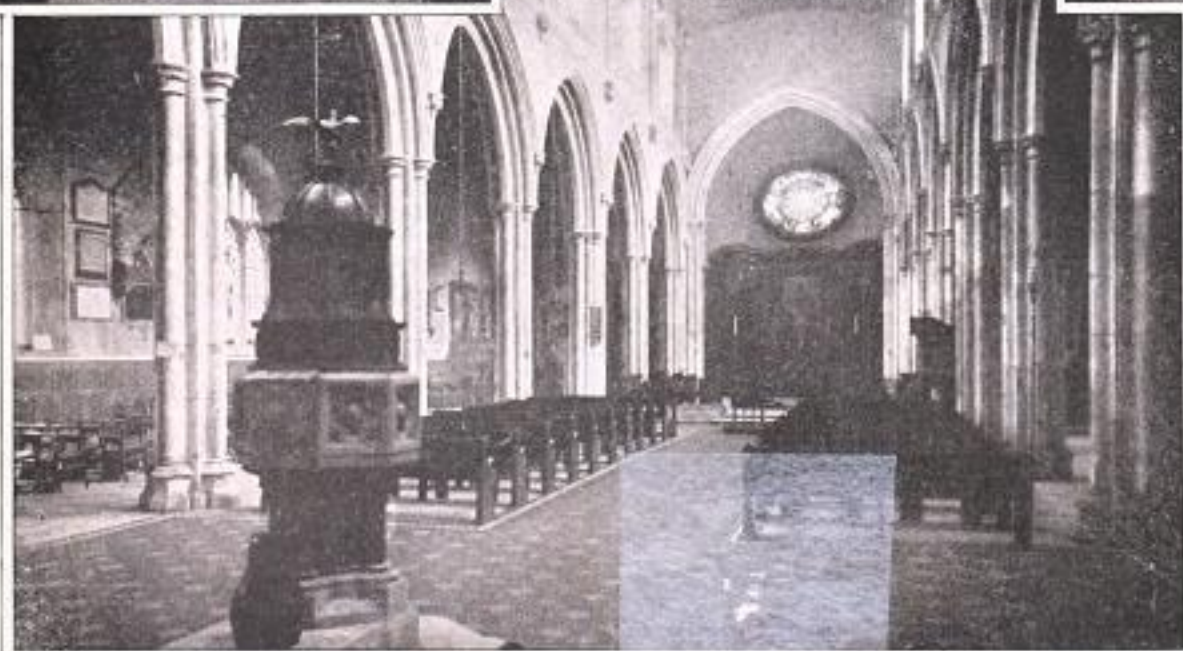
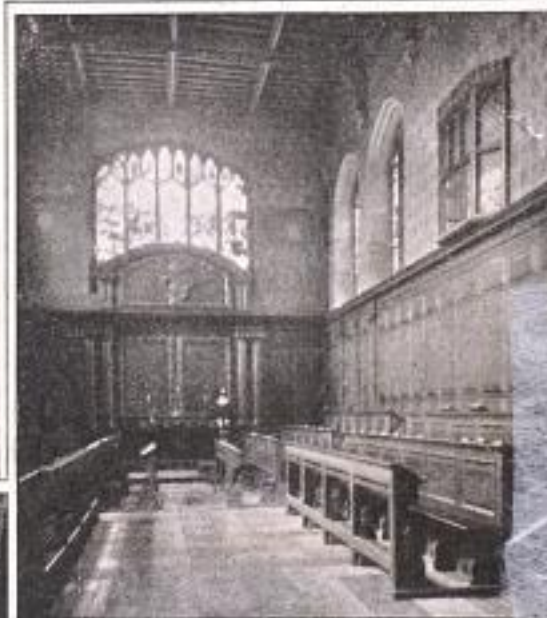
The Musical Director raised his baton and all those German-looking men played the different parts of my anatomy. I was certainly a beautiful thing to hear, and when they had finished me the musicians nodded at The Musical Director and smiled, and I heard afterward that that was a great compliment for me. That same night there was a long, long rehearsal which lasted nearly the whole night, and I could hardly wait for my turn, but when it did come I suffered a great disappointment, for "The Lady of Longacre" just hummed me instead of singing the words, as she should have done. It annoyed father and Mr. Al Meyer a good deal, too, and Mr. Al Meyer spoke very sharply to "The Lady of Longacre," but she at once became peevish, muttered something about its being "all right on the night," and went on with her part. But as it turned out, "The Lady of Longacre" was wrong, and it was not "all right on the night."

It was a splendid sight, that great crowd in the front of the theater, and the ladies and gentlemen of the company looked quite wonderful in their beautiful silk and golden clothes. The performance went off, it seemed to me, with a great whirl, and the people applauded the songs and marches and laughed at the funny actors. And then about the middle of the second act it came my turn, and I could hardly wait for "The Lady of Longacre" to begin. At last she walked down the stage alone and The Musical Director tapped his little baton and my chance had come. But she had not sung more than the first verse when I knew that it was all over with me. The audience was very quiet, but it was the quiet of civility, not of the real love I wanted and expected and knew in my heart that I should have. Once they called her back and once she repeated the last verse, and that was all. A few minutes later the audience was laughing aloud and applauding what I thought was a very silly song, and I had been forgotten entirely.

WHEN the performance was all over and the audience had left and the lights in the theater had been put out, some men dragged out an upright piano on the cleared stage, and The Musical Director placed a fine new copy of me on the rack. It seems it was one of several copies which Mr. Van Isenberg had brought that



Slammed and locked it in the face of Mr. Al Meyer, who, I think, would have hugged her, if he had caught her



Milton's Tercentenary

(See Page 33)

- A: Table in Milton's cottage, which was there in his day.
- B: The door of Milton's cottage and window of the study—Chalfont St. Giles.
- C: St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where Milton is buried.
- D: The modern edition of Milton's room at Christ's College, Cambridge.
- E: Chancel of St. Margaret's, Westminster, where Milton's second wife lies buried.
- F: Interior of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.
- G: Chapel of Christ's College, Cambridge—Milton's alma mater.



In front of the cafes in Paris

afternoon from New York. Each was bound in a dark green cover with my name on the outside in big gold letters, and at the top there was a picture of jolly Mr. Al Meyer and at the bottom another of father and one of the lady who lived at Cos Cob. While The Musical Director was looking at my cover, father and Mr. Al Meyer came on the stage and leaned their elbows on the top of the piano. They both certainly looked very glum, and I was perfectly sure that it was all about me, for I had heard every one say that the performance was on the whole quite successful.

For some time they stood glaring out at the empty theater, while The Musical Director played chords and little snatches from the opera very softly.

"The trouble with that woman is," said Mr. Al Meyer, "that she don't know what the song is about, and, what's more, she never can be taught. That song is the simple story of a woman who loved a man, but that was all that woman did love—the man was her god and her devil and her deep blue sea. Now this girl who tried to sing it to-night is a Broadway soubrette, who regulates her affections for men by the horse-power of their automobiles. Here she comes now."

"The Lady from Longacre," looking very proud in her long fur coat and her arms full of scarlet roses, started to walk across the stage, but Mr. Al Meyer called to her and she came over to the piano.

"That song's no good," she said, knowing perfectly well what

they were thinking about. "They don't want that kind of ballad any more."

"Not when you sing it," says Mr. Al Meyer, and I liked him for that. "I've got another little song for you that you can understand and sing better, I guess. It's called 'The High Signs on Broadway.' I'll send it around to-morrow morning to the hotel. Good night."

"The Lady from Longacre" never said a word, but just sort of sniffed at father and Mr. Al Meyer and went on her way to the stage door. If father had looked badly before, he was quite white now, and he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his thick hair.

"What are we to do now?" he said. "I thought it had a great chance."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Al Meyer with his brows contracted and looking out at the rows of empty seats. And then from the little balcony that ran around the brick walls of the stage we heard a girl's deep voice, and Aileen Mooney slammed her dressing-room door with a bang and came swinging along the balcony and down the spiral iron staircase that led to the stage, just as happy as if she had been the one real success of the whole evening.

"I've got it," said Mr. Al Meyer, and he pounded his fist into the open palm of his other hand. "I've got it—The Savage."

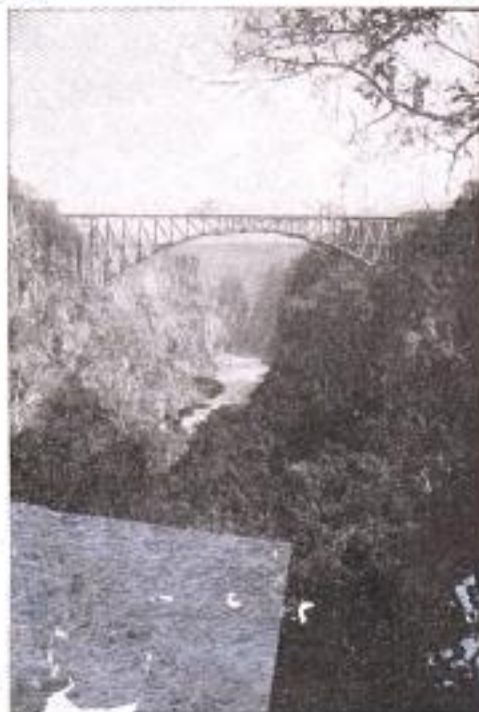
"The Lady from Longacre" opened in New York the next Monday night, and although I have known many great nights since then, of course there can only be "the" one great night for a song hit on Broadway. Ever since it was decided that Aileen Mooney was to sing me she had always carried me about with her in my nice green cover, and so it was quite natural for her to bring me from her boarding-house on the great night and lay me on her dressing-table and for me to stay there while she and two other girls made ready for the performance. I had been "switched," as they called it, to the first act, but even then it was an awful wait. I was alone for a long time, and when the hands of the little nickel clock pointed to just nine o'clock The Savage came in and carefully shut the door. I noticed that she wasn't singing as usual, and even through her rouge and powder I could see how pale she was. She looked at her pretty face in the glass and then she glanced down at me lying there in my new green cover. With one long white finger she began to slowly trace out my name in the big gold letters, and as she did so she said to me half aloud: "Honey, you're going to break or you're going to make me, and I don't want you to forget that while it don't make much difference to me, because I'm young and I've got my health, it means a whole lot to the folks." And then, without another word or even a look in the mirror she threw open the door and rushed out of the dressing-room. Of course, after what Miss Mooney said to me, there wasn't very much for a song hit to do but keep the lady's secret and do the best possible.



The southern extremity of Manhattan Island, New York City, at night, as it looks from the Statue of Liberty



Completing the Zambesi Bridge over the Zambesi River, in British Central Africa. The picture at the left shows "Jack Tar," the first locomotive to cross the bridge. The right-hand photograph shows the steel span ready for traffic



"LETTERS TO

Regarding a New Germ

DEAR SIR:



HAVE been shocked to read recently that many of your rich friends have suddenly lost the treasured possession of memory. You, I learn, with gratification, have thus far escaped such a loss. An associate of yours tells me you "never forget an enemy or a friend."

He says your memory is marvelous. I want to congratulate you. You are many times richer than your unfortunate friends, although they may have more accumulated dollars. It is a great thing to live over again the years of the past. It would be as terrible to live to-day without the memory of yesterday as it would be to live to-day without the prospect of to-morrow.

May not this sudden loss of memory on the part of so many well-known people be a new disease of which science as yet knows nothing? And if it may possibly be, do you not think that something should be done at once to check it? Should not experts be set to work to discover its cause? So far, the ravages seem only to have been among the rich, but it may be a plague that will shortly reach the poor. I wish to escape it, and selfishly I appeal to you, who have endowed hospitals in many good causes, to take some action.

Perhaps, because you have thus far escaped it, you do not feel the danger to the world in a malady like this, but the loss of memory of scores of your rich friends should make you regard the matter seriously. I was talking with the district attorney some time ago, and he told me that none of the rich people who had called on him during the past several weeks could remember anything.

"What can you do," said he, "with people who can not remember anything?" He was very pessimistic; he seemed to think that none of them wanted to remember anything. I did not know how to answer him, but I felt that he was wrong. I can not conceive of any one willingly giving up memory. I think that his constant association with the criminal classes has made him distrustful of every one. It would probably not occur to him at all that a new disease had come to afflict mankind. I do not believe his medical studies have extended to any other subject than paranoia. You, sir, are more open-minded, so I venture to suggest my theory to you in the hope that you will entertain it, and see that the problem is investigated.

Failing memory is a new disease—I suppose we might call it forgetamania in the absence of a better term—a disease caused by a germ of whose habits of life we know, as yet, nothing. To those ridiculing the idea I ask: "Who knew anything about the germ that now spreads



On the beautiful
canals at Venice

THE Savage and I made good all right, and I think if it hadn't been for her voice getting choked up with tears or excitement or something we could have taken a dozen or so more encores. But when The Savage had sung as long as she possibly could, she ran off the stage and fought her way through the crowd of girls standing in the wings, although they tried their best to stop her and to wring her hands and pat her on the back. When she had staggered over to her dressing-room, she jerked it open and then slammed and locked it right in the face of Mr. Al Meyer, who, I think, would have hugged her if he had caught her. Here were The Sav-

age and I alone again, and without a word she threw herself into the chair before her mirror and then flung her arms on the dressing-table, and, burying her head in them, sobbed out loud just as if she were a little girl who had stubbed her toe. But she was all right again before the finale, and when the act was over and the curtain had gone down, it was wonderful what a fuss they made over her. Father was there and the lady from Cos Cob and mother in a new dress, which I think she must have bought with another "little something on account." My! but "The Lady of Longacre" was mad, and went about telling every one that she could have got those encores, too, if anybody had told her what the old thing (meaning me) was about. The Musical Director came back on the stage, grinning all over, and The Savage did the only thing that I ever saw her do that I thought was unfair to me. She ran right up to The Musical Director and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. I suppose he is a good enough Musical Director, but he directed the songs for all the other ladies and I didn't see them kiss him.

ALL the newspapers were fine to us the next morning, and one said Aileen Mooney would wake up to find herself famous, which I hope she did. Another paper warned everybody who went to see our play to be there by nine o'clock because that was when The Savage and I did our turn. That day, Mr. Van Isenberg had a big sign painted that called me "The Song Hit of the Century," and had it put up on the top of a high building on Broadway, and that same night I think they must have played me in every café and restaurant in New York. It certainly was funny to see all the beautiful ladies and gay gentlemen seated at the tables with the red lamp-shades on them nudge each other when the band started to play me and hear them say:

"That's the hit from 'The Lady of Longacre.'" Two or three days later they began sending me in little pasteboard tubes all over the country, and in almost no time I was whistled and sung and played in every big city and every little town from New York to the Pacific Ocean. The orchestras played me very well at some places, but the pretty young girls in the small towns (and every one of them who owned a piano had a copy of me, in my green coat with the gold trimmings) always played me—oh, so badly! They didn't know what I meant at all.

AILEEN MOONEY and I stayed at the same theater in New York for six happy months, and then the hot days of summer came, and The Savage and all the ladies of the company insisted on going to the seashore or the mountains, and Mr. Al Meyer, much against his will, closed the theater and I was shut up in the book with the rest of the music and put in a trunk in the cellar of the theater. I must say, however, it was much cooler than on the music-rack in the orchestra so near the hot footlights. But, of course, the green coat copies were traveling farther and farther all the time, and when I quit in New York a number of them had met and passed on their way around the world. All that summer they played me on New Jersey merry-go-rounds, on the porches of the Saratoga hotels, at beer-gardens in Germany and in front of the cafés in Paris, and they sang me with Neapolitan words on the beautiful canals at Venice and in the hot, stuffy music-halls in London, but what I think I enjoyed the most was when the gentlemen in uniform used to play me on the decks of the great big white battleships of our navy. Never mind where they were—whether at anchor or steaming along over the Atlantic or the Pacific or the Mediterranean or any of those far-away seas—one of the officers would be sure to ask the bandmaster to play me, because, he said, I was pretty; but I knew better than that—it was because it made him think of some one at home.

Of course, I had a great many adventures, altogether too many to mention, but I shall always remember one experience that hap-

(Continued on page 22)



A PLUTOCRAT"

grippe over the world?" Why is it not likely that ere are now being created in out-of-the-way places arms more deadly than that of influenza?

Granting the germ of forgetfulness, the curious fact that, so far, only the very rich have been the subjects of its attack. I assume, therefore, that the germ lurks in places to which the poor have not access. May it not be that this little germ is produced somehow by the accumulation of great riches, and that it thrives in the deposit vaults and storing places of wealth? When this explanation first occurred to me, I hesitated in my struggle to become wealthy, but I recalled that I was only drawing out enough from my bank to secure the necessities of a very simple life, and what I drew was circulated rapidly. Then the problem became simple. We know enough of germ life to realize that sunlight and fresh air are its natural enemies. Congestion is the cause of most diseases, and circulation the cure. Let us have the bright sunlight on accumulated wealth; let us investigate the safety deposit vaults. If the germs are there, we may be rid of them.

I learn that in the past few months over a quarter of a billion of dollars were withdrawn from the banks. No doubt a great deal of this money has been stored away and makes a further menace. If my theory is right—and I hope that here we have something on which we may rely—should not the people who store wealth away be advised of their danger?

I leave the problem to you. We poor should like to believe that it is possible for us to acquire more than we have without acquiring a scourge of forgetfulness. I think we should all be willing to give what wealth we had plenty of fresh air and good exercise in the sunlight. You and your rich friends should be willing to do as much to prevent so great a calamity as loss of memory.

Or, tell me, do the very rich regard the personal possession of riches as the most important thing in the world? I want to understand your point of view. There are several things more important to the poor—the intangible things that are the most real—love and devotion, faith and friendship, the spirit of youth and memory. Does not the danger of sudden forgetfulness impress you? And if riches are the most important, think of the awful calamity of storing them away and then forgetting where the places are located.

You are in the fortunate position of being able to do the world a great service—the salvation of memory. It may mean your own. You do not wish to forget: none of us does. You are already beyond middle age. Doubtless life has lost much of its zest for you. Memory, sir, is the only solace for an honorable old age; there is no other recompense. If you will not do this great service for us, for your friends already afflicted, will you not do it for yourself?



A flower-clock—but it keeps time at Inter-laken, Switzerland—in the Kurhaus gardens



The tomb of Cecil Rhodes in Rhodesia. It was his request that a boulder be his headstone



A one-legged high jumper, Raymond Campbell, of the Jackson Boys' School, New Orleans, is fourteen years old, and he won the running high jump event at the meet of the Public School Athletic League against twenty-five competitors

PLAYS AND PLAYERS



R. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM used to be a matinee idol, with a bull terrier and at least a suggestion of the air of accurate clothes and ineradicable virility with which the matinee girl endows her notion of a Yale man. It is a rôle much sought after, but not without its disadvantages. The disadvantage is that ordi-

nary men, jealous of one's beauty and rankling over the fact that no hordes of enamored nymphs surround them whenever they appear in public, get even in the only way they can by criticizing one's acting.

If Mr. Faversham were still a mere popular favorite, innate meanness of spirit would compel me to place a microscope over his impersonation of Don Ernesto and pick from that perfect cameo the deflections from the thin, hard line of absolute art. Mr. Faversham is now an actor-manager, however, and as such he goes to the trouble of producing an excellent English version of Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto." It is not only a "classic"—something one is supposed to know about yet never sees—but enter-



Mr. Faversham in "The World and His Wife"

taining. And as I, like most of the present audiences, had never seen an Echegaray play in any of the various languages into which they have been translated, I hasten to state that not only does Mr. Faversham deserve our gratitude, but that his personal performance is vigorous, dignified, and satisfying.

"El Gran Galeoto," or "The World and His Wife," as the present version has it, sets forth the tragic results of scandalous gossip. Its main character, as the author makes Don Ernesto explain in the omitted prologue, does not appear on the stage and has no corporeal form. It is that intangible but tremendous power made up of endless "They says," scraps of things heard, read, carried from mouth to mouth—public opinion, in other words. Sometimes, as in the recent New York elections, this power is beneficent and a force which the politicians do not measure and never can measure—the people's silent conscience and sense of the fitness of things—reflects a Governor Hughes. And at other times, as in this Madrid household, this same invisible power poisons, wrecks, and murders with a force as cruel as the other was kind and as irresistible.

Young Don Ernesto was the friend, the son almost, of Don Julian and his wife, Doña Teodora. He lived at their house. His father had been his host's benefactor and Don Julian felt himself under a debt he never could fully repay. Nothing could have been more innocent than the relations of the wife and the friend, but scandal—that silent, sleepless intermediary—would not have it so. The town talked; the husband, in spite of his confidence in his friend and his determination not to believe him false, was forced to believe; in the end, after Don Julian had been mortally wounded in a duel, what had never been true actually was made to become true, and the devilish perversity of circumstance and the hypnotic effect of a universal belief shook even the faith of the helpless victims in themselves and drove them into each other's arms.

Here, obviously, is one of those rare universal themes which have little to do with local color or the adornments of stagecraft. It could be played on a board and understood equally well by a Turk or a Swede. Pavlov or Robinson would do as well as Don Ernesto and no amount of Belascoing would materially improve it.

Mr. Charles Frederick Niedlinger's adaptation is excellent. The prologue is omitted, a British Embassy attaché introduced, to act as a sort of good-humored interpreter of certain essentially Spanish traits, and Don Ernesto, doubtless better to suit Mr. Faversham's personality, has been toned down from a visionary playwright to a merely agreeable young man who

A Spaniard, a Frenchman, and an Englishman Contribute to Our Entertainment

By **ARTHUR RUHL**

might almost as well be a lawyer or a broker. Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe was the only member of the cast who suggested a Spaniard, and anything further from Madrid than the massive Britishism of Miss Julie Opp is difficult to conceive, yet one doubts if much that is essential was lost. A play which can bear transference to another language, and nearly thirty years after it was written hold an alien audience as this one does, is not a thing which any one interested in the theater can afford to miss.

Happy Mr. Maugham

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM seems to be one of those happy playwrights who can give the public just what they want without having anything to say. Most people can not write well or even entertainingly unless they have, or think they have, an idea, or are surcharged with some feeling for or conviction about life which is the natural outgrowth of their experience with it. Mr. Maugham has no ideas and nothing to say, but he is able to take all the properties which have grown dear and familiar to people who spend many of their evenings in the theater and arrange them in new and pleasant ways. He is to be envied.

"Lady Frederick" is a much better play than his "Jack Straw." It has graceful sentiment and a suggestion of real feeling, and the witty, reckless Irish heroine is lively and appealing. Lady Frederick's sentimental journey had been long and variegated, and although an extremely good sort at heart and quite nice, her reputation was rather terrific. Young Lord Mereston fell in love with her, and she could have had him with all his money, but in a very sportsmanlike way she invited him to her boudoir at ten o'clock in the morning and allowed him to hold her false "switches" and watch her construct her complexion for the day. The susceptible youth was cured. Whereupon Mr. Paradine Fouldes, the young man's bachelor uncle and a former suitor of Lady Frederick's, having reached an age when he could see through complexions, suggested that she come and help him adorn a neat but not gaudy little house in Park Lane. He intended to retire there, he said, and live on a few dried herbs, but, as Lady Frederick intimated, these would be prepared by a French cook, and so all ends as you like it.

As Lady Frederick, Miss Barrymore appears at her very best. There are instants of pathos which, in her apparent endeavor not to overact, she misses completely, and to the trembling penman of these lines she would often be much more entertaining if she could refrain from archly telegraphing to the audience every good thing long before it comes. But I doubt if the audience would agree in this. They are enchanted by Miss Barrymore's beauty, convinced that the thing she is going to say next is bound to be perfectly delightful, and they like to see that she thinks so, too—as fond parents listen to a precocious child.

I can not stay the hand which would toss at least one slight garland toward the Paradine Fouldes of Mr. Bruce McRae. Mr. McRae is one of the few illusions which survive from what was once a brilliant galaxy. They are hard to keep under the strain of continued inspection. Either the adored one is met on the street, or is misent, or some perverse mood of the spectator breaks a spell which never forms again. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I found the friend who had invited me to the performance leading me to a seat in the first row. But Mr. McRae survived even this test. Temperament, in so far as it means a sort of loose emotionalism, he seems to have little of. But he is such a fine figure of a man and so graciously combines dignity and good-humor, and, above all, without self-consciousness, speaks such excellent English, that it is difficult to imagine him actually distressing in any part. Hamlet, even, he would make at least a prince.

Of course, it is extremely immoral to permit such a personality in such a part. In real life Mr. Paradine Fouldes would be a self-indulgent, probably rather fat and flabby, old mufin. Through the lines, Mr. McRae describes a life which would produce some such result, and then makes Mr. Fouldes resemble a highly intelligent and agreeable Greek god. The influence on the minds of the young, susceptible, and unable to discriminate is disturbing to contemplate.

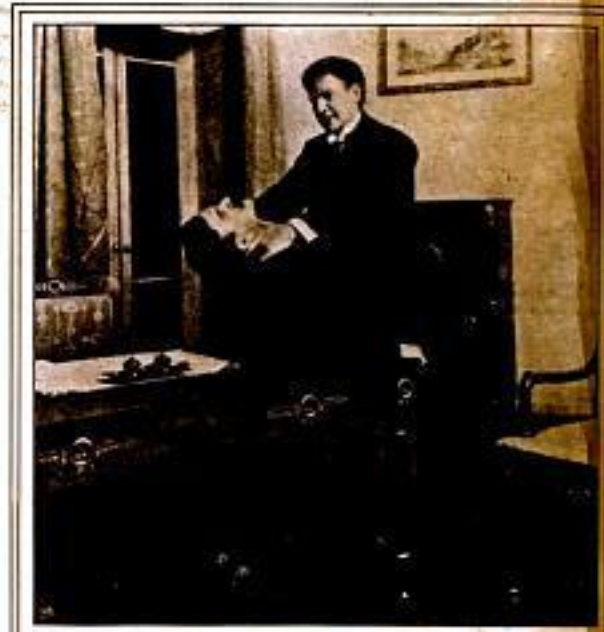
Mr. Sherlock Holmes Starts a Panic

IT IS certainly very rare that one can see together such a varied assortment of unrelated things as are offered in the "Samson" of Mr. Henry Bernstein, as played by Mr. William Gillette and his company.

In the first place, we have a French play, an effective enough theatrical machine in its native element, transferred into an English so ill-chosen and at times so cheap as not only to dissipate the original atmosphere, but even to change its personalities. In the next place, we have Mr. Gillette, hopelessly miscast in the part of a "strong" man, which he is no more suited to play than he is to lift thousand-pound dumb-bells

and catch cannon-balls on his chest. The simile is not so far-fetched as it may seem. Indeed, aside from extraordinary facial contortions, Mr. Gillette's principal means of suggesting the physical power and turbid passions of the self-made hero Brachard consists in continually clenching his right fist and twisting his right forearm about as if he were turning a door-knob that moved with difficulty or pushing toward a heavy weight. If you can picture Mr. Gillette—our tall, pale, inscrutable, quick-witted, laconic Sherlock Holmes and "Secret Service" telegraph operator—thrusting his face within an inch of the villain's and roaring: "If you don't do so and so, I'll break your bloody jaw!" you can get some notion of the inappropriateness in this curious play.

But Mr. Gillette is not the only false note. The performance consists of false notes. Mr. Arthur Byron plays a Parisian "society favorite" as though he were a villain in a tank melodrama. Mr. George Probert has the part of a gilded Parisian youth, a Marquis's son, the only excuse for whose impudence and depravity is his Gallic grace and insouciance. By wriggling his fingers and shifting his feet about in a haphazard way, Mr. Probert suggests that he may really have an inner notion of how the part should be



Mr. William Gillette as a Parisian "Samson"

played, but even a more gifted actor than he could do nothing against the handicap of his lines. The French is transferred into georgicohomese, and Max, amid all the Louis XVI furniture, becomes a sort of Candy Kid. And so on.

The play is a drama of modern business life set in the Parisian scene. The hero is a financier, who begins life as a deck laborer and is now master of the Paris stock market. He is married to a young woman of noble birth whose parents practically sold him their daughter. He adores her and she despises him, and the action is precipitated by another man, an adventurer of her own class, who endeavors to seduce her. The great scene is that in which the hero, locking the villain in a room in the Hotel Ritz, brings about a panic through his business agents and has the satisfaction of seeing his enemy made penniless before his eyes. It is not without strong dramatic possibilities, but even here Mr. Bernstein's unfortunate tendency toward the false drama of noise and violence is too much for him, and for a space of five minutes, perhaps, before the curtain falls, we have the two men glaring into each other's eyes at a space of about two inches, waving their arms like windmills, both shrieking at the same time until neither is heard. Instead of being tremendous it is absurd.

As played in Paris, where, doubtless, the contrast between the crude, honest Brachard and the polished, decadent folks who were fawning and preying on him was clearly brought out, the piece may well have had a certain relation to local conditions and apparent truth. Here it had little relation to anything real and the characters little relation to each other. Miss Pauline Frederick was beautiful as a friend of the family, although if she had not piled her hair into a cone, extending a foot or two in a northeasterly direction from the top of her head, she might have looked just as much like Madame Récamier and a little less as though she were imitating that elongated cocoanut style of head-dress affected by certain African tribes. Miss Constance Collier, as the wife was also pleasing to behold; she spoke in a deep British contralto, and nobody could imagine for an instant that Miss Marie Wainwright as the Marquise was her mother. The only one really in the picture was Mr. Frederick de Belleville as the addle-pated gouty old dandy of a Marquis. Merely to watch the scrupulous epicureanism with which he arranged the divan pillows, preparatory to descending upon them, was worth a good deal.

It is interesting to see a play by the most talked-of playwright in Paris, and for the opportunity to do so the public, of course, should be duly grateful. The general obtuseness, however, with which this whole expensive production was worked out is astonishing.

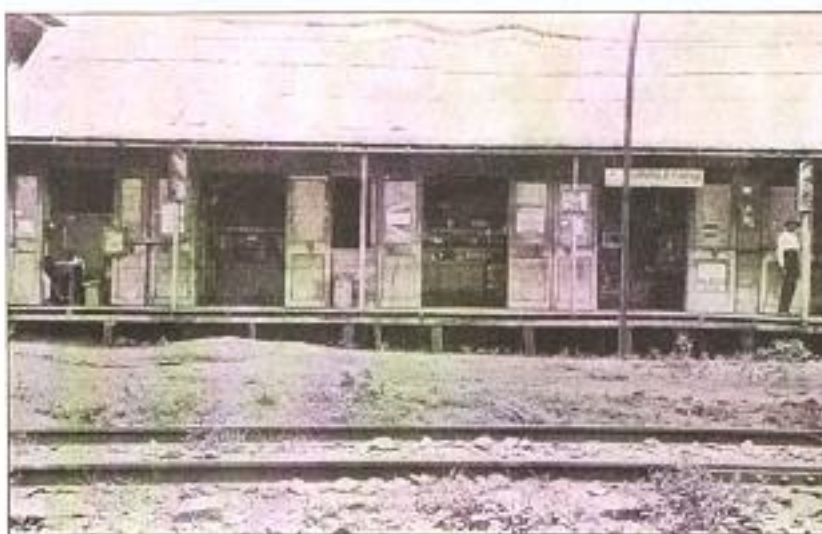


AS THEY LOOK ON FIFTH AVENUE

Fashions of to-day as they are shown on New York's proudest thoroughfare



A saloon that is popular with the Canal-Builders and their friends from the United States



A typical Canal Zone saloon—"Kirkhead's" at Empire

THE SALOON IN OUR TOWN

One More Prize Winner in the Contest, of which Installments Appeared in Collier's for June 27, August 22, September 12, October 3, October 10, and November 28



One of the several Chinese saloons in Empire that sell bottled "Pop" and "Fixed Bayonets"

THE UNBENDING OF THE CANAL-BUILDERS

The Jovial Resorts on the Isthmus of Panama Where Cincinnati Sandi, Ping Pong the Chinaman, and Mezel the Martinique Mulatto, Ladle Out Joy to the Diggers

By HOMER BRETT, Empire, Canal Zone



OUR Town is Empire, Canal Zone, or Emperador, Zona del Canal. Our population is ninety per cent adult male, and is as cosmopolitan as any community in the whole wide world can show. When a little wandering circus happens to come to town, men of some fifty nationalities gather round to listen to the band, and to one not calloused by long residence the audience far surpasses in interest anything that the showmen can present.

Our saloons are many, varied, some of them unusual and even picturesque. In a double line they face along the railroad track, forming the most conspicuous feature of the landscape, which conspicuousness, on a notable occasion, drew from a very eminent personage a reference to "the somewhat too frequent beer saloons." First, there is Sandi's, which is nothing more nor less than a transplanted Spanish *Cantina* of the very best type. Sandi keeps the best and coldest of Cincinnati beer; his wife is busily present all day long; men buy their drinks quietly and depart in peace, but his business is comparatively very, very small. Next are the Pennsylvania and the American. These are primarily hotels, but the adjuncts of bars and bowling-alleys often seem completely to overshadow the original business, and when one casually refers to either one is supposed to mean the saloon and not the hostelry. Farther on a little host of small but willing soldiers stand up bravely for the cause. Ying Ling, Wun Hop, Ping Pong, and others like in names and nationality shove out all kinds of drink, from bottled "Pop" to "Fixed Bayonets," to all of the motley mob of tropical tramps, and rake in all kinds of money with the unchanging, unchangeable expression that the sons of the Celestial Kingdom wear. Mezel is a French mulatto from Martinique who will credit any white man—once, at least—who sells a world of red liquor at twenty-five cents per drink—and has gotten reasonably rich in three years. The Kingston, the West Indian, the Bridgetown, all show the Stars and Stripes crossed with the Union Jack, and the reason of their being is the sixty cents a day plus board that negro laborers receive. The American Club and the New York Bar have similar longings for the white man's dollars and offer attractions differing only in degree.

Through the long, hot, tropical days our saloons simply manage to exist. Each open door yawns sleepily, showing no one within save the proprietor, some casual loungeur, and maybe a policeman. But when the shop whistle sounds its deep-toned signal that the longed-for hour of five o'clock has come, the carpenter checks his hammer in mid-air the painter drops his brush, over in the cut the ninety-ton Bucyrus shovels silence their cough and rattle, the track gang *Capitans* no longer



One of the unruly "joints." Its license has been revoked



Mezel Gustave's Empire saloon—once the most famous Zone resort



A negro saloon of Empire

shout, "Arriba" or "A Una," and Americans, English, Scotch, Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Jamaicans, Barbadians, and Martiniques hurry to scramble up the steep side walls before the blasts begin. Then it is that our saloons spring into the fullness of their life and vigor. As the night comes on the crowds on the cantina porches thicken and begin to sing the songs of Spain. The lines before the long American bars fill up, and the ribald jest from Melbourne meets its fellows from the Whitechapel and the Bowery. Thick tongues mumble patriotic speeches in terms of the vilest obscenity, the heavy bets on the coming Sunday ball game are posted with the barkeep, sometimes short answer is followed by quick epithet and that by quicker blow, and then the law police interrupt the pleasure, for a community so mixed a little breeze unchecked may soon become a storm. On the side, the negro Salvation Army bangs drum and begs for coppers, nickels, small silver, just as its other branches in England or the States. The bowling alleys rumble pleasantly, the pins fall clattering, billiard balls click as they kiss, the spickety money dances jingling over the sloppy counters and keeps the cash registers ringing out their merry tunes.

But, alas! in this part of Uncle Sam's domain we have no popular sovereignty. Empire has no aldermen nor councilmen nor ward bosses nor even wards, and the law is heavy if even-handed, and a thing with which it is not well to tangle lightly. So closing time comes and the crowds break up. The Barbadians and the Martiniques go home to their dusky wives or paramours, sometimes to beat them, sometimes to kill them or the other way. Some wise, foolish one whispers the required word into the ear of a certain Chinaman and is forthwith softly led into an inner place where he can find the black smoke to waft him on his way to a brief sojourn in his fool's paradise. The Americans buy each a bottle of such size as he desires, and then, arm in arm in little clumps, staggering up the long board-walks, stopping every few paces to sing in wondrous discords of Maggie or of Jessie dear, or when something or somebody comes sailing home across the ocean, to tell with much loud profanity and obscenity of what "I done and said," until a harsh voice from above calls out: "Break that up! These are married quarters up here." At then because they, though drunk, are Americans and have left a little of American respect for women, they are ashamed and sneak away silently to the bachelor quarters. There they drink the contents of the bottles they have bought and whoop and yell and turn over the furniture and sing more songs.

The chief engineer, who here is the source of all things, says that in the Zone prohibition is impracticable. It may be. In the States some say that men will drink and that therefore they must be surrounded in front, behind, and on all sides with legalized incitements, encouragements, and opportunities to drink, but I wonder if a earnest, serious-minded man stood for while in front of the American saloons of Empire and listened to the things that would be heard, if he watched a bunch of twenty-year-old boys, well-soused, on their homeward in the night, and heard them to sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" I wonder what he would think!

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to reduce the price of**

Everwear
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**and still retain the
same high standard
of quality.**

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We were the first to give the American people the advantage of two conditions—two conditions which enabled us to reduce the price of EVERWEAR HOSE and at the same time retain the same high standard of quality.

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By reducing the price of men's Cotton Hose from \$2.00 to \$1.50 a box of 6 pairs, we are saving you 50c. Besides, we feel certain this reduction will enable us to still further increase our present enormous business.

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We could go on and tell you just why these things are true. We could tell you of our four-ply, double-twist yarn, our modern facilities, our improved machinery, our thorough and expensive inspection, but what you really want to know—**must know**—"has EVERWEAR the quality, the wear, fit, style and comfort?"

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The Heel

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The Song and the Savage

(Continued from page 31)

opened in a beer-garden on West Seventeenth Street. Father was sitting at a tin table with a friend, and the little orchestra. I suppose out of compliment to father, was playing me the very best it knew how. Two men stopped on their way out to listen, and it so happened that they stood quite near the table where father and his friend were drinking their beer.

"Some of this cheap music is really very pretty," one of the men said. But the other one, who looked very poor and shabby and had long hair, only smiled pitifully at his friend, and, taking his arm, led him through the door.

I thought father would feel terribly about it, but instead he only smiled and took another sip of beer, and then he told his friend all about the shabby man with the long hair.

"That's Ernest Hokelmann," he said. "He studied twenty years in Leipzig and Berlin and Vienna, and then wrote a grand opera that was produced for one night. The critics said it was technically a masterpiece, but it was never given again, because no one but the critics would go to see it, and they don't pay to get in. Now that little song of mine is certainly not a masterpiece, but it is probably being played to-night in nearly every town wherever they have music all over the world. And that is because it was written from the heart." And then father went on to tell his friend how he happened to write me on that cold December morning. "And so you see," he said, "that song was conceived in sorrow and born in sunshine, and that is why it makes people sad and happy, too, wherever it is played."

I SHALL always remember the evening father got my first royalties from Mr. Van Isenberg. It was in the early part of September, and he and mother were together in the sitting-room. Father read the letter and then smiled over at mother.

"It's all right," he said. "We can go to Berlin for the winter."

"Even if the new opera isn't a success?" mother asked.

"Yes," he said, "but the new opera will be a success. And when that is started, we are off for a long, long honeymoon."

Mother came over to father and stood behind his chair and put her cheek down against his, and thus they remained for a long time.

I AM sorry that they are going away, and I shall miss them greatly, but perhaps it is just as well, for Aileen Mooney and I, too, must soon be starting on our travels. Aileen and I are going "on the road," and I heard them say that we are to travel as far as San Francisco before we get back. The Savage has had a great rise lately and has been promoted to play the part of "The Lady of Longacre," and she is to sing me in the second act. I suppose I shall miss New York, too, but in a way I am not so very sorry to leave it, for I hear that it is rather a cruel, fickle sort of a place, and that it does not hesitate to turn to a new face and forget the old one that but yesterday it took to its heart. Of course, I know that at best my life is a short one, and that I must spend my old days on the dusty shelves of Mr. Van Isenberg's store on Twenty-ninth Street. But even knowing all that, I would not care to stay and hear the boys whistle the new song that has taken my place, and the hurdy-gurdies play it on the street and the ladies and the gentlemen applaud it in the gay restaurants. So, after all, it is much better that Aileen and I should go on our long journey, for, although we are famous everywhere and I have been played on every piano and by every band all over the country, the people will never know what father really meant until The Savage and I tell them.

The Woman Who Knows More Than the Wife

(Continued from page 17)

not bemoan, either publicly or privately, the chocolates or the novel.

Her married sister would forget, or never acknowledge, the real cause of the headache, and remember that the maid was annoying, John stubborn, or that she sewed on little Elizabeth's new frock.

In countless ways the business woman puts herself under a régime quite as strict as a physician might order, but she does it quite as a matter of course, a simple business expedient, and she does not talk about it. Neither does she think about it more than is necessary, for she has other matters of greater interest to occupy her attention.

Skillful Handling of Sickness

WHEN she becomes really ill, she does not, as usually does the wife, drag herself around half-helpless but still asserting that she does not need a physician and meantime half enjoying the distinction of invalidism. She is perfectly aware that, while her employer might refrain from any expression of exasperation with his wife under similar circumstances, he can not be expected to prove a mine of sympathy in business. Therefore, she does what the wife would never dream of doing, asks for a leave of absence and gets it. When she returns she is herself again, with illness forgotten, but with one more strong bond of respect established between her and her employer. He may not, probably will not, draw any comparison between her and his wife—the cases are by convention too widely dissimilar—but the business woman has once again proved herself wiser than the wife.

If she neglects her dentistry once, she will not repeat the performance. She takes as good care of her complexion as does the society woman; her long, busy day keeps her face usually in repose, and the necessity for being fresh in the morning enforces the elimination of any excessive dissipation. As a consequence she scores again, for her sister of the "sheltered life" rarely realizes that the uniform exercise of brain and body is youth's best preservative.

The business woman could make cares of her responsibilities should she choose, but she knows that worry never yet accomplished anything except its projector's hindrance. She is meeting man in his own field, business, and she learns that a woman as well as a man can be young between thirty and sixty. She borrows his own weapons, using them in his service, it is true, but she herself is doubly bene-

fited. At the same time it is her "fitness," her serenity, her unflinching, matter-of-course cheerfulness, that make her a business associate who receives far more extended confidences than would be accorded a man in the same position.

A business integrity that considers inviolate private domestic confidences, made half-unintentionally, perhaps, but none the less taken out of that intimate inner circle of a man's life—is not such a development of mind an achievement to be proud of? The secretary regards herself as merely a receptacle so far as such information is concerned. She would be rather amazed, however, if the discussion of her own affairs in a similarly free manner were suggested. Undoubtedly the wife would be equally amazed.

For centuries woman has been, with comparatively few exceptions, a plaything or a drudge; overindulged in pleasure and idleness, or cursed with a burden whose weight few men can conceive. A system that places upon woman's shoulders three-quarters of the burden is inevitably degrading. A man receives credit for supporting his family even when the wife, by working early and late, contrives to turn his earnings into a value treble that of the original amount. The difference in the value of a barrel of flour as it is purchased and after it has been made into bread has been reckoned many times—but "the man," and not the woman, "supports the family." Nor is a woman's work done when an income has been stretched to its limit. If a money value could be placed upon her work as mother and wife—not that any one wishes to do such a thing—it would indeed be clear that the woman pulls the heaviest part of the load. That such a condition should carry with it its antithesis in the woman who is a drone and a rattlebrain is but natural.

Bringing Brains to Matrimony

ONCE trained to a wider outlook, however, the business girl quietly sets aside the rulings that have governed her ancestors. If she resigns her business life for matrimony, she will bring to the new life the same ability that made her of value to her employer as an outside worker. She will be a better wife, if she is not crushed beneath a mountain of drudgery. Her mind, trained to grasp a situation in its entirety, refuses to find any suitability in the convention that exacts of a woman the duties of half a dozen different people simply because she loves some man well enough to be his wife and the mother of

WHAT more delightful gift, or what better time to give it! The full enjoyment of all music for all time, in

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IN the development of the ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO most significant advance has recently been made, giving a greater emphasis to the fact of complete supremacy.

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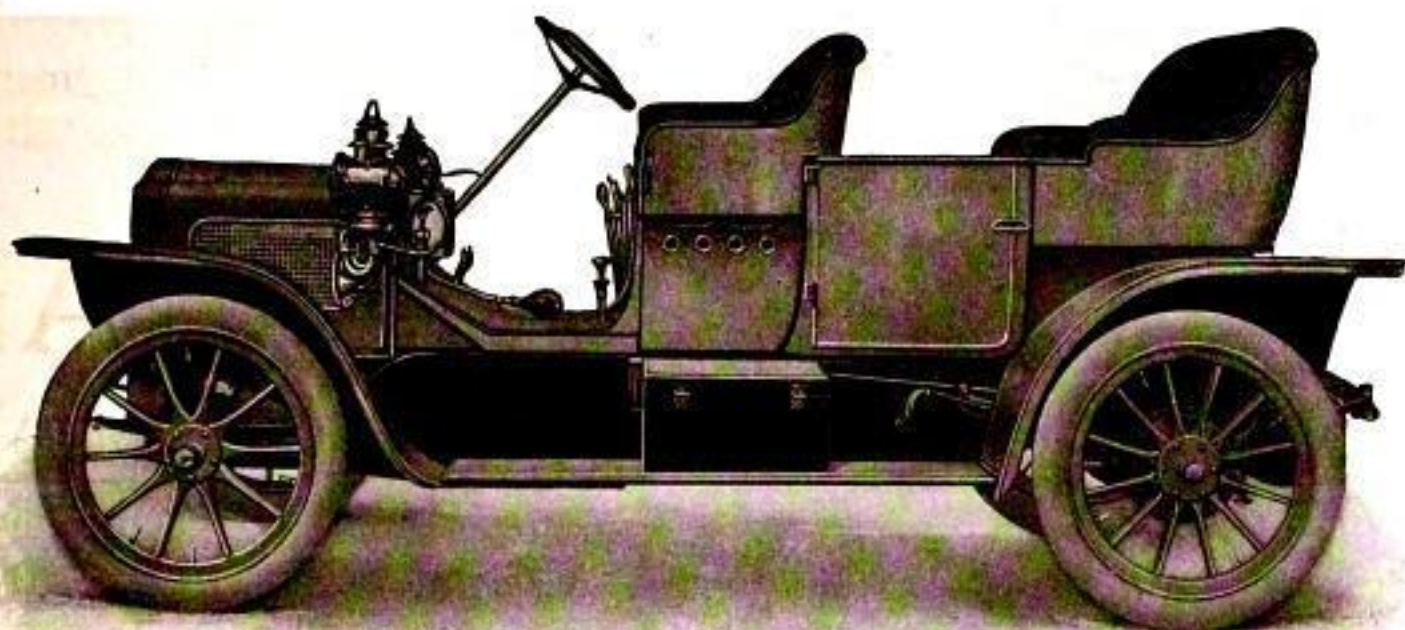
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Not since 1904 have we made a car priced at so low a figure as \$2000. The White—"the car in a class by itself"—has thus been brought within the range of a larger number of purchasers than has been the case in recent years.

The new \$2000 White car, known as our Model "O," has none of the attributes of the "cheap machine." It is simply a "smaller edition" of our \$4000 car. The new Model "O" is rated at 20 steam horse-power which means that it can do the work of gasoline cars rated at much higher figures. The wheel-base is 104 inches; the tires, both front and rear, are 32x3½ inches. The car is regularly fitted with a straight-line five-passenger body. The frame is of heat-treated pressed steel. The front axle is a one-piece forging of I-beam cross section.

The engine of the new car is fitted with the Joy type of valve mechanism, instead of the Stephenson type used in previous White models. As a result of this new construction, the engine is the most compact ever put into an automobile and it contains fewer parts, and is, therefore, simpler than any other automobile engine. Each of the two cylinders of the White engine is delivering power continuously, whereas each cylinder of a gasoline engine is delivering power only one-quarter of the time. Therefore, as regards continuous application of power, the two-cylinder White engine is equivalent to an eight-cylinder gasoline engine.

The nature of the steam engine is such that the engine of small power has all the desirable attributes of the engine of high power. In other words, as the weights of our small car and of our large car are proportionate to the power of their respective engines, the small car can do everything that our large car can do.

To summarize the features of our new Model "O" car—it is noiseless, odorless, smokeless and absolutely free from vibration. Owing to its smoothness of running, tires last twice as long on the White as on any other car of similar weight. All speeds from zero to maximum are obtained by throttle control alone. The speed of the car responds instantly to the throttle; the engine can never be stalled. The directions for driving are summed up in the phrase, "Just open the throttle and steer." It starts from the seat—"no cranking." It is the ideal moderate-priced machine. It is the best for the man who wishes to drive and take care of his own car. It is a result of our nine years of experience in building the White Steam Car—the only machine which finds a ready market in every portion of the globe.

Finally, we might point out that there are more White Steamers owned by the United States Government—in the War Department, the Navy Department and the Executive Department—than all other makes combined.

Write for circular giving full details of this car

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

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That exactly describes it—you have to chase down in pajamas and dressing-gown first thing in the morning to coax the furnace back to life. But what a difference with a **JEWELL TEMPERATURE CONTROLLER** with Time Clock Attachment keeping watch over your furnace while you're asleep. Keeps the house at any desired temperature all night. Lively things up in the morning, before you awaken, by automatically rousing the furnace or boiler, getting you up warm and cheerful.

The **JEWELL TEMPERATURE CONTROLLER** allows your furnace to burn just enough coal to maintain the temperature you desire. And the healthfulness—a uniformly heated house all day and all night without any care on your part. Saves its own cost in fuel in two seasons at most. Small—compact—ornamental. Equally efficient with furnace or boiler. Write for booklet—"The House Comfortable"—and free trial offer.

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HUMAN LIFE FOR OCTOBER, 1908

The Problem of the Smoker

It is better to smoke in this world than in the next.

Most of us find that it is mighty hard work to secure a fine, full flavored, free smoking Havana cigar except at a high price.

There are some of us connected with **HUMAN LIFE** who have been smoking **Martin R. Edwin's Panatela** cigars and who have only been paying \$2.40 per hundred for them; and they are a mighty good smoke. Mr. Edwin says he is able to make this price as he manufactures the cigars himself and sells only for cash, and he feels that where he sells a man too of his cigars that he not only makes this man a customer for years, but this man recommends the cigar to many others who also become customers.

HUMAN LIFE readers will not get stuck if they order too of Mr. Edwin's cigars, and we recommend that they read his advertisement on our second inside cover page.

Read Mr. Edwin's adv. on page 31 of this issue

his children. She can be the efficient head of the house without doing its manifold drudgery. Whether she shall do anything outside of her home if it be expedient is a big question still—but only because of prejudice and convention. Whatever the individual settlement of the case, the woman's business training stands her in good stead.

It is not the slogan of the woman suffragists, militant or otherwise, that is working the change. It is the woman who steps quietly into the ranks and says: "I can do that work; give it to me." She gets it, and with it an experience different from any she has known. All the platform eloquence ever uttered is not half so effective as one quiet, self-controlled woman who does her work with ability.

The business woman has no illusions concerning the right to vote. The disadvantages she meets in business are not the sort that suffrage would affect. The impression that a woman's time is less valuable than a man's is difficult to efface. Furthermore, a new commodity in any line has usually to be introduced at a lower price than the standard article commands, even though it be in no way inferior. Women have not sprung full-panoplied into business, and the more efficient must for a time be injured by the others. And another serious handicap is that a woman is rarely a good judge of the value of her work. Time will adjust salaries as it does other values.

In no conceivable way can the "equal pay for equal work" cause be advanced more rapidly than it is being furthered by these women who are making of themselves a second pair of hands and a second brain for their employers. Moreover, they know that for the time they have been in business their progress has been remarkable. The very fact that women are given the business confidence they receive argues well for ultimate fairness, for the average man is inclined to meet courage and determination half-way.

Is it strange that such women as these—and there are many of them—should

form a constantly strengthening the business world, in the lives of men, and ultimately in the affairs of the community at large? The change is incalculable, but the danger of its becoming demoralizing is not.

Aside from her influence in the man for whom she works, the business woman has an influence upon the ambitions of the young who are members of the same group. The shyest little girl doing clerical work has her eye upon the trusted woman who is in the confidence of the firm, taking notes on her as well as of the company. Nor are her ambitions necessarily in fact that women marry and regardless of their positions of opportunity for the ambition to move up.

Certain it is that the business woman working a tremendous change in the life of her sex. Her free companionship of men of ability, her enforced familiarity with the workings of the great world, the inadvertent revelation of the life of the men she meets daily, and the ing of her own life combine to form a remarkable gage upon the world's ways.

As matters now stand, the woman is gaining a great advantage. She has opportunities of opportunity undreamed of hitherto, could make mischief were she to but she has too many other things to do. She has little if any idea of the change she is a part of an evolution so rapid that it amounts to nothing she is working for her living.

And the wife? American men of saying that their wives are indulged in Christendom. Doubtless are. Also, the American man is the American woman, and vice versa. How she will meet these rapidly changing conditions none can say, but it is a reflection that the business woman's wife are fundamentally of the same type and that the interests of all are

An Anomaly in Fauna

"PHOENIX, ARIZONA, Nov. 16, 1908

"EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

"Sir—After reading your most commendable article on the bubonic plague, I am prompted to write you these lines, though not without hesitation.

"Since rats are so closely allied with the plague, it has again occurred to me why it is that in the Salt River Valley of Arizona we are exempt from that common and most abominable pest, the rat?

"I thought perhaps the matter might be of some interest to you. I came here seven years ago from Nebraska (where there are plenty of rats). One of the first things I noticed was their absence. I questioned older residents, but could not get a satisfactory explanation.

"The question is all the more interesting when it is taken into consideration that our climate is one of the best in the world for animal existence. We have mice (they

do entirely too well). It seems that a rat should prosper where mice does.

"In the hills and mountains a kind of wood rat (also a few in the valley), but as far as I have been able to learn the common rat is absent.

"Surely the pesty rat has had opportunity to intrude upon Arizona why not? I wish the cause could be explained all the rats in the rest of the world but I am getting entirely too verbose will halt.

"There is a great deal of talk about hell on this earth; I like Collier's 'The Ladies' Home Journal,' because two publications are doing much to help the hell. They are giving us a higher standard of morals—the notion of happiness, contentment, and manence. I think our country owes a debt to you. Yours sincerely,

"RICHARD G.

Canned Drama

(Continued from page 15)

as lifelike as any stage setting ever can. When the actors have been drilled for one or two or three hours, till they know exactly what to do, the lights are turned on, the film is set whirling through the camera, and the picture is taken.

"That's all for to-day," says the stage-manager. "Outdoors to-morrow."

So the next day the actors and the heavy camera machine are carted down to some lone farm on Long Island, and the second scene is rehearsed, till it, too, is duly photographed on the next one hundred feet of the film. Perhaps the third episode of the story takes place on a city street. To avoid attracting crowds, the actors are taken to Hoboken or some other sleepy suburb, and there, often with the aid of natives pressed into service as extras, go through the antics which later cause mirth in a thousand moving-picture theaters. The average film is about seven hundred feet long and as it is taken in several sections, each section requiring careful rehearsal and frequently trips into the country, the labor and expense of making a moving picture is considerable.

Any one who has frequented moving-picture theaters knows that the films which are in pantomime depict most often either little dramas, preferably farcical or sentimental in nature, or a comic chase of somebody by everybody else. The chase always begins with one man in pursuit, and gradually the other characters are

picked up along the way till at last a two-score people are madly tumbling behind, upsetting bicycles, baby carriages, fruit stands, climbing over walls, into ditches, apparently breaking their necks, only to rise and dash on. A chase is always depicted in episodes crowd races past a certain point there is a twitch of sharp light on the screen and the picture is taken where. Each episode of mad action is the result of careful consideration of a woman's impulses! If the actors break their necks it is because they are not running so fast when the picture is taken as they seem to be when whirled through the projecting lantern.

And many of the marvelous scenes that befall these characters are in the tricks of the camera. You might go into a "studio" one day, as I did, and see an actor prone on his stomach across the floor. But the camera is a canvas painted to represent the ceiling, you would discover. When that film is run through the projecting lantern, the audience sees a fugitive come to a high stone wall with marvelous, inexplicable ease from the summit look down into the baffled pursuers. The ingenuity of these moving-picture artists is Recently I saw a horse and cart roll head over heels down a cliff.

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AHEAD Without
Darning



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Xmas
Hosiery!

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Wunderhose
TRADE MARK

Warranted to Wear

New pair free for any that break through heel, toe or sole within three months' service.

We WUNDERHOSE the FAMILY—with the distinction of being the first hosiery makers in the land who are making popular-priced children's stockings good enough to warrant.

MEN'S WUNDERHOSE in Black, Tan, Navy, Gray and Black with White Feet—1.00 per box of four pairs.

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WOMEN'S Black or Tan WUNDERHOSE \$1.00 per box of three pairs.

If your dealer hasn't WUNDERHOSE, send \$1.00 direct, state size and color—and we will send you a pair.

FREE BOOKLET, "From Felt to Feet." Send for it.

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Wholesale pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Eggs, Incubators and hatcheries at lowest prices. Send for our big 128-page book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run a hatchery successfully. Send 25 cents for the book, to cover postage.

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Here's a Low Price!

We sell our 240-Egg Incubator for less than \$11. Write and see how much less. Other sizes Incubators and Brooders just as low in price. Why pay double our prices for machines not so good? Get our Free Book—learn how to raise poultry and run incubators. Write today—now.

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PATENTS
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SENDING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

sea, while the avenging husband stood gloating on the summit. And the entire episode was a "fake photograph" patched up in the studio. The picture shown with this article of a man with his leg cut off was part of a film made by trick. A cripple, a normal man, and a dummy were dressed and made up exactly alike. The well man fell down in the road, the camera was stopped while the dummy was substituted, the automobile ran over the dummy, then the cripple took the place of the dummy, and the doctor sewed the wooden leg upon him, whereupon the well man was again substituted, jumped up and ran off.

In the new machines, when speech is to accompany the action, the players talk or sing into the phonograph, not while in action, but separately. The picture and the voice record are synchronized by a secret process, and the talking machine is placed directly behind the screen when the picture is exhibited.

Thus the pictures are secured—by a combination of skilful mechanical manipulation of the camera and a carefully planned, if often rough and tumble, pantomime by human players. But why should the result, even if so much labor and expense go into the making, be potent to attract millions of people, why should it have become such a dangerous rival to vaudeville and other amusements of the masses, even before speech was added to it and operas and plays took their place on the screen?

Childish but Elemental

AND the answer is, not because it costs only ten cents to see, though that is a partial reason, but chiefly because the result satisfies two elemental cravings of the human mind, the craving to look at pictures and the love of pantomime and knock-about farce, with a third satisfaction in the sight of anything done by machinery, the boy's glee at a toy.

There is something childish about this, of course. But there is something eternally childish, naïve, about the popular mind always. And canned drama does not flourish on Broadway, but Fourteenth Street; it does not draw its patrons from the educated and wealthy, but from the masses. In a mechanical age, fittingly enough, canned drama has become the modern substitute for the traveling troupes of the Middle Ages who performed rough farces and pantomimes at fairs and in the market places.

There is a good bit of the child left in the best and wisest of us. Go yourself to some moving-picture theater, and, if you can shut your eyes and ears to the interpolated vaudeville and the "illustrated songs," you will find yourself having a good time. The songs are awful—sentimental ballads, usually, sung by a cracked soprano or a beery bass, while colored pictures are shown on the screen. A young man sits on a garden wall, his arm about a maiden's waist, while a yellow property moon shines down. He loved, but he moved away. In the next picture the forsaken one, all in white, pines by a cradle. Then the lover comes back. But it is too late. Grandpapa leads him down the back path to a grave by the garden wall:

"Now the moon don't shine so bright,
For he's all alone to-night," etc.

But these songs are only a small part of the entertainment. The rest is canned drama. I went into a theater on Fourteenth Street, New York, the other evening, built exclusively for canned drama. It seats five hundred people, and it is generally filled at least a dozen times a day. A uniformed usher politely led me to one of the few vacant chairs. On my left were two sailors from a battleship. On my right was a line of men, sober and quiet, but very evidently of the extreme lower classes. Just in front was a young couple, the kind who have to do their courting on park benches or in tenement doorways. They were having a theater party for twenty cents. There were no children present. Everybody watched the screen intently, and laughter rose at the comic episodes just as at a regular theater.

"The Persistent Book Agent" was the most popular canned drama on this particular bill. The actor who played the title part must have been more or less of an acrobat. He was thrown out of carts, kicked downstairs, tossed roughly about. Finally he was seen approaching a man who sat fishing on the edge of a pond. The fisherman threw him into the water, book and all. He swam for a boat in which a woman was paddling about. A man close to me, voicing the thought of the audience, cried excitedly: "I'll bet, by gum, he tries to sell her the book!" The audience waited eagerly. Dripping, the book agent climbed into the boat, bowed politely, and proffered his book, which was certainly by that time not dry reading.

Canned drama has its criticism, and in

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its own magazine! Listen to this from the "Moving Picture World":

"'Father Gets into the Game' is excellent comedy by the Biograph Company. There is plenty of action and the scenes are realistic. The laughter it created all over the house at the Unique, on Fourteenth Street, was proof that the people appreciate clean comedy when it is well acted."

And this:

"'The Criminal's Daughter,' 'The Tickle Man' (one reel).—'The Criminal's Daughter' shows the usual frightful society pictures, and if ladies at a social event have ever assumed a sitting posture like the one shown in this film it must have been at the barmaids' ball or the scrubwoman's reception. The society hero goes to a restaurant where a large sign on the wall advertises 'kidney stew' at ten cents a plate. The 'comedy' is slapstick work of the very cheapest kind. Such productions do great harm to the moving-picture business."

The impressive lesson is that one by one the theaters which do not secure good films go to the wall. Even the canned-drama public has its standards.

But the new phonograph attachment has worked a greater reform still. The other day a New York moving-picture house bore this sign:

"SEE AND HEAR HARRY LAUDER"
"Lincoln Square Theater Price, \$2;
"Our Price, 10 cents"

It certainly tempted me, and I entered. There was Harry, dancing on the screen, and in perfect time with his steps and mouth, from behind the screen, came the music and words of "We parted on the shore"—Harry's voice, metallic but mirthful. I went up to the Cameraphone's big plant, five stories high, on Eleventh Avenue, and found Mabel Hite and Mike Donlin performing into the phonograph and dancing in front of the camera. I looked at the list of attractions already offered: Eva Tanguay, James J. Morton, "Quo Vadis" (condensed to twenty minutes), Patrick Henry's oration, "The Corsican Brothers," "Ingomar," "The Mikado," "Pinafore," "The Climes of Normandy," "besides elaborate productions of big Broadway successes in preparation." (And right here it must be said that if the playwrights do not get the copyright law amended they will find themselves suffering severe loss. Already certain plays have been hurt as theatrical properties by too many performances on the moving-picture screen.)

Genius Succumbs

THE great ones of France have already succumbed to the golden lure. Rostand has written a play for moving pictures, an automobile pantomime with the scene laid on Olympus; and so have Capus, Sardou, Lavedan, Pierre Louys—he of "Aphrodite" fame, Bernhardt and Réjane have acted before the camera and talked into the phonograph. Zenatello has sung. A long list of Italian operas, the plays, "Don Juan," "Don Quixote," and "Rip van Winkle"—odds this was put on by a French firm before any American thought of it—and scores more are available. Moving pictures have even been used in Paris in a performance of the "Götterdämmerung" to depict the fall of Valhalla. An English firm deals exclusively with educational subjects, clinical pictures for medical schools, geographical illustrations from all over the world for general use, even pictures for Sunday-schools. A Scandinavian firm has pictured a real bear hunt, one of the most remarkable camera feats on record. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that our own Theodore may be seen a year from now engaged with a fierce African lion hand to hand, for the edification of audiences throughout the land. Such films as these are setting a high standard, both for the public and all the manufacturers; even those firms which do not use the talking attachment are now devoting part of their energies to staging real plays in pantomime.

The result is apparent in every picture theater. The successful houses are those which have the best films, and the best films are already frequently educational in nature, or else dependent for their popularity on the cleverness of their dramatic construction or the fact that they reproduce a famous original. Moving-picture audiences reject certain films exactly as Broadway audiences reject certain plays—by staying away.

Canned drama is regulating itself. It is moving up. It will, unfortunately, inevitably continue to be a menace to the eyes. But its menace to the morals is lessening every day.

And it must always be born in mind that even if the canned drama has these past few seasons drawn many patrons away

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Pat. June 9, 1909

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220 So. Broadway
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from vaudeville and cheap melodrama, the vast majority of its patrons, at least in the larger cities, come from still lower classes, who, as a rule, never enter a theater. Some millions of Americans to-day are watching these twitching, blinking pictures unroll on the screen their pantomimic farces or talk and sing their metallic dialogue with almost the naive enthusiasm of a boy at his first play. They are getting their first taste of dramatic representation. It is not "debasing their standards," for they have no standards. It is not hurting them. Doubtless, as times grow better, there will be a falling off in the number of moving-picture shows. But their number will remain enormous for a long while yet, for the appeal of canned drama is primarily to the primitive populace—and the primitive populace we have always with us. If that is unfortunate, then so is canned drama. But the one is no less inevitable than the other.

The Tercentenary of John Milton's Birth

IT IS just three hundred years ago—on the 9th of December, 1608—that John Milton was born in Bread Street, which runs off from Cheapside, and which was almost wholly destroyed by the fire that swept out of London the last vestiges of the Great Plague in the autumn of 1666.

In anticipation of this tercentenary, an exhibition was held last July at Christ's College, Cambridge, Milton's *alma mater*, where the best-known portraits of Milton might be seen in common display with rare editions of his poetical and political works. At this time, too, his "Comus" was presented by undergraduates of the university. The same pastoral, or "mask," received outdoor performance at Chicago the next month. America does her further share by the Grolier Club's exhibition of Milton portraits—a far larger number than were collected at Cambridge—and by festal observance under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The British celebrations are to include addresses by eminent men of letters at various places of the kingdom and public performances of the Miltonic drama, "Samson Agonistes."

Milton's birth in Bread Street has already been mentioned. His death occurred on the 8th of November, 1674, at a house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, whither he went to reside soon after his third marriage—at the church of St. Mary Aldermay—to Elizabeth Minshull, "a genteel person, a peaceful and agreeable woman." This match he contracted eleven years before his death and about six after the decease of his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, to whom he plighted troth in the church of St. Mary Aldermay, and who lies at rest under the flagstones of St. Margaret's, at Westminster, together with her infant child.

The Love and Wrath of a Poet

AT THE age of thirty-four the stern, idealistic Puritan, all principles and visions, on the occasion of a journey to Oxfordshire, fell in love with a gay, lightsome little Royalist maiden of seventeen: "He in a month's time courted, married, and brought home to his house in London a wife from Forest Hill, lying between Hinton and Oxford, named Mary, the daughter of Mister Powell of that place, gent." Married in haste, both repented in a hurry: "She had for a month, or thereabouts, led a philosophical life—after having been used to a great house and much company and joviality"—when she suddenly departed from London and rejoined her family. The angry husband, at all times a pertinacious disputant, hurled after the recalcitrant Mary his famous "Treatise on the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," as just cause and sufficient reason for which legal sort of separation he mentioned, though not in the modern terms, incompatibility of temper; he inveighed against "the superstitious and impossible performance of an ill-driven bargain" between "two incoherent and uncombining dispositions . . . two carcasses chained unnaturally together," despite "a powerful reluctance and recoil of nature on either side, blasting all the content of their mutual society." After two years she came back repentant, and behaved as dutifully as she could. In the course of time she bore him three daughters. The two youngest of these—the eldest was almost illiterate—were compelled to read aloud to him, after he fell blind, in five or six languages which they did not understand, sometimes also to get up in the middle of

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the night when Milton wished to dictate his poetic inspirations.

His supreme achievement, "Paradise Lost," first left the poet's hands in its complete form while he and his family were avoiding the Great Plague of 1665 by their retirement from Bunhill Fields to the village of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. There his friend, the literary Quaker Ellwood, had taken a cottage for him, and there, some time after Milton had settled down, Ellwood paid him a visit. "After some discourse had passed between us," thus writes the Quaker, "he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereon. . . . When I returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him. And after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou has said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' This undoubtedly was the hint upon which Milton afterward composed "Paradise Regained," his latest and—as himself, at least, believed—his greatest work.

The suggestion of another, though much briefer poem, namely, "Lycidas," came to him through the death of an erstwhile college companion, Edward King, that perished in a shipwreck.

"Who could not sing for Lycidas? He knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier Unwept, and welter to the parching wind Without the need of some melodious tear."

At Cambridge, by the way, John Milton earned the nickname of "The Lady," from his good looks and impeccable character. His own decease took place three years after the publication of "Paradise Regained" and after twenty-two years of total blindness—whose symptoms were already assailing him in 1649, the date of his appointment as translator of Latin, or "Latin Secretary," to the Commonwealth's Council of State, a place he held for eleven years, until ousted upon the restoration of the Stuarts under Charles II. The dust of John Milton reposes at London, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Chicago's Outdoor Sculpture

(Continued from page 13)

in the views: enough of perennial planting to give appropriate background to the figures, and yet not enough of vastness and wildness to make these works seem lost. On a little rise of ground, with a background of trees and shrubbery clothed in its autumn red, stands "The Miner," by Charles J. Mulligan. The big-muscled man, half-clad, carrying dinner-pail and pick, stoops to kiss his little daughter after the day's toil.

On the lawn, at the side of the path, Leonard Crunelle's roguish "Boy and Hen" are seemingly caught in the midst of an afternoon's frolic, the hen struggling in the youngster's arms. The same sculptor's "Frog Boy," a little farther on, stoops in the rivulet where it falls over the rocks to join the quiet stream below, and pipes to the frog, poised on the other side of a small basin. On the bank of the stream is his "Youthful Bather."

Following the stream to its source, the same sculptor's "Fisher Boy" fountain occupies a place so admirably suited to its character that one must hope the Ferguson bequest or the park board will give it a permanent place in its nook, with the bronze "Panther and Cubs" of Edward Kemeys, prone on the ground beside it, ever on guard.

The path leads finally across a rustic bridge where "Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter," gaunt and shirt-sleeved, with ax on his shoulder, stands in among some tall trees at the juncture of two paths.

The lessons of the exhibit and the ideas of those who planned it are made more impressive by comparison, for this park contains several of the rigid, frock-coated figures and prancing bronze steeds that might well envy the welcome which nature and the children give to the "Fairy Fountain," the "Frog Boy," the "Fisher Boy," and other fit denizens of the woods and vales.

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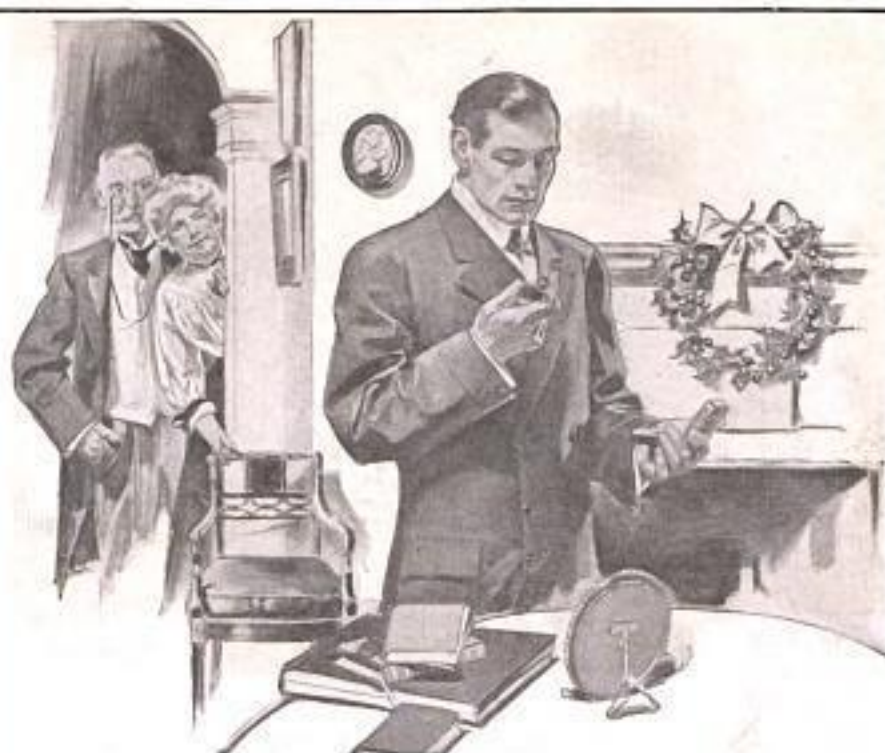
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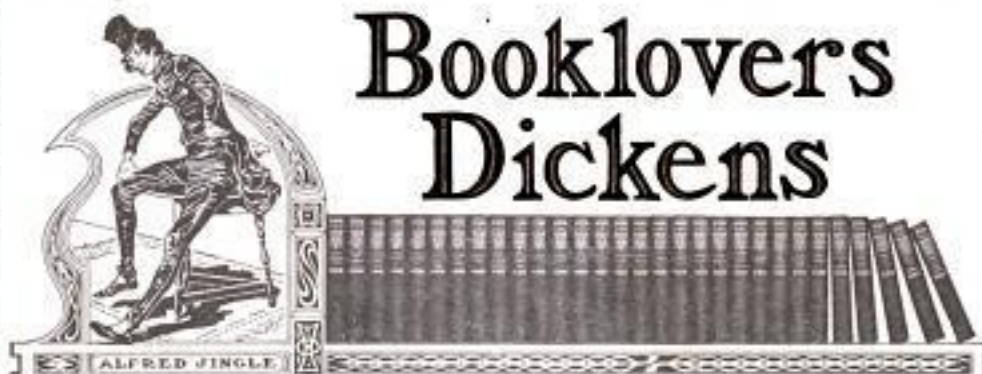
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NEWS STAND EDITION

APRIL 3, 1909

VOL XLIII NO 2

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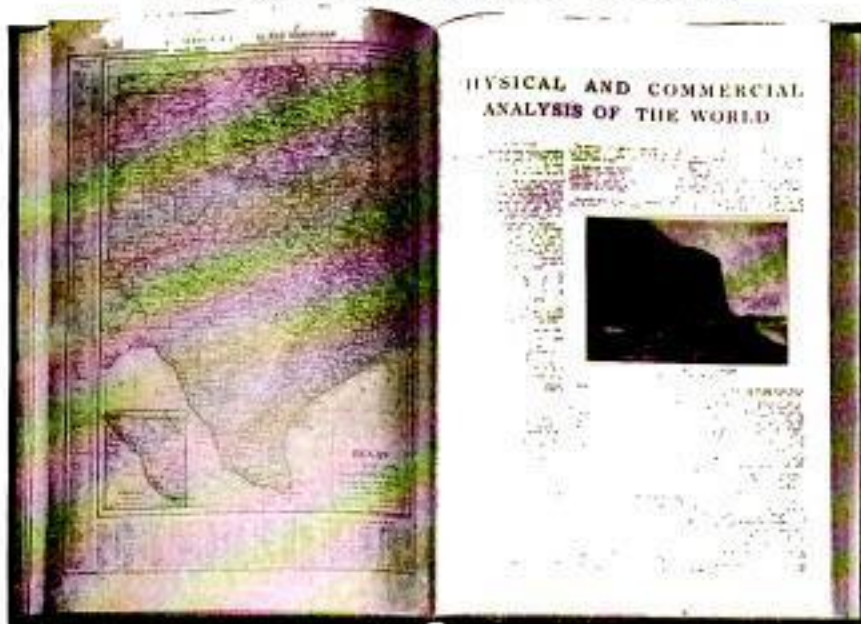
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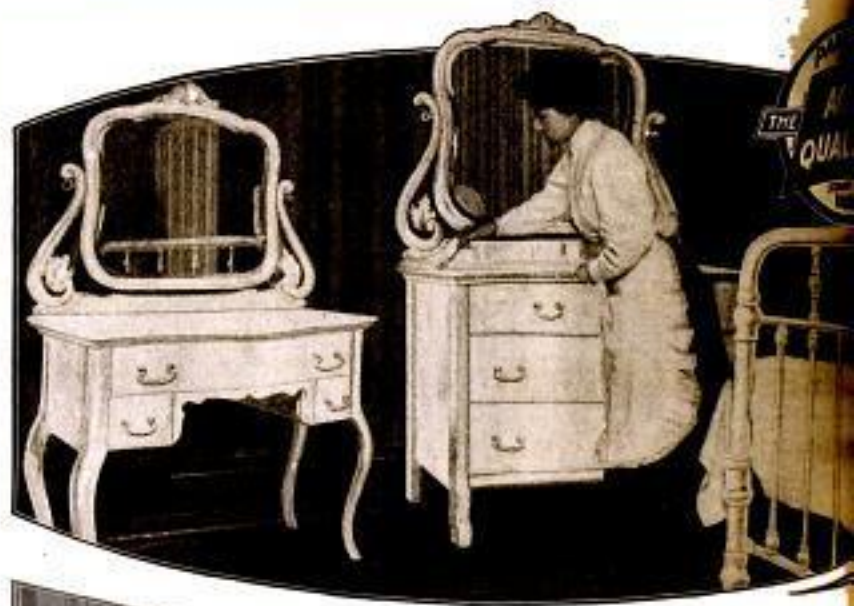
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Easter Number

Next Week April 10

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The Youthful, the Humanitarian, and the Quietistic Period in the Life of the Distinguished Russian

By

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

Satan and the Suffragette

Being the Easter Meditations of the Antique Nick and a Pretty Suffragette—a Springtime Fantasy

By

WALLACE IRWIN

Hats Is Hats

The Calf, the Crate, and the Millinery

A Humorous Story by

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs"

The Private Detective

The Romance of the Never-Failing Bouquet

By

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

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1901



The Grass Fire

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

April 3, 1909

Business

PAST IS THE DAY when in commercial dealings the Yankee was only "smart." Courage and progress are frequent among business men. Let us examine for a moment the stand being taken by certain manufacturers. The food traffic has a double importance, since in it we have to consider not only good faith but the vigor of a nation. More than half the illness in the United States is preventable. The average physical force of Americans could be indefinitely improved. Fifteen years could be added to life. The economic gain has been estimated at \$1,500,000,000, but this calculation includes only the most literal saving, not the incalculable gain of increased strength. In this great subject a large consideration is purity of food. Not long ago a group of manufacturers formed the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products, and resolved:

"That the members of this association will severally and jointly give their moral and financial support and undivided influence toward upholding the proper and legitimate efforts of the regularly constituted officials charged with the administration of all laws looking to the elevation of the standards of the food-producing interests of the country."

Among the members of this association are:

The Shredded Wheat Company,	J. Hungerford-Smith Company,
Merrell-Soule Company,	Beech-Nut Packing Company,
H. J. Heinz Company,	E. C. Hazard & Company,
Columbia Conserve Company,	Price Flavoring Extract Company,
The Franco-American Food Company,	J. W. Beardsley's Sons,
Richardson & Robbins,	The Belle Mead Sweetsmakers,

This association takes the position that to whatever degree the Department of Agriculture may choose to enforce or not to enforce the pure-food laws, it will do its own progressive work. On the most sharply controverted food question of the moment, the association, representing packers of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, confectionery, condiments, and canned goods, takes the position that on the actual harmfulness in itself of this benzoate of soda, even since the decision of the referee board, there is difference of expert opinion, but this point is not their main reliance. What they ultimately rely upon is the allegation that the best methods need no chemical preservative, and that the use of one is desired usually to make possible bad material and inferior processes. Their words are these:

"The principal commercial use of benzoate of soda is to permit the employment of ill-cared-for waste raw material, unfit for human food; the maintenance of unsanitary factory premises; the employment of careless, slovenly work-people; inexactness and mistakes in preparation and cooking and the reduction of food value by permitting the presence of a high percentage of water in displacement of the usual and reasonable percentage of actual food solids. In short, it encourages the production of foods that no one would care to eat who could see them made and know what they are made of."

Other manufacturers deny these statements. We are not at the present moment going into the facts about packing methods. That task may or may not be laid upon our shoulders later. What we are endeavoring to point out is that an interesting spectacle is presented when a group of packers get together and declare that whatever may be done by Mr. WILSON's department they will abide by their principles, however much it cost. One of them remarked in conversation that he would stand by his convictions if it cost him a million dollars in a single year.

Push It Farther

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY in regard to appointing office-holders in the Southern States is to be heartily approved. The North, from reconstruction days, has done enough to harass the South and to make more arduous its struggles with the manifold difficulties bequeathed by slavery and war. Also it is true, as urged by Mr. TAFT, that there would be advantage to the South in ceasing to be solid; but why should not our large-minded President seize a pliant week to travel about New England or Pennsylvania and preach a sermon of similar import? If party stubbornness is injurious in one part of the country, it should be stupid also in another; and the South at least has more excuse for her solidity. South Carolina has her reasons, right or wrong, for remaining immovably of one party, but what reason has Vermont? The South distrusts the effect of Republican victory on her hardest problem. Mr. TAFT is wise in working to remove that distrust. To considerably more than one Northern State, however, we would suggest some of the

same political independence that the President has so justly recommended to the South. Living with the characteristics of a flock of sheep is not stimulating to a community anywhere.

Good for Tennessee

THE CONVICTION OF THE COOPERS helps to put one State on record against the license of the individual to criticize a fellow being by shooting him to death. There have been some distressing performances by juries within the memory of man. Let us instance the Hains acquittal. When a Governor does his duty, as Governor PATTERSON in the night-rider case did his, and when a jury is secured which uses its intellect, the community has reason to be proud, as Tennessee has cause for pride and satisfaction now. A new South is being born—one in which the brilliancy and ardor of the old régime may be combined with the steadiness, industry, and impartiality which mean leadership in civilization as it is to-day. The gifts for which the South was conspicuous, from JEFFERSON to CALHOUN, and from WASHINGTON to LEE, are presumably still alive, and it needs only a correct approach to current facts to bring them out again. Times change, circumstances vary, but we can still pick out of history truths which hold good always, especially, perhaps, when they come from the history of a time when the human intellect reached its highest flight. THUCYDIDES puts into the mouth of PERICLES these reasons for the love which her citizens bore to Athens: "She wishes all to be equal before the law, she gives liberty, keeps open to everybody the path to distinction, maintains public order and judicial authority, protects the weak, and gives to all her citizens entertainments which educate the soul." One choice between principle and passion, one successful example, in a case so conspicuous as the Carmack trial, is of serious value to the State in which it is rendered, for its influence spreads into all fields—social, political, and economic. In a free country, where juries represent local opinion, prison is unfashionable. Acts which send men to prison tend to become unfashionable also.

Psychology

IF WE EVER START an Ananias Club, the first crowd elected, after the patent-medicine gentry, will be the antivivisectionists. It would keep us busy merely to enumerate the lies they tell. Apparently they have no reliance whatever on the truth. Most of them, however, are well-meaning. They don't lie for the pleasure of it, but from something akin to hysteria—what doctors call psychasthenia. Their sentiment, though sickly, is sincere. A certain type of neurotic mind may be honest and at the same time entirely false. The leaders in the movement, apart from the few with a money motive, are usually either childless or without strong affections for children, or, indeed, for human beings. RAYMOND and JANET, studying the disease, tell of a woman who had melancholia over a cat, but lost a child without regret. Morbid anxiety about animals, morbid love of them, they found frequent among degenerate patients. An extreme case is told by MOREL, of a patient who would faint at sight of a sick animal, but always went to executions. Dr. CHARLES L. DANA says that morbid sensitiveness about animals is not infrequent in defective children. He finds it likely to be associated with weak and selfish natures—kindly, perhaps, but without intelligence, and lazy.

"It is much easier to pet a dog or nurse a kitten than to tell the exact truth . . . or provide thoughtfully for the poor; or keep watch over the temper and make a household comfortable."

Therefore the kindly feelings of the indolent and unintelligent take this direction. To those who are afflicted with zoophilism, the diseased love of animals developed by "mutual encouragement among the unstable and by self-indulgence," we recommend that they send fifteen cents to the "Medical Record," New York, for the issue of March 6. Can anybody read the summary of what superb results vivisection has accomplished, given by Dr. W. W. KEEN in the current number of "Harper's Magazine," and then wish to allow a bunch of useless women, and their foolish male allies, to busy themselves with a science of which their ignorance is abysmal? In candor it must be conceded that the backbone of the antivivisection crusade is formed by women, and that no other activity of theirs has been so strong an argument against increased feminine influence. We submit to a certain brand of Suffragette that an effective policy in the long run would be less clamor in

imitation of Great Britain and more hard work. Some groups of women are earning the suffrage by quiet, patient labor, and any strong request built upon such a foundation will be granted in the United States. Others are more noticeable for the vivacity of their claims. One among many useful exercises for them would be to study vivisection carefully, and then endeavor to quiet their hysterical and untutored sisters.

Americanism of Omar

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of EDWARD FITZGERALD, who came into the world on the 31st of March, 1809, brought into relief the vogue enjoyed in the United States by the verses of OMAR, the Tent-Maker. Neither their own intrinsic merit nor the fact that FITZGERALD translated those quatrains so superbly explains entirely why the little book entitled "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" is published in a far greater number of editions here than any other single poetical work, whether of native or of foreign origin. Even "Evangeline" lags a long way behind. OMAR's popularity—in no other country is he so widely read—no doubt derives mainly from the circumstance that the thought of this Persian of the eleventh century has considerable affinity with twentieth century American habits of mind. OMAR was quite un-Oriental in his derision of mysticism; and he was not only a thorough skeptic, but he possessed a broad religious tolerance not general outside of America even to-day. He had small reverence for historical traditions, or for "saints and sages" whose "mouths are stopped with dust."

"Waste not your hour, nor in this vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute."

He reminds us that "this life flies," cautions us lest we foolishly "after some to-morrow stare," and advises us to "take the cash and let the credit go," all of which is practical and American. And when the old Persian opines that we ought to

"—make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we too into the dust descend,"

he comes to exact coincidence with the spirit of a people who express the same idea in one of their most frequent phrases: "Let's enjoy ourselves while we can, we'll be a long time dead." Let us hope also that OMAR KHAYYAM's sturdy self-reliance and independence are American, and his fondness for direct thinking and plain living.

Payment

NOT ALWAYS does merit triumph with the certainty of melodrama. It is, in part, a world of chance. Corns stepped on also may change history. Let us give an illustration since it is fermenting in our memory. One GEORGE L. SHELTON of Nebraska, in his day, has fought many fights. He was Governor of Nebraska once, and now he isn't. Why? Because he did his governing well. He was beaten for reelection by brewers, railroads, patent-medicine venders, and associated artists. Some were innocent, like the lovers of Sunday baseball, but most were trying to get more out of the pail than was assigned to them. The pure-food bill signed by him was too drastic to suit the taste of certain artists. What hurt him most was the Gibson bill, prohibiting any brewer from operating a bill as licensee. The enforcement of that bill brought the ax to the Governor's jugular vein. Mr. SHELTON is now enjoying private life in Mississippi. When he returns to Nebraska in June he will have the vast satisfaction of seeing the rain fall from heaven impartially upon the just and upon the unjust. In justice to Nebraska, it is but fair to add that people usually vote in lumps, with ballots expressly designed to aid this brilliant tendency, and therefore SHELTON suffered much from the desire of his neighbors to assist the Peerless One.

Rats

CALIFORNIA DISTINGUISHED HERSELF the other day when the Rush bill became law, putting on private owners drastic duties regarding the extermination of rats, and ordering the State and local boards of health to act when private owners fail. If the State is compelled to act, the owner pays the cost. If he refuses, his property will be sold. This looks considerably as if an enlightened attitude toward the rodent had settled upon the beautiful Golden State. In the city of Oakland, California, a few weeks ago, the Republican Party adopted a platform which included emphatic pledges to keep up all work heretofore done against bubonic plague, and to take all possible steps toward improving the general sanitation of the city.

Slyness

WILLIAM F. MAINES, president of the Rhode Island Liquor Dealers' Association, has sent a circular to the saloon-keepers of New England in which he announces that "the anti-saloon agitation is largely artificial and is financed by JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER for the purpose of giving the public something to think about that will take its mind off the anti-trust agitation." That was intended to be subtle. Can Mr. MAINES be trying to take the public mind off the anti-saloon agitation by pointing again to the ever-convenient Mr. ROCKEFELLER? BISMARCK provoked a war with France to take the mind of Germany off internal dissensions. Is Mr. MAINES a humorist?

Sunday Opening

THE VICE AND LIQUOR SITUATION in New York is poorly handled to-day. A large proportion of the saloons, in the business district, sell drinks all day Sunday. Entrance is through the side-door. The saloon-keepers pay for this illegal privilege \$5 to \$6.25 a month, some of them direct to the plain-clothes men in their police precinct (the money passes through one to three hands, so as to obscure the trail), but most of the liquor dealers to the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, and pay the president their "local," coterminous with the police precinct, who pays the clothes man. Thus the present system creates police blackmail. Committee of Fourteen has petitioned for legalized opening. Courses are open to Governor HUGHES. He can act on the chair of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which proved that the present excise law is not enforced. He can aid the bill of the Committee of Fourteen, which amends that law. He can appoint a saloon commission to collect more facts and suggest the appropriate remedy. He is thoroughly informed of the present situation, and is desirous of bettering it. What faces him is one of the hardest problems which confront mankind.

Politics

HOW FAR can skill in manipulating votes succeed as a substitute for the more inclusive statesmanship that is coming more and more to be demanded of public servants? For craft in getting votes Senator REED SMOOT is a recognized expert in his own country. The way to do it is to have willing servitors in an allied pulpit preaching end to end of your State that the forces of evil are allied against you, threatening your overthrow, and that all who are pious, regardless of political views, should rush to your defense. And then another way to have J. U. ELDREDGE, Jr., Federal office-holder and Salt Lake City boss, send word through all the saloons that the fanaticism of the pious will smother them in dry legislation unless they get "a hand-wagon." Both of these methods Senator SMOOT employed in Utah. The forces of evil and of pious good teamed it together for a SMOOT triumph. Now the ecclesiasts have discovered in what manner they played. Once before they rushed to SMOOT's aid for fear of an assault on him covered a real attack on them. Now, with SMOOT removed, some of them are speaking out. Senator SMOOT, in Washington, confidently explains to the Federal office-holders, comprising the council of his party, that long before another election this hysterical opposition will blow away. Politicians learn to figure so, in the security of their power to manipulate. In the mean time, what steps are being taken, to make their cause effective in practical politics? Those who have become aware of the relationship between SMOOT, his church and SMOOT and the brewers?

In the Wake of Togo

A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY in the University of Seattle declares that if he were Mikado, Hashimura Togo should have a medal. He thinks Togo has done more service to Japan than any number of diplomats could do. Very different is the view of Mr. ABU KAWA, who thinks the result of Togo is to belittle the Japanese, which, naturally, seems to him of great importance, since he believes the future of his country will be determined largely by international opinion.

"We are a serious people and a reading people. We recognize and appreciate high-class literature. Possibly the average reader of COLLIER'S would be surprised to know the extent to which standard historical and philosophical works, in English, are circulated and read in Japan. Also it may not be so generally known that works of DARWIN, HUXLEY, SPENCER, and such scientific writers are more among the common people of Japan than among the same class in this country."

Our friend celebrates eloquently and justly the Japanese virtues, then calls upon us to treat international questions in the pure light of the Golden Rule. Alas, no easy feat is that. The Golden Rule is the greatest single ethical dogma in existence, but no single dogma suffices for the conduct and complexity of life. Besides, interpretations of that rule differ. An American might favor exclusion and hold himself within the rule because he justified Japan in taking steps which she deemed necessary to her peace and welfare. The spirit, strength and taste of the Japanese have often aroused our admiration, and it is surely *may* be true that a certain people is excellent, and a certain other people also excellent, and yet those two peoples better separated than together.

Cyrano and Sarah

SO BERNHARDT plans to enact the title rôle in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and also Mephistopheles in "Faust." There is a little on this earth that Madame SARAH overlooks by way of experience. Men's rôles are an old story for her. She played the Duke of Reichstadt well, and if her Hamlet was successful the reason lay principally in her nationality. She has played Romeo, but not in this country. Lorenzaccio is one of her favorite rôles. Boys' rôles are frequently played by women with success. Nobody would cast a man for Peter Pan or Puck. Cyrano, however, is a new story. The many-sided BERNHARDT may well be interesting as Mephistopheles, but if she does any justice whatever to ROSTAND's superb buckling poet, score one erroneous guess for COLLIER'S.

Comment About Congress

The Two Committees That Are Actually Responsible for the Tariff Bill—The Most Active Influence at Work in Washington

By MARK SULLIVAN

A TARIFF BILL must be born in the Lower House of Congress. This was provided by the men who made the Constitution, because a tariff bill is a bill to tax the people, and they believed that it should originate only with that part of Congress which is closest to the people, which is elected by the people directly, and which must return to the people for approval or disapproval every two years. Within the Lower House it is the Ways and Means Committee which has final charge, for complete title of that committee would be "The Committee on Ways and Means of Raising Revenue to Run the Government." The members of that committee, which stands finally responsible for the bill in its present form, are:

Ernest E. Payne, <i>Chairman, New York</i>	Nicholas Longworth, <i>Ohio</i>
John Dalzell, <i>Pennsylvania</i>	Edgar D. Crumpacker, <i>Indiana</i>
Samuel W. McCall, <i>Massachusetts</i>	Champ Clark, <i>Missouri</i>
Benjamin J. Hill, <i>Connecticut</i>	F. Burton Harrison, <i>New York</i>
Henry S. Boutell, <i>Illinois</i>	Oscar W. Underwood, <i>Alabama</i>
James C. Needham, <i>California</i>	Robert F. Broussard, <i>Louisiana</i>
William A. Calderhead, <i>Kansas</i>	James M. Griggs, <i>Georgia</i>
Joseph W. Fordney, <i>Michigan</i>	Edward W. Pou, <i>North Carolina</i>
Joseph H. Gaines, <i>West Virginia</i>	Choice B. Randell, <i>Texas</i>
Francis W. Cushman, <i>Washington</i>	

When the bill was formally introduced by this committee to the House as a whole, it took, as a matter of custom, the name of the chairman, and, for reasons of history, became known as the Payne bill. In the House there were three or four weeks of debate. Then the bill will go to the Finance Committee of the Senate, which consists of these men:

William W. Aldrich, <i>Chairman, Rhode Island</i>	Reed Smoot, <i>Utah</i>
Charles C. Burrows, <i>Michigan</i>	Shelby M. Cullom, <i>Illinois</i>
Boies Penrose, <i>Pennsylvania</i>	John W. Daniel, <i>Virginia</i>
Charles Hale, <i>Maine</i>	Hernando D. Money, <i>Mississippi</i>
Frederick Cabot Lodge, <i>Massachusetts</i>	Joseph W. Bailey, <i>Texas</i>
Mark P. Flint, <i>California</i>	James P. Tallaferro, <i>Florida</i>
F. M. Simmons, <i>North Carolina</i>	

This committee of the Senate will make such changes as it sees fit and report the bill to the floor of the Senate. There it will undergo the most thorough scrutiny. Finally, to come to agreement on those points where the House and Senate disagree, there will be a committee of conferees, not yet named, of members from each chamber. When these finally reach their compromises, and the bill is endorsed by both bodies, the bill goes to the President. Such is the machinery for making a tariff. Happily the issue is not clouded by other pending legislation (the census bill is the only other measure to be considered at this session). There is nothing to divert the spot-light from the Payne bill; the responsibility is clearly placed. As to those responsible up to now, it is fair to say that, with millions of hostile eyes focused upon it, it has been little condemnation that goes to the heart of the bill as a whole. It has been conceded to have been framed in the spirit in which the people demanded the spirit of a substantial revision downward.

The Office-Boy on the Job

THE American Protective Tariff League is the organization of those who profit by the protective tariff. Its members contribute large subsidies to the "American Economist" (save the mark!); to "accelerate" public opinion by means of plate service for small newspapers; and to maintain "representation" at Washington and elsewhere. Something more than a year and a half ago the chief official of the League gave forth this public utterance:

"As a Judge of the Supreme [?] Bench, Mr. Taft was one of the greatest jurists ever graced that body. As Governor of the Philippines, Mr. Taft was a splendid man. But his policy, both at the Philippines and at the Isthmus of Panama, for free trade and not for protection of American industries. . . . That is why Mr. Taft will not bear the standard of the Republican Party next year."

Not all that has happened since this was said has been wholly pleasing to the organization that fathered it. One is certain that Mr. Taft feels no obligation to the American Protective Tariff League such as would fetter his actions by matter of administration policy. But the Tariff League breast is not without hope. It is out with another official hurry-call:

"Recently one of our prominent members said: 'Let your office-boy run the tariff until tariff matters are settled,' and the gentleman who made this remark is in Washington and will stay there until tariff conditions are determined. . . . Please Washington and stay there until tariff legislation is disposed of."

The consumers, who would be benefited by a lower tariff, haven't got office-boys as a rule; and they can't afford to spend the next three months at Washington. But they can do much with two-cent stamps.

One First Principle

JUST so far as the Payne bill is a measure to raise taxes, it belongs in the most complex and disputed field of politics or economics, and one man's opinion is as good as another's. Just so far as it is a measure to protect some industries, it raises a moral question. It affirms the justice of taking money from the pockets of one group of men to put it in the pockets of another. It confronts the vision of a whole nation as to the sharp lines between meum and tuum,

accustoms people to the sight, under sanction of law and the acceptance of custom, of special privileges for some at the cost of others, and makes them tolerant of all the allied forms of acquisition that go by the name of graft.

Strategy

ON THIS page from time to time appear a good many quotations from the official Congressional Record. This one is from another source—the weekly stock-market letter of Hayden, Stone & Company, members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges:

"As the tariff bill becomes the all-absorbing topic of the day, all eyes are turned to Washington. . . . Of one thing in this connection we can be reasonably sure. With a deficit of \$140,000,000 in Government receipts during the last sixteen months, there can not well be any radical reduction. Congress is confronted with the embarrassing problem of trying to meet the wishes of the Administration, and—at the same time—of providing the Government with a maximum revenue during the lean times. While other auxiliary measures may be provided, the tariff must remain the backbone of the Government's revenue resources, and the people must pay the piper through continued high tariff rates.

"It might be an interesting question to discuss whether the 'orgy of extravagance' had not been entered upon for the express purpose of providing this very situation. At any rate, it seems fairly certain that the stock market has nothing to fear from the invasion of the rights of any protected interest."

One need not take the source as authoritative. It is accepted in other quarters than Wall Street that those who dominate the Senate and the House were not without cognizance of the strategic value of confronting Mr. Taft, at the very moment he asked for drastic tariff revision, with the wholly regrettable necessity of providing for a \$140,000,000 deficit.

The Senate as a Soft Pedal

THE Hon. Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania is chairman of the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads. In that official capacity Mr. Penrose, toward the end of the last session, reported the General Post-Office Appropriation bill. That measure provided for a total expenditure of \$238,000,000. Somewhere on the twenty-eighth page of the bill was this:

"Provided further, That the Postmaster-General, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of establishing a local parcels-post system on the rural delivery routes . . . is hereby authorized to experiment . . . in two counties of the United States . . . and the sum of \$5,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated . . . for the purpose of carrying out these provisions."

Five thousand dollars out of 238 millions, and two counties out of 2,500, for an experiment only, is a small mouse to come from the mountain of advocacy through the country for a parcels-post system. The Senate, as a check on popular clamor for rash experiments in government, justifies itself.

"Keeping Down the Demand of the People"

CONGRESSMAN DAVID J. FOSTER of Vermont was arguing for a very small beginning of the Parcels-Post—enough to allow a farmer in the vicinity of any rural post-office to send packages to and from his own village only by his rural route carrier. He did not propose a general parcels-post system, no use of the railroads, no competition with the express companies. But the idea of an opening wedge was considered dangerous. There ensued this colloquy:

"CONGRESSMAN SYLVESTER C. SMITH OF CALIFORNIA—Then let me ask another question. How are you going to keep down the demand of the people for some uniformity in the postal service?"

"CONGRESSMAN FOSTER—I shall never undertake to keep down any demand of the people that is just and reasonable."

Apparently Congressman Smith and Congressman Foster differ as to point of view.

"Disgusted Citizens"

THIS letter to COLLIER'S comes from a man who lives at 9 Mulford Street, East Orange, New Jersey. He writes "M. E." after his name, and is, therefore, presumably a man of college education and standing in his community:

"What can one thoroughly disgusted citizen do? Write to my Congressman, you say? Be kind enough to tell me his name, will you? . . . Kindly reply at your convenience.

YOURS FOR PURE POLITICAL METHODS."

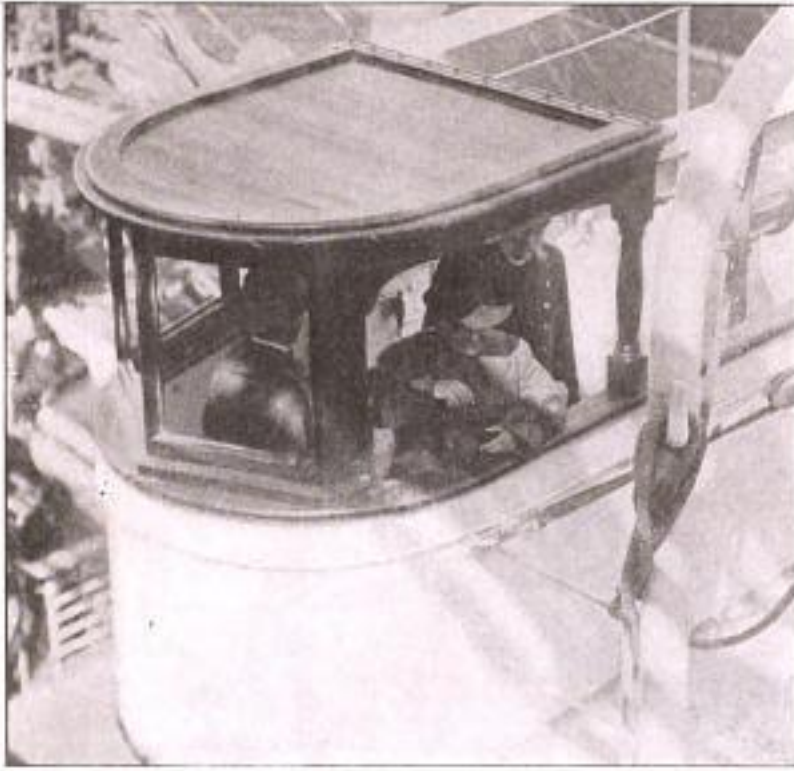
If "Disgusted Citizen" will ask his barber, or his bartender, if he patronizes one, he will doubtless learn his Congressman's name. Most assuredly he can learn from that holder of a political office who calls for his garbage-can in the morning. If "Disgusted Citizen" doesn't know his Congressman's name, presumably he didn't vote either for him or against him. Said a Massachusetts Congressman when the fight against Cannon was at its height:

"Oh, yes, I'm getting those letters and telegrams—hundreds of them; but I don't care. I've had my secretary look all those fellows up, and not one of them ever attends a caucus."

Congressmen measure the weight of their constituents by votes, not by degree of "disgusted citizenship" nor by the ardency of abstract desire for Pure Political Methods. The earliest political essays that Theodore Roosevelt wrote, more than twenty-five years ago, dealt with that type of business or professional man who looks on election day as a chance to get away for a little golf, and isn't ashamed to see his coachman wield more political influence than himself.



New York's last sight of Theodore Roosevelt—the liner "Hamburg" steaming past the Battery



"Off!"—the "Hamburg" just clear of the pier—Mr. Roosevelt on the bridge



Mr. Roosevelt shipping his rifles and the rest of his twenty pieces of baggage



Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit on the bridge with Captain Burmeister at 11.15, on March 23, as the "Hamburg" left her pier

Off for Africa

Freight Tariffs

Suppressing Water Commerce on the Pacific by Control of the Water Frontage, and by the Unhampered Control of Transcontinental Freight Rates—Johannesburg, South Africa, Closer to San Francisco than Goldfield, Nevada—The Longest Way Round the Cheapest Way for Freight

By C. P. CONNOLLY

CALIFORNIA is once more beating the air in a struggle against the Southern Pacific. She has rarely, if ever, succeeded in concentrating her forces successfully against her ancient enemy. Every now and then she organizes a Wat Tyler rebellion, which usually ends in unconditional surrender. The present protest is against a ten-million-dollar increase of coast freight rates.

The Interstate Commerce Act prohibits discrimination between points, and forbids charging more for a long haul than a short one over the same line under similar conditions; but when the railroads undertook to establish terminal rates the courts held they had the right to meet water competition. So San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other Atlantic Coast cities, got terminal rates, and Chicago and the other lacustrine ports which connect by water with the sea were given the same preference. The Missouri River, being navigable, was given terminal rates. That took in Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. The fixed rates between all Eastern and Western terminals, generally speaking, were the same; that is to say, the rate from Chicago or Omaha to the Pacific Coast was the same as the rate from New York to the Pacific Coast.

To get out from the lakes, our water freight all goes through the Welland Canal and through British territory. The railroads fought any extension of the Erie Canal that might make for larger water commerce. That struggle is trite history. Chicago and the Mississippi Valley have sought for years to secure legislation from Congress that would extend the Chicago Drainage Canal to the Mississippi River; but because it would give the upper Mississippi Valley communication by water with the Gulf the railroad influence has successfully fought its extension, just as it fought the Panama Canal, which will cut the water route between San Francisco and New York more than half.

The Railroads as Rate-Makers

ON THE passage of the Interstate Commerce Act of March 3, 1887, the transcontinental railroads set about securing mutual agreements covering transcontinental traffic. That act prohibited railroads from rebating or secretly cutting rates; it also prohibited combinations of railroads for the purpose of pooling earnings. The Sherman act, passed three years later, prohibited, under penalty of imprisonment, any combination between persons or corporations to monopolize commerce or to restrain trade. The Government has never enforced the penal provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act or of the Sherman act against railroad combinations formed to fix tariffs between competing lines. The result has been that the railroads have regularly fixed rates, and have advanced them from time to time until their net earnings have increased enormously. To do this successfully it was necessary to control the harbors which fed the commerce of the seas.

With their entrenched political power it was not difficult to influence State legislation in the Pacific Coast States in such a way as to enable the railroads to secure possession of the water fronts. Laws were passed creating for the larger Pacific Coast cities State harbor boards. The titles to the water frontage were transferred to these harbor boards. These boards extinguished by condemnation proceedings all private holdings upon the water. They constructed sea-walls and filled in ground. As fast as any part of these water fronts was reclaimed and made available, the harbor boards were authorized to lease the frontage. The railroads, controlling the appointments of the harbor boards—the Southern Pacific controls practically every appointment in California—secured leases in the name of the State for the improved frontage. The State's power of eminent domain was thus turned over to the railroads, and the public funds used to improve harbors, which were taken over by the railroads as soon as they were ready to receive them.

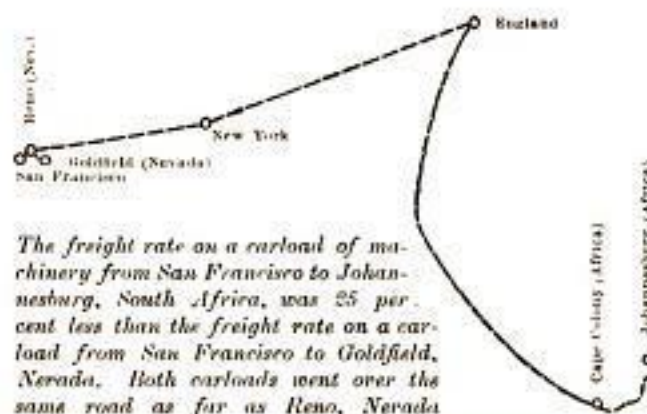
The territory lying north of the Columbia, which river disembogues in the region near Portland, is largely dominated by the Hill-Morgan interests, though the Standard Oil interests have recently entered that territory. The Hill-Morgan interests look to the control of the water frontage north of the Columbia River as far as the Canadian line. The Supreme Court of the United States, following the English precedent, early



When the fleet under Rear-Admiral Evans steamed into San Pedro Harbor, in southern California, there was no landing-place for its sailors and no embarking-point for its supplies that the Southern Pacific did not control

declared that the several States owned all the tide-lands below the line of high-water mark, in trust for public uses. Based upon this decision, the State of Washington, ignoring the public trust, passed a law providing for the sale of its tide-lands by auction, and tide-lands along the shores of all navigable rivers were sold at a nominal price. Later it was discovered that the Hill-Morgan interests owned or controlled many of these. This same policy was pursued on the lower coast, from the Columbia River to the Mexican border, with the result that a hard and fast monopoly of the coastwise commerce, both by land and sea, passed into the hands of the Southern Pacific. When the fleet under Rear-Admiral Evans steamed into San Pedro Harbor, in southern California, there was no landing-place for its sailors and no embarking-point for its supplies that the Southern Pacific did not control.

There was a key to these locked harbors. The Southern Pacific and its allied lines were formerly in the hands of Collis P. Huntington. When he died, about



The freight rate on a carload of machinery from San Francisco to Johannesburg, South Africa, was 25 per cent less than the freight rate on a carload from San Francisco to Goldfield, Nevada. Both carloads went over the same road as far as Reno, Nevada

1903, the control of the entire system passed over to E. H. Harriman and his associates, members of the Standard Oil group of financiers. Earlier than this the Union Pacific was made the pivot of a great railroad system which was to spread over the continent and connect with every port between Portland and the Mexican border, where vessels loaded. A policy was projected which was to absorb the Hill interests north of Portland, bringing the northern harbors also under Standard Oil tribute. This policy was foiled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The directors of the Union Pacific, the parent of the Standard Oil Western system, delegated their power to manage and direct the affairs of the company to an executive committee of five members. In turn this committee relinquished its functions to Mr. Harriman, who exercised absolute control—a distinctive Standard Oil policy which combines corporate immunity with individual power and secrecy.

The Standard Oil Group in Action

THE Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific, both subsidized by enormous land grants from the Government, were consolidated by the formation of a corporation called the Southern Pacific Company, created by a special act of the Kentucky Legislature. A majority of the stock of these two competing lines was turned over to the Kentucky corporation, and leases of their properties for ninety-nine years were made to the Kentucky company by each of these corporations. In this and like ways the Standard Oil group acquired the Southern Pacific, the Central Pacific, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and the Oregon Short Line, as well as every American line of trans-Pacific steamboats operating south of Puget Sound and every coast-going steamboat line south of Portland, with the Union Pacific as the holding company. The Standard Oil group acquired, as connecting lines, the Illinois Central, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Chicago and Alton. The Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe, in which the Standard Oil interests have already large stock holdings, alone of all the Western roads south of Portland, remains unabsorbed. The possession of this Western territory by this group is undisputed. Its freight toll is arbitrary.

Into its field no rival may venture. Former United States Senator W. A. Clark of Montana sought to build a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and the San Pedro Harbor. With as much assurance as if Clark were laying tracks across a private domain, Harriman stopped him, first by physical force and then by a show of hands. He made Clark capitulate and turn over to the Standard Oil interests the control of his road.

Dexterity of the Southern Pacific

AT ONE time the Panama Railroad chartered a ship and put on an independent service between New Orleans and Colon, which was to compete for Pacific Coast freight with rail and water lines owned by the Southern Pacific. The Southern Pacific immediately cut rates on products which could be successfully transported by way of Panama. After the Panama ship had made one round trip, the New Orleans merchants withdrew their patronage and took advantage of the reduced Southern Pacific rate. The Panama Railroad then withdrew its ship for lack of patronage. The Southern Pacific immediately put its tariff back to the old rate and has kept it there ever since.

The representatives of this Standard Oil group of railroads, representatives of the Hill-Morgan group, and the representatives of such other railroads as are not controlled by either group, meet annually to fix freight rates throughout the United States. There is no law of Congress which authorizes the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise these rates or to make any general orders reducing them. That body has the power, upon complaint being filed and pleadings and arguments had, to determine a particular rate as to any particular commodity over any particular line. A hearing on one of these complaints may last from one month to two or three years. Some cases have been under investigation by the commission for nearly five years. The railroads meanwhile, untroubled by restriction, go on advancing rates at will. The results of this policy of suppressing water commerce on the Pacific by control of the water frontage and by the unhampered control of transcontinental freight rates are startling. Freight rates have steadily advanced until they have in many cases doubled, and in some cases trebled, since the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act of March 3, 1887. The rates on dry-goods, furniture, stoves, glassware, crockery, nails, agricultural implements, and scores of other necessary commodities have been raised excessively. At the time of the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, for instance, the transcontinental rate on furniture was \$16 per ton in carload lots; it is now \$30 a ton. On stoves the rate was \$10 a ton in carload lots; the present rate varies from \$26 to \$50 a ton, depending on the character of the shipment. The list might be continued at length. Of course, it will be contended that many other considerations have entered into these advances, yet the stubborn fact remains that competition by rail and water then involved an inevitable fluctuation in rates which does not now exist.

One of the chief factors entering into the adjustment of transcontinental rates by the railroads has been the competition from abroad. It has been comparatively easy for the railroad pool to gather in the ship lines engaged in coastwise trade, but it has not been possible to force foreign ships into the pool. The coastwise trade act of Congress, which has been in force for fifty years, prohibits foreign ships from carrying freight or passengers from one American port to another. That act was passed ostensibly to encourage American ship-building. It has had the opposite effect. The combination of railroads and coastwise water lines—the Standard Oil interests, for example, own the Morgan line of steamships plying between New York and New Orleans and Galveston—has stifled the coastwise water traffic and has forced transcontinental rail transportation. If the Californians desire to ship freight from New York by water, they can not engage a foreign ship; that is prohibited by law; they can not mend the situation by patronizing American coastwise vessels; these are under railroad dominion and their freight rates are regulated by the railroad pool. They might patronize tramp steamers on the Atlantic seaboard, but they would be made to pay the regular toll, either by rail or water, before reaching the Pacific Coast. If you ship canned goods, a heavy California export, by rail from San Francisco to Galveston and then to New York, the rate by water from

Galveston to New York is the same as the rate by rail from San Francisco to Galveston; but you pay the full rate from San Francisco to New York, whether you patronize the steamship line from Galveston to New York owned by the railroad or not. This arrangement cuts off the rivalry of any steamship line not in the railroad pool. This brattling of the ocean highways has not been without its effect. The tonnage from San Francisco to New York by way of Panama decreased from 30,409 tons in 1904 to 15,285 tons in 1907, a period during which the railroads were so congested with traffic that it took from sixty to ninety days for freight to cross the continent.

Dingley Plus the Water Rates

IT IS claimed that in the transportation of many of the necessities of the Western coast, the railroads base their rates upon the cost of transportation by water from foreign countries to the Pacific Coast, plus the American customs duties; in other words, that their terminal freight rates for the Pacific Coast are based, not on the length of the haul, or the value of the service, but on the custom rates of the Dingley bill, plus the water transportation from abroad. Whether this claim is based in every instance on a comparison of the railroad rates with the Dingley bill, it is true that the rates on various commodities bear out the contention clearly. Not only is this true of West-bound freight, but it is true also of East-bound freight. California ships East, for instance, 30,000 carloads of oranges each year. Oranges are carried from Mediterranean ports to New York for \$3 a ton; the import duty is \$20, making the total cost to New York \$23 a ton. The freight rate from California to the Atlantic seaboard is exactly the same.

A Spokane merchant wanted to ship two carloads of linoleum from Chicago to Spokane. The railroad rate to Spokane was the terminal rate from Chicago to Seattle, plus the local rate back to Spokane. The linoleum had to pass through Spokane to get to Seattle. The rate being exorbitant, the Spokane merchant purchased his linoleum in Liverpool, to which point it had originally been shipped from the manufacturing plant near Chicago. He shipped it from Liverpool through the Suez Canal to Seattle, paying the import duty and the local freight rate from Seattle to Spokane, and beat the

railroad rate from Chicago to Spokane by a considerable discount.

The proprietor of a San Francisco ironworks shipped

CARLOAD FURNITURE			
1887	1909		
\$16 a Ton	\$30 a Ton		
CARLOAD STOVES			
1887	1909		
\$10 a Ton	\$26 to \$50 a Ton		

Twenty two years ago, you could send just short of twice as much furniture—desks, bureaus, chairs—as now, for the same money. You could send anywhere from two to five stoves where to-day you can send one. Of course, the person who pays the freight is the purchaser, the consumer—the "general public"

on the same day two carloads of machinery of the same kind and bulk. One went to Goldfield, Nevada, a distance of about three hundred miles from San Francisco, and the other went to Johannesburg, South Africa. Both carloads went over the same road to Reno, Nevada, the Goldfield shipment going south and the other keeping on its way to New York, whence it was shipped by water to an English port, transferred to another vessel bound for Cape Colony, South Africa, and from Cape Colony was shipped three hundred miles by rail to Johannesburg. The freight rate on the carload from San Francisco to Johannesburg was 25 per cent less than the freight rate on the carload from San Francisco to Goldfield.

From Bakersfield, California, to Los Angeles is 168 miles. Bakersfield formerly shipped large quantities of tallow to the soap manufacturers of Los Angeles. The rate on tallow from Bakersfield to Los Angeles was \$9.60 a ton in carload lots. Later Galveston got a rate on tallow from Bakersfield, a distance of over nineteen

hundred miles, of \$10.40 per ton, only eighty cents more than the rate from Bakersfield to Los Angeles. Bakersfield's tallow went to foreign markets, and Los Angeles was compelled to look elsewhere for its soap manufacturers went to China for their tallow and the freight on a ton of tallow from China is only \$6, \$3.60 less than Los Angeles used to pay the 168 miles from Bakersfield.

The Enemies of Tariff Reform

A SHIPMENT of goods from Antwerp, intended for Los Angeles merchant, went by mistake to San Francisco. The Los Angeles merchant was compelled to have the consignment reshipped from San Francisco to Los Angeles, a distance of 480 miles. The cost of the freight from San Francisco to Los Angeles, 480 miles, was the same as the cost of the 16,000 miles of water transportation from Antwerp.

There is one consideration that operates to the advantage of the Pacific Coast manufacturer. By reason of the greater cost of labor and of raw material, he cannot manufacture his goods within, say, 10 or 15 per cent of the Eastern manufacturer. A freight rate of 40 per cent of the cost of the article in the East is a liberal margin of protection.

It will eventually be found that the railroads are the power behind the opposition that has prevented tariff reform. If the Dingley tariff rates were uniformed, it would result in a reduction of freight rates on many commodities. Local rates would inevitably be a reduction of terminal rates.

The Panama Canal will be useless to California unless like New Orleans, she can have municipal docks open up her harbors to free competition. Los Angeles is straining every nerve to secure a part of San Francisco Harbor for municipal docks. So important is this question has been the question of free harbors that the English people protected themselves against this of monopoly by several provisions in Magna Carta. It may be argued that the State has the legal right to condemn harbor frontage by eminent domain, but the railroads have the same right, and the Southern Railway is as powerful politically on the Pacific Coast as it is commercially. It is the real government of California.

In the Revolution Belt

Being the Ingenious Impressions of a First-Time Traveler Concerning Caracas and Its Cinematograph Methods of Government

SOME TIME and somehow somebody will write a veracious Guide-Book to Venezuela. Heading the list of Principal Products in that future and valuable tome will be the entry: "Trouble." Under this head it will be noted that Venezuela produces more trouble than any other country in the world, both for home and foreign consumption. The brand designed for the outer world is labeled "International Complications," and is highly disesteemed by polished diplomats, whose exequaturs are presented to them on the toe of the Presidential boot. The home variety is revolution. If you will look up the word in any respectable dictionary you will note that its derivative meaning is "a going around." There is always enough revolution to go around in Venezuela. Any earnest applicant with a desire to reconstruct the Government and write his name in imperishable gold-leaf upon a tinware statue in the Plaza Bolivar can be accommodated at market rates. Only by revolution does the ruling power ever change.

Theoretically there are elections at stated intervals; but going to the polls is dangerous, because if you're suspected of voting for the other fellow, the incumbent of office puts you in jail. Much better start a popular uprising, and shun the unnecessary peril of the suffrage. If the cause is defeated you can flee like a bird to the mountain, there to lead a highly non-combative and arboreal existence until the worst is over. If it is successful you can pick out the swaggiest title not already preempted, preferably ending in -o-r, and ensconce yourself under the plum tree until somebody else's revolution dislodges you.

Almost anything is a sufficient incentive to one of these little rotary disturbances. It may begin because a man has been put in jail or because a man has been let out of jail, or because the President wears pointed boots, or because a man has a new gun and an experimental trend of mind, or because somebody did or didn't get decorated with the Sublime Order of the Pink Mackerel, or because the price of maize is too low or the price of drinks too high, or because the wrong number came out in the Government lottery; or the coiled springs of action may be loosed merely by such simple and sequential logic as obtains in the convincing and historical case of—



"Can that prevail against bang?"



He rallies the downtrodden peon

"The languid young man from Fort Maney,
Who married his typist, named Janie,
When his friends said: 'Oh, dear!
She's so old, and so queer!'
He said: 'Yes; but the day was so rainy.'"

Framing up a Martyrdom

TO QUOTE from the poet Jones, known to fame as the Chaste Chorler of Caracas:

"I'll face the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Which can't produce one uprising per day."

The country of his poetic pride pretty nearly maintains this average. It's such a simple process, revolutionizing. The local correspondence schools give a course in it. "How to Overturn the Government by Mail; Two Dollars, Postage Paid." All that is required is a leader and a motto. The leader, upon being thoroughly equipped, with twelve rounds of ammunition and a furlong of gold lace, to alter the destiny of nations, provides himself, as a finishing touch, with a *nom de guerre*. This must be allusive, inspiring, and straight from the heart of nature. As, for instance, "The Cloudburst" or "The Flyspeck." Next he issues a *pronunciamiento* full of the grandest adjectives in the Spanish tongue, heavily capitalized, proclaiming himself the Implacable Foe of Enthroned Tyranny and the Strong Refuge of the Oppressed. After which he rallies the downtrodden peon to the standard of deliverance and freedom with the flat side of a *machete*, and, at the head of his augmented army, swoops down upon some unconsidered cross-roads a day's march from the capital, where he declares himself dictator and serves a copy of his official document upon the local mayor. Probably the mayor can't read. But he can ride, at least, and the clatter of his jackass's hoofs in full retreat marks the first glorious victory of the cause. The conqueror, wasted with his strenuous efforts, sits down to administer the district and exchange rhetoric for taxes with the surprised and gratified inhabitants. In the course of time, however, a few Government troops, armed with cigarettes, appear in the roadway, trying their best to make a mark-time resemble an impetuous advance. Thereupon the Human Earthquake

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by C. J. POST

makes three leaps to the revolution's man-of-war, *Crawfish*, which has been held in readiness for the expected dénouement, and steams away with snorting defiance and the revolutionary bar'l. Some weeks later the Moulin Rouge and other Parisian resorts for study of sociology are enlivened by the advent of a brunette gentleman handsomely framed in gilt and money to spend. Another lost cause is entered upon, a scroll of martyrdom, and Venezuela continues to ground under the iron heel of tyranny.

Revoluting per Program

THERE obtains a popular superstition that all American revolutions are inspired by gnomes claiming, in strange accents, the United States as their fatherland, who passionately desire to sell at high prices non-explosive cartridges and rifles which antedated the invention of gunpowder. This is a mistake. The revolutionary spirit is indigenous to the country, and follows fixed rules of procedure, which are susceptible of being accurately formulated. First come the bolas, which is a rumor which your friend whispers to you confidentially with the assurance that he knows it to be authentic—in other words, a lie. The early state, with a wealth of detail, that the insurrectionary leader, El Burro, has escaped from the country where an oppressive Government had incarcerated him for stealing a license, and advancing upon Caracas to revenge his wrong. The program then proceeds as follows:



Exchanging the bolas of the day

ceived, correct "intrepid" to "intoxicated.")
(2) Retirement of the Minister of War and the commander of the barracks because of ill-health.
(3) Bola that a fleet of fishing boats from Trinidad has joined the insurgent forces.
(4) Resignation of the admiral of the navy, on account of a pressing engagement.
(5) Stealthy night attack on Barracks No. 21, resulting in the nervous prostration of the entire force, and exhausting their ammunition. Two badly perked

discovered next morning at the spot from which the e was projected.

Seventeen proclamations issued from unidentified sources, in prose, poetry, and profanity, appear streets, prescribing "Death to the Tyrant" in unpleasant forms.

President departs for the country on advice of his an.

Arrest of all persons found on the streets after without a numbered collar and a certificate of good t.

Bola that El Burro with 50,000 men, armed to the is within a day's march of the capital; in conse- of which—

Manager Cherry of the Ferrocarril Central for- warns the revolution that all armies trespassing right-of-way will be first kicked and then prose- by his general counsel. (Irish and quick in)

Manager Almond of the Ferrocarril La Guayra s the Government that demurrage will be charged all officers below the rank of colonel taking refuge freight-cars.

Outburst of assorted bolas, followed by emigra- Caracas's bravest and best on mules.

Departure of the Army of the Republic in tears.

Twenty-seven badly scat- gunshots heard in the dis-

a) Bola of utter rout of nment forces.

b) Bola of total destruc- of insurgent army.

c) Receipt of message from urro by his secret represen- : "Defeated and dishonored. not discouraged. Send cash."

d) Return of patriotic de- rs, heroes, bulwarks of na- safety, etc. Total loss, one; , butted off cliff by goat.

e) Peace, prosperity, and echnics, lasting till next time.

Outside the Rules

IT invariably does the affair go off as per program. There once a minor turn-up in the infraction of the recog- rules brought about lamen- consequences. The insur- onists had picked up somewhere a man from lowlands who was accustomed to shoot the large, some, and highly efficient jaguar of that region. It was incumbent upon him either to shoot straight or become an entrée for Mrs. Jaguar and the little ars, he had improved upon the national method marksmanship, which is to shut the eyes and with a shrill, unearthly yell into the air. Con- tently, when the battle was joined, on opposite of a small stream, and the shrill, unearthly yells to mount heavenward, together with the bullets of contestants, the lowlander deployed himself upon his inch and perforated a particularly vociferous officer the other bank. The officer, with an expression of k surprise, lapsed into the brook and proceeded to t. His companions, naturally supposing that he had a sunstroke, hastened to fish him out, whereupon the ar hunter pinked three more of them. While both ties were still petrified with horror at this unheard- catastrophe, the marksman ran his score up to nine. A regular army then burrowed into the jungle, and revolution was about to declare its champion Libera- or Restaurador, or something of the high-sounding k, when he resigned in profound disgust, declaring t he had never had poorer sport in his life, and re- ned to his jaguar-haunted valley, leaving the Cause dishand behind him.

Machetes and Marksmanship

ADVANTAGE is to the regular army, on the whole, in the matter of gunnery. For, though the soldier of a republic never gets any target practise, he is at least t to bring his rifle to his shoulder before shooting. The revolutionary method is to fire from the waist line, h the eyes firmly closed against the flash. If the t kicks the marksman in the stomach, he has a some excuse for retiring from action. If not, he ts again. Now, were it the custom of the Gov- ment forces to arrive in airships, or to advance, an-wise, through the tree-tops, their mortality d be dreadful to contemplate. As it is, the ef- damage is to foliage. Before a battle all buzzards in the vicinity sagaciously emigrate, y for self-preservation; but partly, as well, from pessimistic and experienced conviction that there will nothing in their line of interest, anyway; while, days after the action, the awed tree-frogs mourn r dead in whispers. Usually, after filling the skies- th lead and smoke, the forces part with mutual senti- ments of esteem and alarm. But once in a long time the accident of geographical conformation brings them se enough together to stop shooting and begin fighting. en the thing is grim enough earnest. For they fight th machetes, and a Venezolano with a machete is far, r from being a white-winged dove of peace. Imagine a or, three feet and a half in length, eight pounds in ight, and balanced to the wrist with the delicacy of a s racket, and you have some idea of the trusty blade the country. But no one other than an eye-witness n imagine the deftness and power with which a native nicks this formidable weapon. One stroke of it will ear through a tree-trunk as big around as your knee. el the expert, holding a banana in his fingers, slices the ed off with three precise and elegant passes. Upon the man frame this glorified knife has a distinctly disper- effect, and with this weapon of their choice Andino d Oriente alike fight like demons or dervishes. After

a machete battle, the ground looks like a bargain counter in second-hand limbs. Is it strange that the Venezuelan prefers to arbitrate his little difficulties with the humane and harmless rifle?

Where Silence is Not Golden

NOISE-PRODUCTION is a highly esteemed quality in firearms hereabout. This important truth was acquired, at some cost, by a professional inciter of insurrections, who arrived, some years since, with what he was pleased to call a noiseless carbine, and sought to make a contract for it with a revolutionary general. In enthusiastic language he explained the advantages of his weapon. The general shook his head dubiously.

"No bang-noise?" he inquired.

"No bang-noise at all."

"Only 'phut'?"

"Only 'phut'!"

"Señor," said the leader, "take your phut-gun to some elsewhere. If I equip with it my Army of the Revolt of the Oppressed, what then? My heroes and the paid hire- lings of the tyrant make a battle. My heroes hear the other army shoot— Bang! My heroes shoot. What do they obtain? Phut! Phut only! Señor, can phut pre- vail against bang? Alas! No. Good-by."

Poorer by his expenses, but the richer by a new in- sight into Venezuelan psychology, the professional promoter of trouble took the next ship home.

Venezuela's (Palmer) Cox-y Army

BETWEEN revolution and stability stands an army of a few thousand integers. Mr. Palmer Cox ought to come down here and visit it. He's responsible for these soldiers; he created them, and they stepped right out of the pages of his books into Venezuelan mili- tary service at the wage of thirty cents a day and find yourself. These props of Government have broad, brown faces, and wear funny brown helmets, funnier brown coats, and trousers from the comic sup- plements; and on their feet are brown alpagatas. An alpargata is a glorified bath slipper with a hole in front, where- through one and sometimes two toes coyly peep. Outside of its esthetic merit, the hole has, I believe, no reason for being. Thus clad, they patter about the city, and the stranger takes them for the street-cleaning department—until he has observed the condition of the streets. I injured the feelings of my local mentor by asking him where their brooms were.

"They are not sweepers," he said peevishly. "They are the Army of the Republic."

"Not at all," I retorted. "I've seen the army. It stands on the corner, wearing a carbine and a blue suit made by the Seven Little Tailors for somebody else, and smokes a cigarette."

"That is the police force," he explained. "When trouble comes the police usually take one side and the soldiers the other."

Now there's a system for you! It insures action. As a matter of profit I should bet on the police. They are a well set-up and businesslike appearing lot. But my sympathies would be with the Cox-y army. They look so droll and gnome-like and wise and good-natured. There are always plenty of them around the city barracks. They lounge and smoke on the queer old bastions, and exchange the bolas of the day with friends in the street, or, curled up in silent little heaps, pray for a row so that they can go and get some loot. In troublous times they do sentry duty in the street, and shout "Otro lado!" to the casual night-farer, after which they shoot at him. One of them shot at a newly arrived American consular official, who hadn't learned that "Otro lado!" means, "Cross



He resigned in disgust

the street, and do it now," and who was so indignant that he marched up to the well-meaning, hard-working little private and was about to mistreat him shamefully, when an officer happened along and explained. In the door of the barracks is a square peep-hole which, at all hours of the night, frames a watchful and comical brownie face. That peep-hole represents the eternal vigi- lance which is the price of continuity for the established Government. It is the Unsleeping Eye of Venezuela.

The Etiquette of Warfare

ABOVE all else, your Venezolano is a formalist. Even when revolting he must revolute in a given orbit. This ineluctable instinct for party regularity is all that prevented one uprising from being successful. A certain

commandante had been won over to the insurgent side, and with him some three companies of soldiers who, unsuspected of disloyalty, were kept on duty in the Cara- cas barracks. Unfortunately the official had taken to heart the Venezuelan version, whatever it may be, of:

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air. . ."

The first principle of revolutionary procedure in his mind was that freedom and banners and similar poetic emoluments of war flourish only on mountain heights. Therefore, when the time came to uprising, he led his gal- lant band hastily up the nearest slope, giving lusty



Rifle practice à la mode

cheers for liberty—also giving the alarm. President Castro was at the opera. To have surrounded the place and taken him prisoner would have been simple and final. It would have meant the complete success of the revolution. But it wasn't frilly enough. So the President, upon the alarm, hurried out, got together his troops, and by and by chased the banner-unfur- lers from their mountain heights and closed that incident. The commandante, who might now be Governor of Cara- cas, is instead living in a cave somewhere and studying the art of war from the Household Book of Etiquette.

The Convertible Concession Game

THE great drawback to revolutions is that they're bad for business. For example, you get a conces- sion from the Government giving you the exclusive right to extract knot-holes from the nitt tree in the Province of Chilzanague. To obtain this concession you have paid whoever is President at the moment a round sum. You are taxed an enormous import duty on all machinery and supplies, a stupendous export duty on every knot- hole that you ship, and incredible octroi, internal re- venue, traffic, impost, liquor license, and sewer taxes. All this you cheerfully figure into the cost of doing business. Then, one day, when everything seems to be going well, along come twenty or thirty gentlemen with proud Span- ish names and no socks, headed by a general with a sword. Says the General:

"Señor Americano, the revolution it is me. Vive la Libertad! Fare, please."

Then you have to pay an extra assessment of taxes, all through the list, to him, besides setting up the drinks for his forces, because, while the Government army was occupied in chasing butterflies off the Execu- tive lawn, he has possessed himself of the official ma- chinery of the Province of Chilzanague. This also you figure into the cost of doing business. In the course of time the Government army mobilizes, the revolutionary leader goes to jail or to Paris and a presidential de- cree declares the country pacified. Also the chief magistrate despatches to you an envoy extraordinary, plenipotentiary, and supernumerary bearing a heart- to-heart message, as follows:

"You have aided and abetted mine enemies, with taxes and strong drink. Caramba! Flee the coun- try in twenty-four hours."

This is the only Venezuelan formula that has no mañana attachment or codicil. You flee, as per instruc- tions. The cost of doing business devolves upon the President. Also the business. The duty on knot-holes is abrogated; the octroi is remitted, and the other im- posts forgotten. The power that is proceeds to extract knot-holes from the nitt tree in peace and profit to his own pocket. Thus by the statesmanship of the patriotic President the nation has been saved again from the strangle-hold of the interloping foreign monopolist. Any one who considers this a flight of imagination is referred to United States Senate Document No. Four- million-four-hundred-and-forty-four-thousand of the fa- mous asphalt controversy.

A Matinée War

WHILE I was in the act of communicating to paper the foregoing philosophical profundities, one of them went off under my window and disturbed me. A revolution, I mean. The process seemed to me rather confusing and obscure; but two features of it shone clearly amid the murk of action; it began with a shower of pro- nunciamentos, and culminated in a speech by the Minis- ter of Foreign Affairs, who rashly committed himself to the theory that, no matter what happened, every true and loyal son of Venezuela would stand by his prin- ciples, be those what they might. (Loud and surprised cheers.) The actual performance was in two parts; a matinee and an evening production—standing room only. The matinee consisted in an attack on the plant of the

(Continued on page 27)

The Wicked City

PART I.—*The First Visit to New York—Where All Are in a Hurry, But Good-Hearted—How It Feels to Be "Just One Young Fellow" More Who Has Drifted in from God's Country*

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



As you walked up Broadway for the first time, tilting your head back to count the rows of windows in the tall buildings

JUST one young fellow disembarking from the ferryboat or train, at once tickled and terrified by what he's dreamed of so long now actually before him; just one young fellow from the uncharted, negligible darkness that settles down upon the country just beyond commuting distance from New York, who, if he has not oats in his pockets, has what

will as certainly betray him as also a Galilean—I do not mean his speech, but his silver dollars; just one young fellow, dropping his jaw and wrinkling his nose, and tilting his head back while he counts the stories of the tall buildings, his grip sack jostled against his legs by so many people, all in such a hurry, all seeming to belong in town and not merely come in to do their trading; just one young fellow—Why, what is that, even if the young fellow be you or I? Who cares? Who cares that a mother bore us, held us in her arms, reached out her hands for us to stagger into when first we walked alone, tucked us into our bed, and heard us say our "Now I lay me," watched us to the schoolhouse with ineffable yearning, uttered those prayers for us that God Himself stoops over a little from His throne to harken to the better? Who cares that a father toiled for us and stunted for us and hoped to see in us his own thwarted hopes brought to fruition, who took such pride in us, whose very heart stood still to think what perils waited for us at every step? Who cares that teachers tried so patiently and honestly to make us better and wiser men? Who cares what struggles of the soul we underwent, the evil in us fighting with the good for mastery? Just one young fellow, more or less, alive or dead, hoping or despairing, redeemed or ruined. Don't you care. There's plenty more.

But multiply this one young fellow by the uncounted thousands of the sons whom mothers bore in deathly agony, whom fathers toiled for, and for whom the noblest part of who shall say how many lives has been poured with ungrudging hand; these living embodiments of the age to come, whose every thread of flesh and grain of bone are so much clotted prayers and hopes and fears, ambitions and aspirations; these heirs of all the past, begetters of all the future. Multiply them thus, and their daily march upon the Wicked City, which no more regards them than the dust that the wind whirls, becomes a terrible thing, a tragic thing. Something sinister and menacing is in it. It's got to be a mighty thoughtless young fellow that doesn't sense this on his first visit to New York, that doesn't kind of gasp when the cold feeling splashes on him that if he should drop down dead on the sidewalk the people would step over him and go right ahead.

You know now that it isn't quite so bad as all that. I've often thought that if the worst should come to us, if we died and went to hell itself, we'd find some one there from our part of the country that would try to make us as comfortable as possible under the circumstances for old sakes' sake, or just out of pure kindness of heart. I knew a woman once that lived as near to hell as we can make it for a woman on this earth, and in her spare time she sewed and made up little dresses and things for the daughters of the stepfather that had "turned her out," as the phrase goes. He had

been a strong, hearty, upstanding sort of fellow, but a tree fell on him and crippled him for life, and as she could spare the money she sent it home to keep a roof over the family and bread before them. "Tainted money," but—

And just so in the Wicked City, there's always somebody that you knew back home, or somebody who went to college with your brother, or has some sort of common ground with you. And they can put you in the way of getting a job, or they can talk over old times with you and tell you to keep a stiff upper lip, because, you know, the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day, and if they find it's kind of—you know—with you, and you hate to let on before them that you're in that fix, why, they ask you if you don't need a little money to tide you over. So they do without something they meant to get so as to lend you money they never expect to see again. That's what makes me think that if we died and went to the hell that they used to have "in the airy days," we'd find somebody there to show us how to fix ourselves so we could make out to stand it. I dare say you've read

about those old notions of how heaven meant being with the noblest and best of all ages, and hell with the selfish and the "on'ry." Heaven nowadays is to live in New York and have so much money coming in that you can't possibly spend it all, and hell is to work on and on without ever getting ahead or having any more than will just keep you going, provided you don't get sick or lose your job. I get kind o' lonesome for the old faith once in a while.

However, what takes the curse off the Wicked City is that hardly anybody in it was born and brought up there. They all came from God's country at one time, and they haven't forgotten how to act, but, of course, you didn't know that on your first visit to the Wicked City.

We see plainly now that the essential wickedness of the Wicked City lies not in the transgressions of its inhabitants. Sin for sin, and man for man, matching every group of human habitations with another clear to the backwoods where they still plow with oxen, one is every bit and grain as wicked as another. They may not be so frank about it, but whether there is much to choose between open and secret devilment I'm not prepared to say. The essential wickedness of the Wicked City we perceive to be that it exists at all; that it is a place not to make the things that support life, but to make prices on the things of life; that it denies that he is worthy to be had in honor that has caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, for such a man it contemns, and honors him who can shrewdly get two blades of grass and give the worth of only one in exchange, so that the overalls burn like Nessus's shirt, and only a white collar can hold a man's head up eye to eye with his fellows; that to the plain command of the Almighty that man should eat his bread in his brow's sweat, that if he lives by food and clothing and shelter he himself must bear his part in making food and clothes and shelter, to the solemn words, "Six days shalt thou labor," the Wicked City impudently answers God with: "A-ah, gwan! I know a better scheme than that."

I don't believe there ever was a man so wicked that, though his example might lead others to be

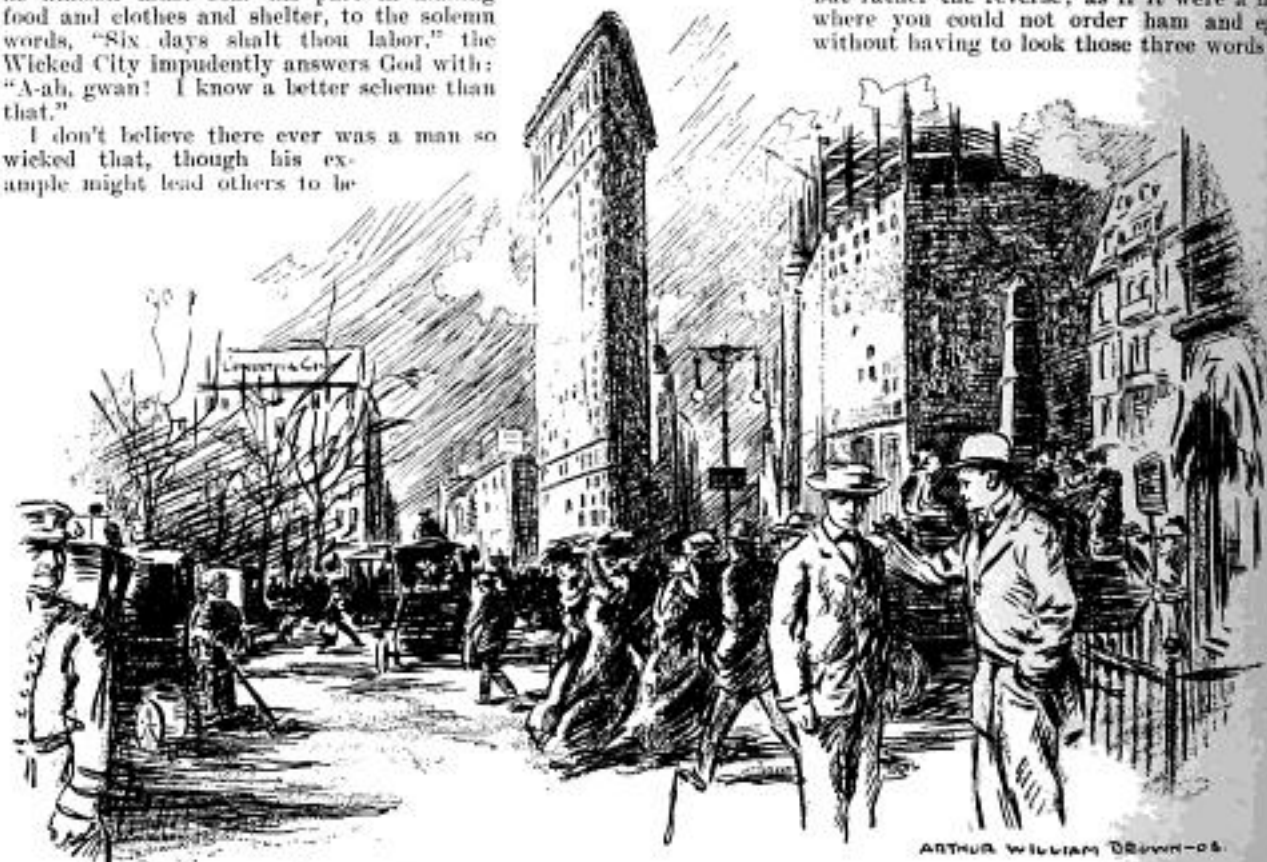
like him, he did not counsel others not to be like him. What smoker, for an instance, does not say: "Young fellow, you're better off without it"? And so, though the Wicked City lures us to it by its mere being, yet, spite of itself, it drives us off; it says: "Young fellow, you're better off without it," by that sinister and menacing disregard for us that daunted us so in the beginning.

The Hidden Sky-Rim

AS YOU walked up Broadway for the first time, tilting your head back to count the rows of windows in the tall buildings, shouldered this way and that by the hurrying, heedless crowd, that sinister menace somehow got to you. Though you were delighted, you were also a little daunted. It was a bully place to be in for a while, but you wouldn't want to live there. You fingered over the silver dollars that were to betray you as a wandering star from the outer, negligible, even contemptible, darkness of one-night stands; you fingered the equally perfidious wad of limp and smouchy paper money (in New York the paper money is clean and crackling, right off the vines, as you might say), and you figured out you'd have enough to get back home on if you didn't pamper your stomach too much. Said the Vermont farmer to his summer boarder: "I sh'd think you'd hate to live to New York. It's so far away." And, though you were right there in New York that moment, it did seem "fur away" to you, remote and inaccessible, tight-shut, locked up against you, a high sheer cliff with not a crevice you could hook your fingers into to climb up by. Out in the country, out in God's country that the Wicked City mocks at and despises, it isn't so hard to believe that you are worth more than many sparrows, for look! the bending sky-rim is everywhere equidistant from you. Surely you are the center of all things. People that you met along the road that don't know you from Adam say "How de do!" to you as if you were somebody. But on Broadway they don't even notice that you are alive, and all proof of your centrality is gone because the lofty buildings hide the sky-rim.

There are many advantages, I'm told, attaching to a trip abroad. Personally I've never enjoyed them, unless you can call Canada "abroad." At that, I was only on the southern edge of it. How it may be, away back in the interior beyond the enlightening and refining influence of the United States, I do not know, but so far as my experience enables me to judge, the natives of that foreign shore are peaceably disposed, they speak our language fluently, and even have the same sort of money that we have. Of course it isn't as good money as ours is. What imitation ever is quite equal to the real thing? But, strange to relate, in Canada you can buy with it about as much as the same named money will buy in our own dear land.

Though their system of government is benightedly monarchical and their flag ridiculously different, the educational advantages of a trip to Canada can not be as great as if it took you a whole week to get there on a steamboat, drawing no pay-envelope of a Saturday, but rather the reverse; as if it were a land where you could not order ham and eggs without having to look those three words up



And tell you to keep a stiff upper lip, because, you know, the darkest hour is just before the dawn

in a dictionary, and where they could short-change you and you not find it out till afterward.

However, it was not the mental discipline I had so much in view as the large peace of mind with which you can describe the things you saw when you first visited London or Paris or any of those "abroad" towns. There the centuries kind of jog along, and the few changes in the looks of things appear so imperceptibly that they're dateless. But in the Great City of America, par excellence, the changes are profound, deracinating, and of revolutionary violence. They are epoch-marking, so that if you say: "The first time I came to New York as a young fellow such-and-such an institution was still in existence," your hearers do a swift sum in mental arithmetic: "Eight and two's ten, and our's fourteen, and— Gee! Is he that old?" And that's your guilty secret. Or if it isn't now, it soon will be. But no regrets. Brazen it out. Let 'em even look it up and find out when Jake Sharp got the franchise to lay tracks on Broadway if it does 'em so much good to know how old we are. Only— No! No "only" about it. We mustn't let it spoil our satisfaction at the thought that less discerning minds than ours, even if we were immature, would not have seized that picture and preserved it against the time when we should be able to comprehend that, trivial and temporary as the Broadway stages might seem to be, they embodied a principle of deep significance and as eternal as the Vicked City can be.

In your heart you're just as young as ever; just as green and inexperienced; just as credulous of what people tell you; just as eager to undertake what only youth should undertake. It is true, I know, that the little girl who only yesterday—or was it last week? I forget—was jumping rope and chanting:

"One, two, three,
And a bumblebee;
All in together,
Pigs in the meadow."

walks in to-day with her frock to her shoe-tops and her hair done up high, but what does that signify?

Nothing at all. And that hair in your mustache; is it white or just a shade more blond than common? Never mind. It is true that they print the newspapers very badly nowadays, but your eyesight is still good; folks mumble their words a lot more than they used to do, but your hearing is first-rate; it would be nice if some one could be found to cook as well as mother used to, but you relish your food as well as ever; you



They all came from God's country sometime

waken in the morning refreshed by your night's rest and surer than ever that along about sun-up is the prettiest part of the whole day. Into each life some rain must fall; you know that right well, but, thank God, the sun comes out again pretty soon and the dark storm-clouds roll away. Young? Why, certainly.

Only, when you sit out on your front porch of a summer Sunday evening, and the hushed twilight deepens into

dark, and they start up the sweet, old-fashioned hymns they used to sing when you were little, a thoughtful silence follows that one which begins:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger."

Yes, they are gliding swiftly by, there's no two ways about it. We sigh to think that we are growing old, sadly, inevitably growing old; that the evil days draw nigh when thou shalt say: "I have no pleasure in them"; when the summer shower of disappointment and of grief shall not pass as once it did, and the sun come out again pretty soon as once it did, but the clouds return after the rain, the bleak November sky of old age when the clouds return after the rain. Let them be "hours of toil and danger." If they must be, but, oh, how gladly would we detain them! There is so much for us to do or ever the evil days shall come. We are like Lear that held his dead daughter in his arms and cried aloud: "Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little!"

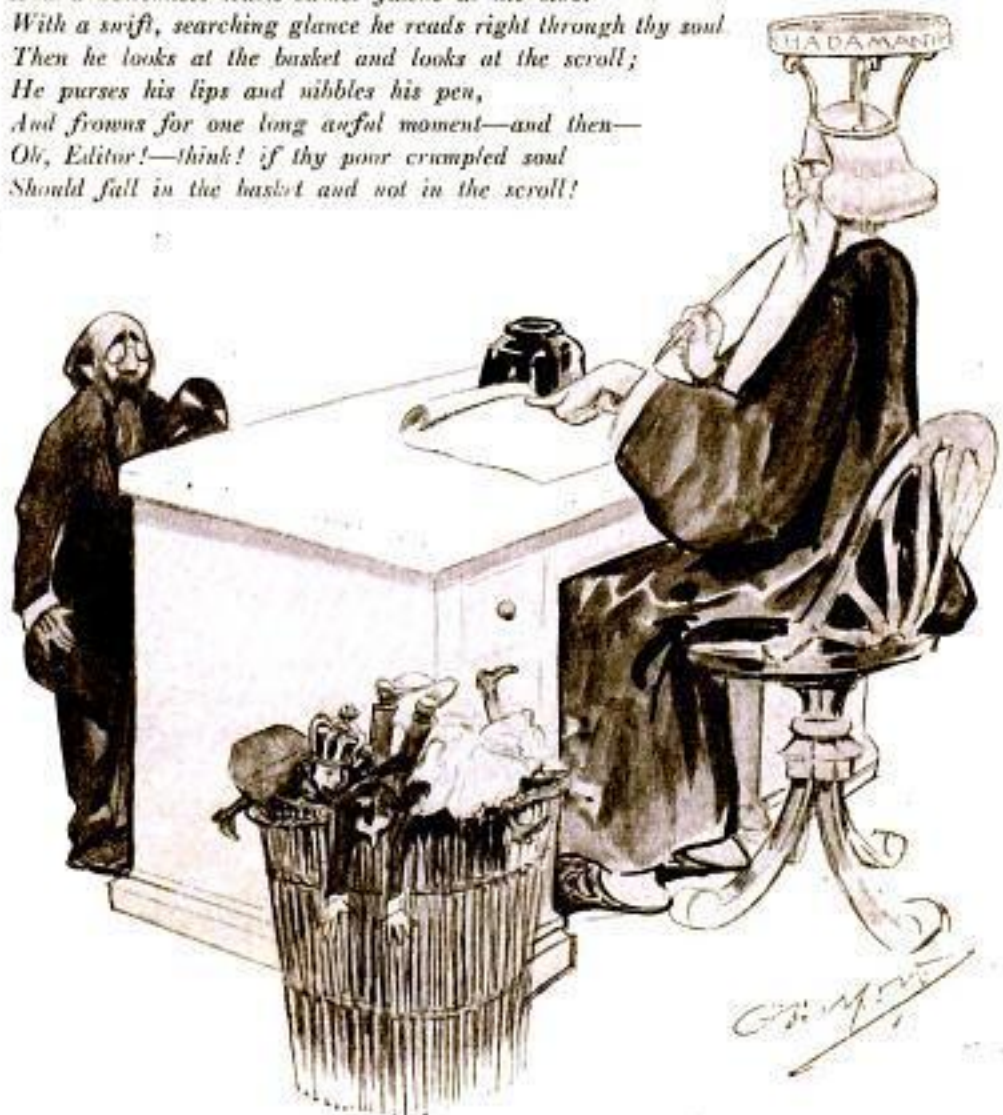
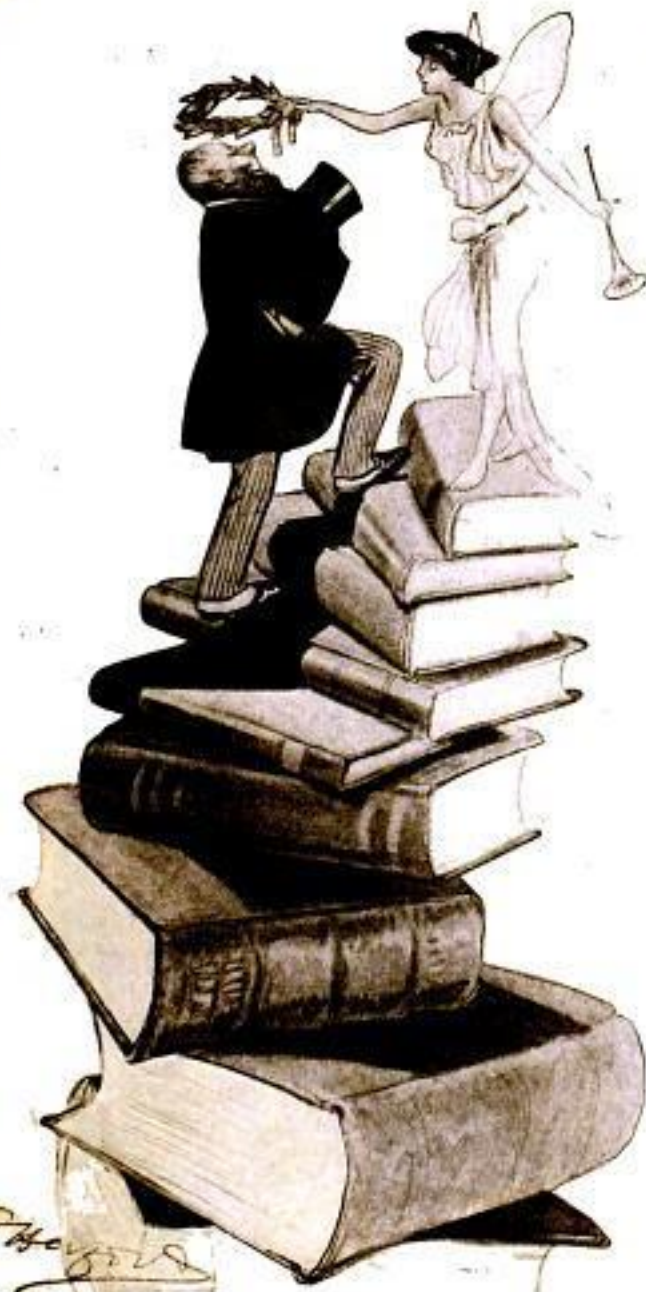
Oh, well, what's the use of fretting? It's got to be that way; let's make the best of it. Maybe it won't be so hard for us as we imagine. Maybe the fountain of eternal youth will still bubble up within us just the same as now; maybe, though the almond tree shall flourish and our heads be white, we shall keep on being as green and inexperienced as ever; just as ready to believe what people tell us, just as eager to undertake what only youth should undertake. And maybe even when the whistle blows at last, and the long day is ended, we shall be glad to take off our overalls and go home to rest. And anyhow we've lived. And seen things. And if, of all the sights that our bright, eager eyes took in the first time we walked up Broadway, the picture that is vividest in the remembered summer sunshine is that of stages tacking and slewing from curb to curb to pick up passengers, why, what difference does it make if some curious person with a head for dates and figures begins to cast up: "Eight and two's ten, and four's fourteen, and— Gee! Is he that old?"

"To the Publisher" and "To the Editor"

Two Toasts

By OLIVER HERFORD

OH, EDITOR, EDITOR, awful and grand,
Who holdest our fate in the palm of thy hand,
Dost ever reflect how one day thy ghost
To an Editor awf'ler and grander will post?
Before him a great golden scroll is spread wide,
And a bottomless waste-basket yawns at his side.
With a swift, searching glance he reads right through thy soul.
Then he looks at the basket and looks at the scroll;
He purses his lips and nibbles his pen,
And frowns for one long awful moment—and then—
Oh, Editor!—think! if thy poor crumpled soul
Should fall in the basket and not in the scroll!



TO THE Publisher!—Drink!
Let his virtue be shown
In the Good Works of others
If not in his own.



One of 0

Drawn by G



re Class

IBSON

An Exchange Currency

The Restaurant Romance

Aimée

the Pretty Cashier

By HULBERT FOOT

Illustrated by M. LEONE BRACKEN



"What makes you look so strange? Are you not glad?" she quickly asked

THE shape of Garat's restaurant is that of a square bottle. The entrance is in the customary place—the neck of the bottle—and as one goes back the establishment opens out on either side to a wideness unpromised by the modest street front. Opposite to the wine counter in the neck of the bottle, there are three little tables one after another, which albeit nearest the door are yet the last to be occupied. What is the reason? For one thing they are removed from the main body of the restaurant with its cheerful clatter of plates and noisy conversation; and man is a gregarious animal; but the prime cause lies undoubtedly in the forbidding dressiness of their aspect. These tables alone wear long-tailed white cloths, on which the newest silver is set forth every day by Aspasia Gaspard with a nice precision. They give the place an air, it is true, but the worn, polished oak of the tables in the rear is much dearer to the habitués of Garat's.

Nevertheless there was one customer who chose the table nearest the door; and sat down at noon every day with his back to the street. His reason was plain; he brought a book which he desired to study while he ate; and in this one spot was there daylight sufficient to read by. His sent brought him directly under the eyes of Aimée Larose, the pretty cashier; and how in this situation could she have been expected not to watch him day after day? Aimée was interested in the book; it was like her beloved Paris to see a young man intent upon a book; certainly nothing could be less typical of the noisy crowd of newspaper men and clerks that made Garat's its headquarters at noon. Aimée hoped it was a book of poems. Later she learned that it was Hodgdon's "Steam Engineering"; and filled with fatiguing diagrams and formulas. It was a disappointment; but the book was not the young man's only claim on a maiden's fancy; he had beautiful brown hair, almost red, which curled loosely all over his head; he was broad-shouldered and thin, a combination Aimée approved of; and his gaze was at once resolute and modest, with a charming quality of wistfulness which spoke direct to Aimée's maternal instinct. He was always busy with his book, thrusting his food sidewise into his mouth; and when he rose to pay Aimée his score, his eyes were still full of his problems. He never saw her—that is, not at first.

For many months previous to the advent of the young man Aimée's life had been a dreary desert pilgrimage. Her instinct to smile and be agreeable was so strong no one had suspected she hated America—but she did; and very thoroughly. She had no one in whom to confide any private feelings; her aunt, the worthy Aspasia Gaspard, not being sympathetic with the concerns of youth; and her fiancé, Antoine Garat—certainly one would not confide in him! These were all Aimée knew in America. She had come out to her aunt upon the death of her parents in France. Aspasia was *maitresse-d'hôtel* at Garat's—only one does not use such a high-sounding title; and the moment Antoine Garat caught sight of her niece he recognized in Aimée the pearl of cashiers—she was so amiable! So she was promptly installed in the little desk by the door, and her success was instantaneous. From satisfaction Antoine presently graduated to anxiety lest he should lose her. Antoine was a widower, fat, fifty, and hugely bearded. What more natural than that he should propose to Aspasia to marry her niece? Aspasia shrugged her shoulders; one suspects it may have interfered with a plan of her own; but it was manifestly such a suitable arrangement she could find no excuse for opposing it. Aspasia gave her consent; as for Aimée, dazed with homesickness, she was like wax in their hands. So Antoine and Aimée were betrothed; and, pending the date of the ceremony, Aspasia and her niece were sharing Antoine's house at Williamsbridge; a most prudent and fortunate joining of forces.

Aimée—how shall I describe her! From behind the little glass window of her desk she smiled on Garat's customers—old or young, blatant or obsequious, shabby or flashy—as sweetly and as graciously as a lady on her guests. Aimée was as pretty as a flower, an anemone; and one must add to this that it was her religion to please. Yet her charm, her coquetry if you will, was entirely guileless and impersonal; the warning of dignity was never absent. Privately Aimée was of an

angelic tenderness and as easily pleased as a child; yet she was no fool; she pondered a good deal in her simple way, and held conclusions of her own.

In appearance Aimée was of a type unusual among her countrywomen, though never for an instant could you have mistaken her for the product of any land save France. Her face was shaped like a slender heart, broadest under the alluring quirks and curls of her heavy hair, and tapering to a bewitching pointed chin. Her eyes were of the deepest blue of the sky; and her skin very fair, with the faintest freckles, which, far from being blemishes, were tributes to her delicacy and rareness. Aimée's freckles were adorable. As for her clothes—they were herself! She nearly always wore black; her wardrobe was far from extensive; yet she managed never to look quite the same two days running. Her simple adornments lost whatever character of their own they might have possessed away from her; one never looked at what she had on; it only served to set off Aimée.

And all this loveliness was betrothed to old Antoine Garat, fat of body and fat of wits! Antoine served the wine counter himself; and so stood immediately next to Aimée all day, where he could watch her every movement. It was not the girl he was jealous of, but the incomparable cashier. Aimée's loveliness represented to him no more than a valuable business asset. It made him writhe to think of the sums a street-level restaurant-keeper could afford to pay for such a cashier. It was to forestall any such offer that he had determined to marry her.

Antoine was greedy enough by nature, God knows—but certain circumstances had combined even to increase his natural propensity. Three dollars of the profits of the establishment had to be sent to a retired partner in France for every dollar Antoine kept for himself. The injustice of it, since he, Antoine, did all the work, was ever present in his soul. He could not rejoice over a good day's receipts for bitterly counting what must be sent away. Under an old agreement the entire establishment was to become Antoine's property upon the payment of a sum of money the coming spring. If he could raise it, all right; if not, the price was to be advanced—greatly advanced. It was a very large sum; and Antoine had scraped for years to get it together, groaning miserably as the price of provisions rose and utterly prostrated each time his rent was put up. It was an open question now whether he could complete the sum in time or not; but with the help of a bit of money coming to Aspasia on a mortgage about that time, he hoped to contrive it. It had long been tacitly understood that Aspasia was to purchase a small share in the business with this money of hers.

Aspasia's station is in the rear of the establishment, where, standing in her amplitude behind the serving-counter, she may shrill with equal facility at the cooks within and the waiters without. Garat's at lunch-time is undoubtedly the noisiest restaurant in either hemisphere; the din of that gas-lit, smoky basement is truly deafening; the diners needs must shriek at each other. Yet one may believe they love it for that very reason—also the food is excellent; such snails *à la bourguignonne*! such

omelets with chicken livers! such tarts *Saint-James*—after a lapse of years the mouth waters at the brance! The good wines, too, so cheap; that French of it. Another duty of Aspasia's was the bottles, ostentatiously cobwebbed and dusty, were stored in bins all around the walls.

Antoine's sly surveillance of Aimée bore no untidy, clever-looking, slangy reporters attract no more than the natty, complacent haberdashers. The youths were smitten hard enough, every now and then; but there was that in Aimée's sweetness encouraged pleasantries; besides, there was a pane in front of her; you had to bend almost double to speak into the hole through which she passed change, with your head turned on one side if you to see how she was receiving your remarks—whole, a disconcerting attitude. Aimée looked man twice, until the young man with the pen and the book of engineering problems began to Garat's; then her covert glances would have sharper eyes than Antoine's; so his watchful still unavailing. Anyway, the young man came times without noticing Aimée; surely there was here to alarm old Garat—but spring was on the way.

The next time he came, say it was the time it was a warm day in April; what one could see the sky above the canyons of streets was of a tender blue; and the air was of a softness even lower Manhattan to relax its face and its pace a little. He sat down at his usual

but facing the sunlight this and pushed his book to one side with an impatient hand. He fell upon Aimée and stayed. She was making change, her head bent flower-like over the drawer; the sunlight was behind her. She raised her head; her eyes those of the young man and there an instant; then her face and a slow, delicate pink crept over her fair skin. More customers their scores; Aimée made change, her eyes ever flying back to the steady gaze of the young man. She was like a bird; her heart beat again breast; her hands fluttered over the silver and bills; the flew in and out of her cheeks it was a delicious impression there was nothing offensive grading in this young man; on the contrary, something and wondering; something beyond measure; and some stricken, too. Aimée darted a quick look at Garat standing there; but Garat cared little; the young man stared so he posed no answering smile in Aimée's eyes.

That was all that happened then. Alas for Romance! It should have to say it—be a lunch with an unimpaired title; his meat graced, as it by the sight of Aimée's loveliness. When he came to his check they were both embarrassed. The following day was much the same; also the after that. He brought his but it lay unheeded on the while he devoured Aimée's wistful, hungry eyes. It was torture for the girl; on the night Garat made a terrible when her cash came to beanced; but the third day

ahead and he said nothing. On the fourth day of a new resolution gleamed in the young man when he got up to leave. He actually bent down to Aimée through the hole in the glass. She was very pale. What he meant to say will never be known for Garat, on the alert for such a demonstration, across the wine counter and touched the young shoulder.



With the help of a bit of money coming to Aspasia he hoped to contrive it

M. LEONE BRACKEN

"I do for you, M'sieu'?" said he, in his. "Mademoiselle is unfortunately deaf." The man looked at Garat an instant, stupidly then turned and left the restaurant without his question.

At a dreadful fear lest he might not come any he showed up the next day at his usual time; he gazed a while the less ardent for the rebuke he had.

It came time for him to go, he tendered Aimée a bill in payment of his check. He did not look at this moment; nor she at him; it was as if proximity was more than either could bear. He took the right change; and followed it with a dollar bill. The young man looked at her in surprise; she avoided his eyes. He gently pushed the bill back to him with an appealing look, but he did not understand. He stood undecided of her desk.

"What is it?" he asked suspiciously.

"I gave me a two-dollar bill," said Aimée, exhibiting a greenback of that denomination. The young man started to disclaim it politely. He took the bill to offer it again to Aimée—when suddenly he felt something beneath it. A great fear came upon him; and his face changed. He hesitated something about being mistaken; and, the bill in his pocket, hurried out of the restaurant. Aimée's face cleared, and she took Garat's or her overscrupulousness with perfect equanimity. As for the young man, he tore around the block, snatching the bill from his pocket, scrutinizing it with burning eyes. Underneath, affixed with a piece of mastic, was a folded white square; and written on it:

"Not def. But you must not try to speak with me, I am deaf.ardon me such spellin. My Angliss, she is by the side of the bok. What is your name? Me, I am AIMÉE LAROSE."

He sat down in his room to answer it. The place was transfigured with the sense of her presence; wherever he turned his eyes he saw her, at his head to write, her hair seemed to brush his face as for the precious little square of white paper, and forth the very essence of her. But it is one thing to feel and another thing to write. Out of this treacherous capture was evolved with infinite labor this:

LAROSE—DEAR MISS: I received and contents noted. I knew you was lying about your being deaf. Miss Larose, I will hand you a two-dollar bill every day with a letter pinned underneath; and you have a bill all ready to hand me with your note. My Robert Wrenn. So no more at present. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

On his way to lunch next day he secured a two-dollar bill in exchange for silver, and affixed to it with a large pin. All through his lunch he kept looking at it, each other blushing, each wondering what the other was thinking of. Robert watched Aimée's darting hands, and dimly pictured seizing them, while they struggled to escape. He was not imaginative. Aimée was; she thanked God her senses were good and true. In his agitation Robert presented the two-dollar bill note side up, and he kissed it into the cash drawer. He was most disappointed that there was nothing from her seemed scarcely worth living until the next day when he wrote to her again.

The Second Exchange

ROBERT WRENN: I have a good name. One of the garçons has Robert, and I am not worth it. From him I no how to say it a name. I have said it many times to-day. If it is a name I would write to me each day do not use a pin it may be seen in the bill and of broken bills I am ever susp—I can not spell that strange word! live in family? What is your work?

"AIMÉE LAROSE."

LAROSE—DEAR MISS: I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

The Third Exchange

ROBERT: I have a good name. One of the garçons has Robert, and I am not worth it. From him I no how to say it a name. I have said it many times to-day. If it is a name I would write to me each day do not use a pin it may be seen in the bill and of broken bills I am ever susp—I can not spell that strange word! live in family? What is your work?

"AIMÉE."

LAROSE—DEAR FRIEND: I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"Where do you live?"

The Fourth Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"P.S.—I have a little dictionary English."

"MISS LAROSE—DEAR FRIEND:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"ROBERT WRENN."



After another period of painful hesitation he ventured to open it.

The Fifth Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"AIMÉE."

"FRIEND AIMÉE:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

The Sixth Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"AIMÉE."

"FRIEND AIMÉE:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"ROBERT WRENN."

"P.S.—I don't know any girls in Ohio except my sister. I never had anything to do with girls."

The Seventh Exchange

"DEAR ROBERT:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

going to say to me to-day. Men are so violent! I have prayed all night that you will not be unkind. If you make your brows a straight line and look at me with hard eyes, how shall I endure the hour that you are here? Believe me, dear friend, I have much to bear—he kind to me. AIMÉE."

"FRIEND AIMÉE:

"I have a few lines are to let you know that I clean forgot you a dollar to write to me yesterday. I return it folded small inside this. Dear Miss, I will stop at Haven's candy store to-night and ask whether she will have something for you. Hoping not think me fresh and hoping to hear from you. Yours truly, ROBERT WRENN."

"ROBERT."

"P.S.—Excuse this crazy scrawl. I couldn't stop to think out a proper letter."

On the day after this bulky note was delivered by means of its two-dollar bill, Robert's prized hour at Garat's was a sorry affair. He came in all glowing and tremulous, his eager eyes seeking Aimée's face for his answer. It was written there plain enough; and it instantly killed his hopes. Aimée was perfectly white; her eyelids heavy and swollen. She did not look at Robert all the time he was there, except once, when, in his desperation, he made as if to speak to her. Nothing but her look of agonized appeal could have restrained him from that. He made the merest pretense of eating, and hurried away with the dollar bill and Aimée's answer clutched tightly in his hand. When he opened it—it delivered even a crueler blow than he had braced himself to receive:

"I am affianced to Antoine Garat. Try to think kindly of me. AIMÉE."

That was all.

GRIEVOUS is the suffering of a whole-souled, ardent youth. For many days poor Robert was unconscious of the world outside his own little hemisphere of pain. He neither saw nor heard nor tasted that he knew; though, of course, he did all three, quite in his usual manner. At first he raged and stormed—even cursed her—but all in silence; then a softer fit overtaking him, he sorrowed for her—and for himself—this in silence, too. Outwardly he showed little; day after day he went to his work as usual; and while his objective mind whirled dizzily in its orbit of torture, the subjective Robert deftly and industriously effected nice adjustments of machinery. He could even talk and laugh with his mates; and they, unobservant males, perceived nothing ghastly in his mirth.

At the end of two weeks he could endure the pain no longer. He dragged himself back to Garat's, determined to have speech with her, though the heavens should fall. Here a blow still shrewder awaited the unhappy young man. The restaurant was closed; and on the door was pinned a card reading thus:

"Closed in consequence of the marriage of M. Garat. Open to-morrow as usual."

A sad representation of the whilom well-favored and self-respecting young mechanic lay outstretched on the untidy bed of a hall-room in the furnished-room house on Twenty-fourth Street. He lay on his back with an arm flung over his face; his chin was unshaven; the hidden eyes were not good to see. In such a coil an older man would have taken to drink; but Robert was not familiar with this means of achieving forgetfulness. It had not occurred to him. He had come straight home, staggering a little maybe from the impact of the blow he had received at the door of Garat's, and since then he had neither moved nor spoken, except to rebuff the well-meant inquiries of his landlady, who, poor soul, was of two minds which to send for, the patrol-wagon or the ambulance.

She was knocking at his door now. Robert angrily ordered her away, but she stayed. He sprang out of bed and moved the bureau and his trunk in front of the door for a barricade. In the noise this made, the explanations she offered were lost. When Robert flung himself on the bed again she started anew; but he wrapped his head in the pillow and heard her not. Then she gave up; something white fluttered through the transom, and, falling on the pillow, slid to the counterpane, thence to the floor. Robert, conscious only of a feeling of relief that his tormentor was on her way downstairs, did not heed it.

Some time in the course of the afternoon he rolled over on the bed and saw the white object lying on the floor. He blinked his eyes rapidly, then he smiled and looked at it a long time. He had forgotten how it came there, and he did not believe it was real. It looked like an envelope with a stamp in the corner and his own name written across it in the poignantly-remembered hand of Aimée. Slowly it filtered through his dazed and wandering consciousness—he had not eaten in two days—that Aimée had never written to him through the mails;

(Concluded on page 22)



A Matinée Party in the "Royal" Box of the Manila Hippodrome

In February, on Wallace Field of the Luneta, at the edge of the city of Manila, was held the second Philippine carnival. Urged by the Americans in the Islands, the natives helped to make the celebration notable. Beside its picturesque features, the carnival was regarded by business men, from Tokyo to Melbourne, as a fine show window.



Statues of Taft (in the foreground) and José Rizal, the Filipino martyr. Moro exhibit and Mosque (at the right)



The big auditorium erected for the Manila carnival this year was capable of holding fifteen thousand people



The King of the Occident—his float



The Queen of the Orient

Copyright 1909, by L. H. Lippincott

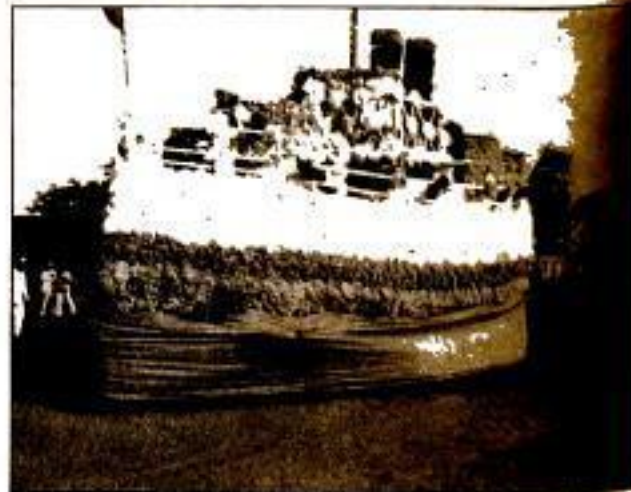
SINCE the carnival is a celebration indulged in by the two races—Americans and Filipinos—there are two queens. The Queen of the Orient this year was a native Filipino girl, and in choosing her it is asserted that her father's financial standing was not considered. "Court" functions were elaborate, carefully carried out, and the grand ball in the Auditorium was, literally, a crush. No one was able to dance.



"The Tributes of Nations" was one of the most striking floats in the big parade

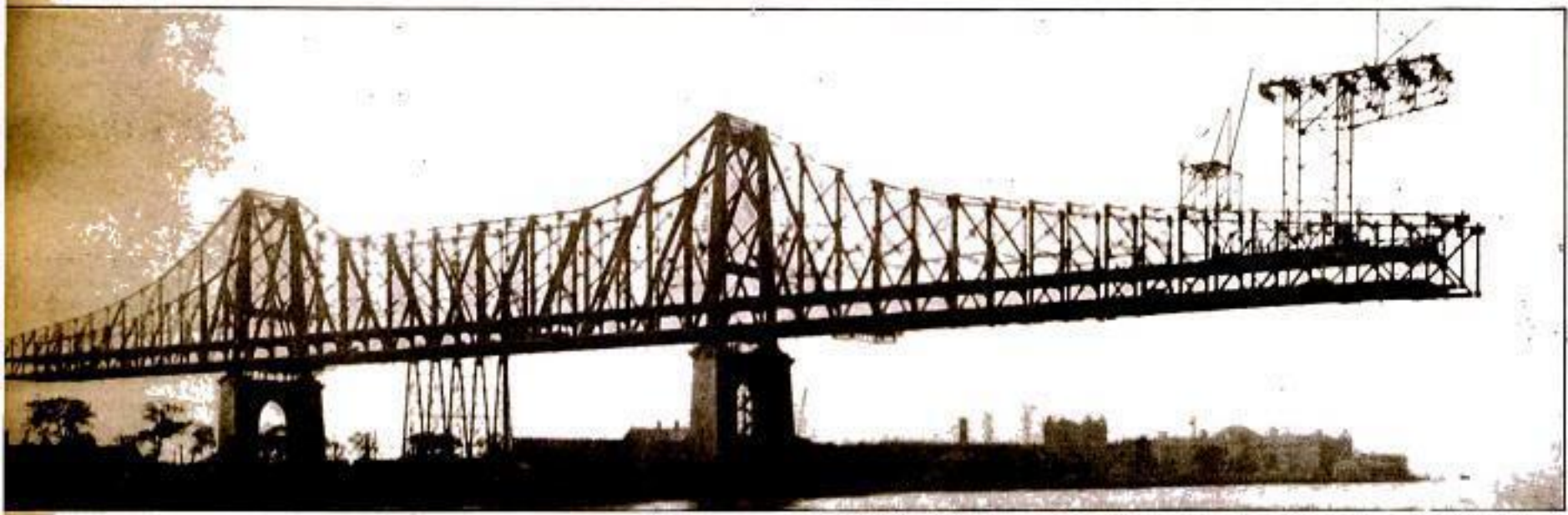


The float representing the United States



A battleship float that attracted attention in the automobile parade at the Philippine carnival

The Philippine Carnival of 1909



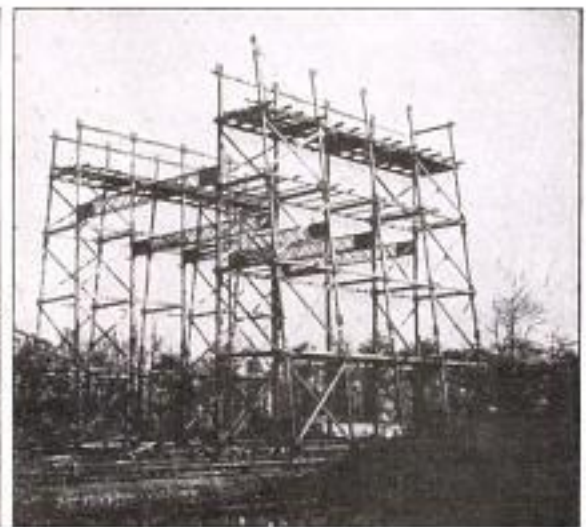
The cantilevers nearing completion:—fifty thousand tons of steel were used in the erection of the five spans



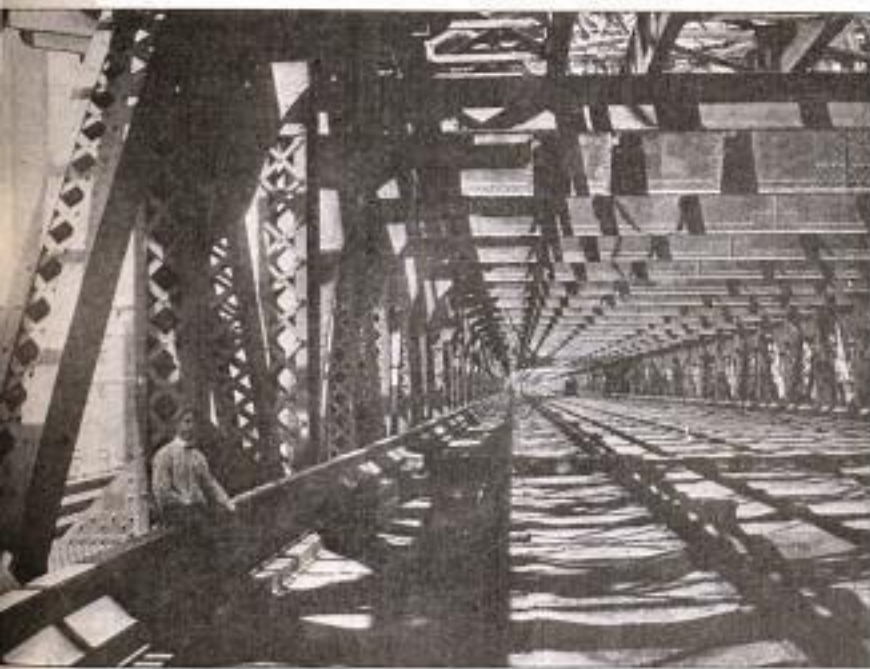
One of the Blackwell's Island piers



Connecting the cantilevers of the main (1,182 feet) span, March 12, 1908



Part of the traveler with which the viaduct was built



The lower deck of the main span where the trolley cars will run



View of the upper deck of the main span



General view of the completed structure

The New Queensborough Bridge

Connecting New York City with Long Island, to be Opened for Traffic with Pageants and Ceremonies, June 12

(See Page 30)

The Late Moral Way

With Especial Reference to "The Easiest Way" and Two Other Plays

By ARTHUR RUHL



Miss Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way"

THESE has been a great deal of talk lately about the malign influence of the theaters on the morals of New York. Scarcely a day passes that something isn't "denounced." The inhabitants of this huge, heterogeneous, rather raucous Babel are represented as in great danger from something assumed to be in no wise a reflection of themselves, but mysteriously and wickedly imposed from without. And some Assemblyman undertakes to frame a bill which will prevent vulgarity.

The actors, on their side, trim their sails as best they may. One climbs into a pulpit and mourns that the theater doors are open six days in the week, while church doors are only open once. Another, whose plays are known to be witty, hastens to assure the public by means of the bill-boards that although he may be entertaining he is nevertheless good. Managers who are wont to drive honest reporters from their jobs for writing frank and intelligent criticism, grab at the skirts of the agitation by announcing that they are "in accord with the sincere clergymen and newspaper men" and that they will refuse to book any play that has been "denounced." And all these things add to the quaintness of existence, as one strolls down our great white way of an evening, past the crowded musical shows, the honk-honking mob, and the flashing whisky signs.

As usual, the accent is put on unexpected places. The serious discussion of some unpleasant social question is condemned; joacular ribaldry about it passes unnoticed. Mr. Shaw's play is stopped by the police; a Ziegfeld show runs on forever.

Shouts are heard from as far West as Kansas against Salome dancers. Few, certainly, wish to defend the subject-matter of the original opera. It is interesting. And if the emotions of a lot of African cannibals were ingeniously expressed in modern music, and we should see them on the stage gnawing the ribs of their enemies and chanting their native lays in diminished sevenths or submerged tenths, or whatever be the name for such subtleties, that, too, would be interesting. But it would scarcely be desirable.

Mere dancing itself, however, is another matter, and although it would be a cruel hand which would stay Miss Mary Garden from endeavoring to make two beads grow where one grew before, yet one can not help thinking that her humbler sisters of the music-halls have been condemned unjustly. Among the various rôles in which these ladies have previously appeared, there were surely few in which they were not more dangerously alluring than when, stripped of words and all the sartorial aphrodisiacs which modern dressmakers can devise, they are forced to caper madly about the stage to noisy and unpleasant music.

As a matter of fact, the appetite of the eye is so sated and spoiled by the exaggerations and artificialities of

dress that mere nature is tame and disappointing. How many confident sirens, if forced to throw aside the immoral support of clothes, would not excite ridicule or even pity! As for undermining moral foundations, the lady you take out to dinner to-night, although covered with clothes up to her ears, can do more in a couple of sentences of not too scrupulous repartee. To be sure, the young women who venture to impersonate Salome are architecturally not at all ordinary. And yet, measured by what is called suggestiveness, how infinitely less potent is Miss Gertrude Hoffman, for instance, galloping impersonally about the stage to the swishing of a few beads than the same young woman standing over the footlights in a strapless bodice giving an imitation of Anna Held!

Especially lacking in perception have been most of the objections to Mr. Eugene Walter's play "The Easiest Way"—a work just about as immoral as the greenish-yellow arc-lamps which illuminate parts of Broadway, although just about as raucous and unlovely.

The same sincerity and reportorial truth which Mr. Walter showed in "Paid in Full" is put into this play. The reason it seems so raw is that in the first he was treating a problem comparatively simple and objective, while in "The Easiest Way" he undertakes to set forth the complex psychology of a woman's mind and heart. In other words, photography may be suitable to depict the robbery of a cash drawer, but it is a crude and unsatisfactory device to record a woman's struggle between her instinct for physical ease and luxury and her desire to be loved and do right.

A young actress who owes her position on the stage to a rich New York broker, whose mistress she has been, meets a young Westerner while on a summer vacation in the mountains of Colorado. Both fall in love for the first time. They are convinced that they are experiencing something deeper and more important than has ever come to them before, and, as the man has lived a variegated enough life himself not to object to the woman's past, they decide to marry.

As he is getting only thirty dollars a week as a reporter on a Denver paper, he decides to go to Goldfield for a year in the hope of making a big strike, while she is to return to New York for another year on the stage. Why the woman, who is assumed to be in a highly exalted frame of mind, should subject herself to the tremendous temptations involved in this course instead of marrying her reporter at once—certainly for a man only twenty-six years old, in Colorado, thirty dollars a week is comparatively princely—is not clear except that otherwise, as is so often the case, "there wouldn't be any play."

The broker—an admirably realistic metropolitan type, wholly unmoral in his dealings with women, brutally cynical, yet always what is known as a "good sport" and true to his own curious code of square dealing—warns them both. He points out with relentless sense that the young woman has too long lived as a spoiled butterfly to settle down to the humdrum difficulties of married life on nothing a year; that she spends more for her cabs than the reporter earns in a week, and he finally goes East without her with the understanding that whenever she wishes to come back to him she may, but she must let the other man know.

She also returns, and after a few months' respectable and desperate existence, during which she can get no work, and no contributions come from the miner, the man-with-the-automobile appears at the psychological instant and she gives up the struggle. Unwilling to surrender "her one chance of happiness," however, she burns the letter which the broker dictates instead of sending it to the other man. Then the miner strikes it rich and hurries East. For a little while she fights desperately to keep her sinking

ship afloat, but in the end both men discover her dealing and cast her off. As the curtain falls pinning on a big plumed hat with the fatalism which unhappy heroines assume in such announcements that she is going to Rector's—and, completely to the bad.

The realism of this unpleasant picture is and one can not but admire the lack of sentiment with which Mr. Walter has set it forth. The play to the play are purely those of taste. It is a graphic reproduction of the externals of a woman which after all is vital to but very few people who have little legitimate interest, transferred to except to that extremely small audience which flâneur's interest in all the types of their language is wholly commonplace, no insight agitation lifts these brutal, material facts to a region of universal truth. The play is a production of surfaces and of unpleasant, artificial surfaces.

Mr. Walter's assertion that he is teaching a moral lesson does not recommend itself. The play does not show that if you do so-and-so you will be better off; it merely states that if you have been doing so-and-so a good many years you are quite likely to be so. Very disagreeable people are shown, and one is left with the notion—which to be felt need not be put in words—that the author is acquainted with more people.

Miss Frances Starr, who plays the leading role, dresses prettily and moves about with ease and grace, face, etc., with a great deal of smooth technique. Occasionally she reads the lines, but most of the time her voice is so artfully affected that nothing rings true. The rest of the company are, in the main, satisfactory, especially James Kilgour as the broker.

Ladies to the Rescue

IN REFRESHING contrast to the pessimism of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Dawn of a To-morrow" and Miss Ellis's unhappily named but admirable "Mary Jane's Pa," neither of these plays has the vividness and sharp vigor of Walter's transcription of Beardsley's philosophy which his most gently hopeful philosophy and the revelation of gracious intelligence behind the lines.

In "The Dawn of a To-morrow" Mrs. Burnett, the forgetting of one's own troubles by escape into the isolation of one's own personality to share with others. She believes in the theory now so fashionable—that if you don't feel the way you want to feel, as if you do, and pretty soon you will. We are first introduced to a London gentleman, a nervous breakdown, from nervous breakdown, from practically giving up, and the curtain falls on a contemplating suicide.

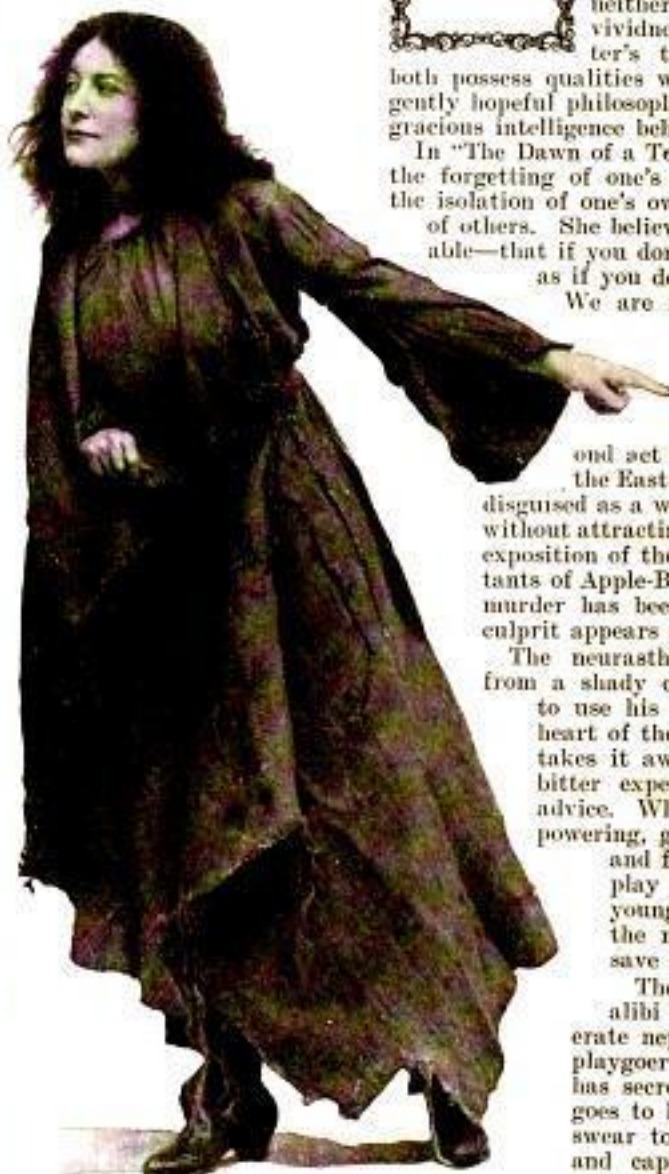
and set takes place on a foggy night in the East End, whither Sir Oliver has disguised as a working man to dispose of the exposition of the miseries enjoyed by the tenants of Apple-Blossom Court, it is learned that a murder has been committed, and the culprit appears and is hidden from the eyes of the public.

The neurasthenic gentleman views the scene from a shady corner, and is apparently to use his revolver when Glad, the heart of the supposed murderer, sees him and takes it away from him. Out of this bitter experience she gives him advice. When your own troubles seem overpowering, get interested in someone else's, and forget your own. The play is concerned with the young woman's efforts—and the now convalescent Sir Oliver save her lover's life.

The only man who can give an alibi for him is Sir Oliver's errand boy, who—as the second playgoer will not be surprised to learn—has secret designs on Glad. He goes to his rooms, finally, to get the alibi, and after a long and capably unconventional scene, which this clear-headed, vigorous person tramps all over the play, the moss-grown convention that a man who happens to find herself alone

locked room with a man is necessarily compromised, unable to defend herself, the police and the public, the suspect is cleared, and everything ends happily.

The play has a literary finish to be expected from Mrs. Burnett, and its unhackneyed philosophy is on the stage as it is delightful. A great deal of the play's distinction and sane vigor is due, of course, to the personality and acting of Miss Eleanor Robson as "Mary Jane's Pa" tells the story of a girl



Miss Eleanor Robson in "The Dawn of a To-morrow"

(Continued on p. 25)

A Floor Finish That Smooths Out Over Night

The heel prints left in a floor finished with the wonderful new *Elastica*—will be gone in the morning.

The castors on a heavy table, will make but a temporary print—the varnish will smooth itself back into shape.

Any pressure that does not break into the wood of the floor will not break this floor finish.

It is a floor finish so tough and so flexible that it will not crumble or crystallize.

So waterproof that it will not turn white.

We Age Our Oils

The secret of this new *Elastica* lies in our exclusive process of ageing our oils.

By this process of manipulation, we overcome the "deviltry" in oils.

It is this "deviltry" in oils which makes common varnish too brittle for floors.

It is this "deviltry" in oils which makes common varnish turn white under water.

Try mixing different oils in the palm of your hand, and you will know what old varnish makers mean when they talk of the "deviltry" in oils.

It is the mastery of the special oils we use, that has enabled us, after thirty-nine years of patient experiment, to make a varnish still tough and elastic, when it is dry on the floor.

The common varnishes which you have seen on floors are unfit for the purpose.

They are not tough like *Elastica*. They are not flexible like *Elastica*. They are not waterproof like *Elastica*.

Where *Elastica* stretches, these common varnishes break.

Where *Elastica* gives, they puncture.

After a month or so of use, they present a whitened, cracked, uneven surface.

While *Elastica*, to the end, is smooth, beautiful, unbroken.

No Care—No Attention

A floor finished with *Elastica* needs no care, no attention.

It stretches back into smoothness.

Elastica

Floor Finish

Once on, it looks well always.

It is easier to apply than common varnishes—and it is as nearly permanent as a floor finish can be.

Think of this, you who have preferred the slavery of wax.

Think of this, you who know the disgust which scratchy, crumbling varnishes bring.

Wax a Makeshift

You, who have used wax and wax preparations, have done so only because you have not known of a perfect varnish.

For wax is but a temporary finish—a makeshift.

Two weeks—a month—or perhaps to-morrow, and a wax finished floor must be done over.

For a waxed surface is perfect only before it is used.

The first footstep leaves its heel mark. The shuffling of chairs leaves zig-zags. The movements of a table are recorded in the paths which castors leave.

Wax is costly. Wax is an endless nuisance.

And now, with *Elastica*, wax is needless.

Beware the Wrong Varnish

In choosing a varnish for floors, beware of the substitute for *Elastica*. For there are a thousand common varnishes, but only one *Elastica*.

Before deciding how to finish any floor, learn the facts about all kinds of floor finishes.

Learn why some floor finishes last only a week—and are gone—while others, costing no more, last a year.

Get This Free Book

Simply send for our free book, "*The Right and Wrong Finish for Floors*."

This book is brimful of practical points on finishing all kinds of floors.

It tells not only about the wonderful new *Elastica*, but about other kinds of floor finishes—and gives the right treatment for each kind of floor.

In asking for this book, please address Department 4, 29 Broadway, New York, 2620 Armour Ave., Chicago, or International Varnish Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Elastica Floor Finish is made only by the
Standard Varnish Works
Sold by dealers everywhere

Wherever there are children,
There is need of a Camera



For always there are little expressions—little unconscious poses of graceful childhood, which make the most interesting pictures for father and mother.

PREMOGRAPH NO. 2

Makes such pictures as no ordinary camera can.

It's so constructed that you can see at all times a reflection of the subject, right side up and of the exact size which it will be in the finished picture.

You can watch through the hood every gesture of little hands, every changing expression of little faces—no need to pose them or ask them to "hold still"—but when you see just the gesture, just the expression you want, turn a key and the exposure is made.

Premograph No. 2 possesses the same advantage for street pictures, landscape and amateur photography in general. It works for time, instantaneous and retarded exposures; has rack and pinion for focusing and loads in daylight with the Premo Film Pack. It costs only twenty dollars.

Catalogue of these and fifty other styles and sizes of Premos at the dealers, or write us to send it to you, postage free.

IMPORTANT—In writing, please be sure to specify Premo catalog.

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.



HEN MR. G. Nazer of Soochow
Road, Shanghai, China, Says—

"I made a trip to Siking Beach and back last Sunday, (a distance of 50 miles) and my Ferro never missed an explosion but behaved in its usual splendid manner. I wouldn't trade my Ferro for another make of twice the H.P." he is simply repeating what all Ferro owners say, the world over. The 15000 Ferros in use are not the result of advertising or sales methods but of the mechanical perfection of the engine itself. Every Ferro owner is enthusiastic over the operation of his engine.



FERRO Marine Engines

Made in 1, 2 & 3 cylinders from 3 to 25 H. P.

Jump Spark Ignition.

1 & 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H. P. Make & Break Ignition.
Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure.

Attractive Prices—Best Quality.

Offset Cylinder—
An improvement found in the highest priced automobile motors and Ferro engines. Force of explosion exerts all turning force on crankshaft. Gives greater power efficiency, reduces and equalizes side thrusts of piston on cylinder walls. Eliminates "knock" which loosens parts.



Ferro Engine Embodies Most Advanced Improvements
Counter Balanced Crankshaft. Successful Cooling System for any climate. Positive Pressure Oiling System. Efficient Ignition—Jump Spark & Make & Break. Accessibility of Working Parts. All Parts Interchangeable. And others too lengthy to mention.

SPECIAL—5000 3 H. P. FERROS AT \$60 EACH. Good as money can build. All improvements of standard Ferros, quantity brings down the price. Just the thing for launch, canoe, dingy or auxiliary yacht.

Leading Boat Builders use Ferro engines. They must be good. Ask any of the following: W. H. Mullins Co., Salem, O. Outing Boat Co., Kankakee, Ill. Auto Boat Co., Cleveland, O. Memphis Boat Co., Memphis, Tenn. Pope Boat Co., Fond du Lac, Wis. Weckler Boat Co., Chicago. Rippley Bldg. Co., Grafton, Ill. Inland Lakes Boat Co., Lake Geneva, Wis. W. J. Hand, New Bedford, Mass. Niagara Boat Co., N. Tonawanda, N. Y. Pioneer Boat & Pattern Co., Bay City, Mich. Packard Motor Yacht Co., Cincinnati, O.

A Practical Treatise covering design, construction, installation and operation of marine motors sold for half the cost—25 cents. 9 x 12 inches in size, 250 illustrations and diagrams, 72 pages. For the man who is not an expert mechanic. Full of helpful information for every boat owner.

Free Catalogue describing all 1920 models upon request. Write for it. Remember our New York Office, 44 Cortlandt St. (2nd floor)

A large stock of engines. Experts in charge.

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company

Largest Marine Engine Builders in the World

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795 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

Ask the following Distributors for Information and a Demonstration.

Angier & Co., Boston
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G. B. Hall, Jacksonville, C. J. F. Schaefer [Fla. Bourse Bldg., Phila.
Seattle Mar. Sup. Co., Seattle, Wash.
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Jas. M. Schuck, 1100 Main, Los Angeles
Dunn Mach. Co., Atlanta, Ga.
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B. C. Boat & Engine Co., Vancouver, B. C.
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South. Eng. & Sup. Co., San Antonio, Tex.
A. R. Williams Mach. Co. Ltd., Toronto
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Woman's Battle for the Ballot in Chicago

"It is the Women Who Have Done
Civic Work Who Have Found Out
that They Need Votes"

By CAROLINE M. HILL

THAT Chicago has the largest and most influential social settlement in the United States is very well known, and that she has the best organized woman's club in the world. It is also well known in Chicago that the investigation of the packing industry and the census of women in industry were inspired by a woman; and that the juvenile court, the parental school, the vacation schools, and the improvement associations are mainly the work of women. Women's work for Chicago is famous in the city itself, and there are many women to whom the men's associations turn when they wish machinery put in motion that will accomplish certain results. The women, on the other hand, who have tried to do things have discovered that office-holders can only be effectually moved to do their duty by men of whose votes they are afraid. It is the women who have done civic work who have found out that they need votes. It is the women who have tried to do most who are the best leaders and speakers in the present movement for municipal suffrage.

Two years ago Chicago tried to get a new charter. One was framed by a steering committee of sixteen, which included representative men from different professions and kinds of business. It was drafted by a university professor of constitutional law, and then passed on to a convention of seventy-five, who revised it. In this convention a provision for woman suffrage was defeated by the casting vote of the chairman. From them the charter went on to the State Legislature, which made many changes in it to suit the demands of different political interests. It was finally defeated in a referendum in Chicago, after it had been so mutilated by the politicians that the most competent of its original framers did not wish it to be adopted.

Woman's Care Needed

THIS winter the same committee of sixteen has revised the former draft and recommended a separate bill to allow women to vote for city officers on the same terms as men. The first step is thus taken, and a committee called "The Committee for the Extension of Municipal Suffrage to Chicago Women" is organized in the attempt to crystallize public opinion and convince the Charter Convention that women do want to vote for city officers. Of this committee, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, well known as a leader since the World's Fair, Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. O. W. Stewart, the president of the State Equal Suffrage Association, and Mrs. William Hill, a representative of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae and the wife of a university professor, are officers and leading spirits.

Subcommittees have been appointed to secure expressions of public opinion from its main organs, the churches, the press, men's clubs, educational organizations, labor organizations, associations of physicians, lawyers, bankers, and university professors. They are making known the situation in addresses before the different audiences in the city, and resolutions favoring municipal suffrage for Chicago women are being passed by all kinds of bodies. A men's association of about 150 members has been formed to help the women in the legislative campaign which is to follow.

The attention of passers-by is being attracted by yellow-printed posters saying:

"WHY DO NOT

"CHICAGO WOMEN

"HAVE MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE?"

"Women Vote on Municipal Affairs in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Norway, Sweden, Finland, British America, Natal, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and in the States of Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho.

"IT IS UP TO THE

"CHARTER CONVENTION!"



WHY buy "near-style"? It costs little to produce and is worth less than it costs. Real style is characteristic of

Michaels-Stern Clothes.

They set the style-pace because they're made by style creators—which means absolute correctness.

Priced within reason.

The season's newest models should be on sale in your City. If not, we'll tell you where to obtain them, and will also forward you one of our handsome Portfolios of styles if you'll send us your local dealer's name.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

Makers of
High Grade Clothing
ROCHESTER Dept. C

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



HARVARD CLOTHES

A man may be better than his clothes, but he has to prove it

AT THE HARVARD SHOPS the young man who wishes to improve his wardrobe without increasing his expenditures, will find America's highest type of ready-to-wear clothing.

This statement would have no significance if the clothes themselves carry the evidence of its truth. "HARVARD CLOTHES" have established a new standard in young men's dress, from all standpoints of quality, fit and "classy" appearance.

Every careful dresser can make sure of obtaining the correct clothes for spring and summer wear by asking us for the name of a local dealer in "HARVARD CLOTHES."

Write to-day for our free fashion book, which portrays authoritatively the correct styles for spring.

DAUBE, COHN & CO.
383 Fifth Ave.
CHICAGO



If you don't find Harvard Clothes, tell us.

Nufashond
Shoe Laces

recommend themselves to every wearer of oxfords. They not only outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces, but always retain their beauty and shape, and are

guaranteed for 3 months

The centers of *Nufashond Shoe Laces* are tubular, while the tying ends are broad and flat. The tubular center is doubly reinforced and firmly woven, gives the necessary strength, slides freely through the eyelets, and won't come undone when once tied. The ends make a neat finish because they do not unravel in tying.

100 pairs per pair. All silk, in white and oxblood. Sold only in boxes. If your dealer Nufashond, we'll send you postpaid on receipt today for our illustrated about Nufashond and our shoe laces at all prices. High shoes, you'll get the best from our 10c laces. Guaranteed 3 months.

Nufashond Shoe Laces Co.
Phila., Pa.

DUBRIE MOTOR COMPANY
Marine Motors

POWER ECONOMY

designs, accurate mechanical work, best material, prompt and thorough testing insure maximum performance and satisfaction.

Best of DuPont, E. g., making 35 miles an hour in 10 minutes, 12 M. P., DuPont makes 27-foot motor boat.

motors are in use in all types of boats and are giving results. Correct design, manufacture and equipment, power, easy starting and simplicity throughout, with reliable price, make them popular with all classes. 24 to 100, two and three cylinders. Get FREE catalog.

DUBRIE MOTOR COMPANY
Main Street Detroit, Mich.

\$3,000—\$10,000
YEARLY

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding Gallery from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the latest grade Carousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

SCHWELLS-SPILLMAN CO.
Worcester Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

UNION METAL COLUMNS

For Porches and Pergolas

Dignified classical designs. Made entirely of metal in all sizes up to 40" in diameter. Finish to match any wood perfectly. Will not split, check or rot. Stronger and more durable than wood.

Last Longer—Cost No More
Write now for Booklet M-44, describing **Union Metal Columns** (Patented)

UNION METAL MANUFACTURING CO.
4614 Clinton St., Canton, O.
WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

And also:

"MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE
"FOR CHICAGO WOMEN!"

"For the long work day,
For the taxes we pay
And the laws we obey,
We want something to say."

Lining up the Forces

THE attitude of the Chicago papers is in the main friendly, although the "Tribune" notices only such features as it can treat sensationally, and the "American" is coming out more and more strongly in favor. The "Record-Herald" and the "Evening Post" are decidedly with the women's cause. Some of the papers always speak of the leaders as "The Suffragettes," although the methods have been in no respect like those of the English Suffragettes. Chicago women believe that such methods are by no means necessary for them, for they think that all patriotic men and women recognize this as the next logical step in the city's development. The Chicago Federation of Labor has declared strongly for it, and so have the largest bodies of ministers in the city. It is supported by the same class of people who support other reforms. The patriotic men and women of Chicago believe that neither the Charter Convention nor the State Legislature is willing to take upon itself the responsibility of refusing women's proffered aid at this crisis in the city's affairs.

When such a woman as Miss Mary McDowell tells her experiences and says, with controlled emotion in her voice, that she can no longer work in the indirect ways which she has been compelled to use and keep her self-respect, it moves the hearts of Chicago men. When the head of the Political Equality League says women have gone as far as they can in trying to accomplish their ends by means of influence—that if they go farther they will become deceitful and underhanded, and their best work will react to their own demoralization—then the lukewarm women begin to wake up. When Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo says that the exercise of power by means of influencing votes is illegal anyhow, the last bit of standing-ground is knocked from under the feet of the anti-suffragists, for they must either say that women must have nothing whatever to do with politics or they must be in favor of giving them a legitimate means of expression.

Combating Old Arguments

THE same ground is being thrashed over in Chicago that was gone over in England and in many of the States of the United States when universal manhood suffrage was granted. Those who were in possession then argued that working men did not care to vote, that they did not know enough to vote, and that some of them were bad anyhow.

If women do secure the right to vote for municipal officers in Chicago the men and women who believe in it think they will see renewed interest in civic affairs and a tremendous gain in the power of the forces of law and order. They think they would make short work of the First Ward Ball. The argument for municipal house-keeping, brought out two years ago, has had time to penetrate, and has been accepted by most of the disinterested voters of the town, while the response of the women is seen in the resolutions being sent in by the most influential clubs on the three sides of the city, asking to be allowed to "help in those matters of civic improvement which men have been too busy to take up."

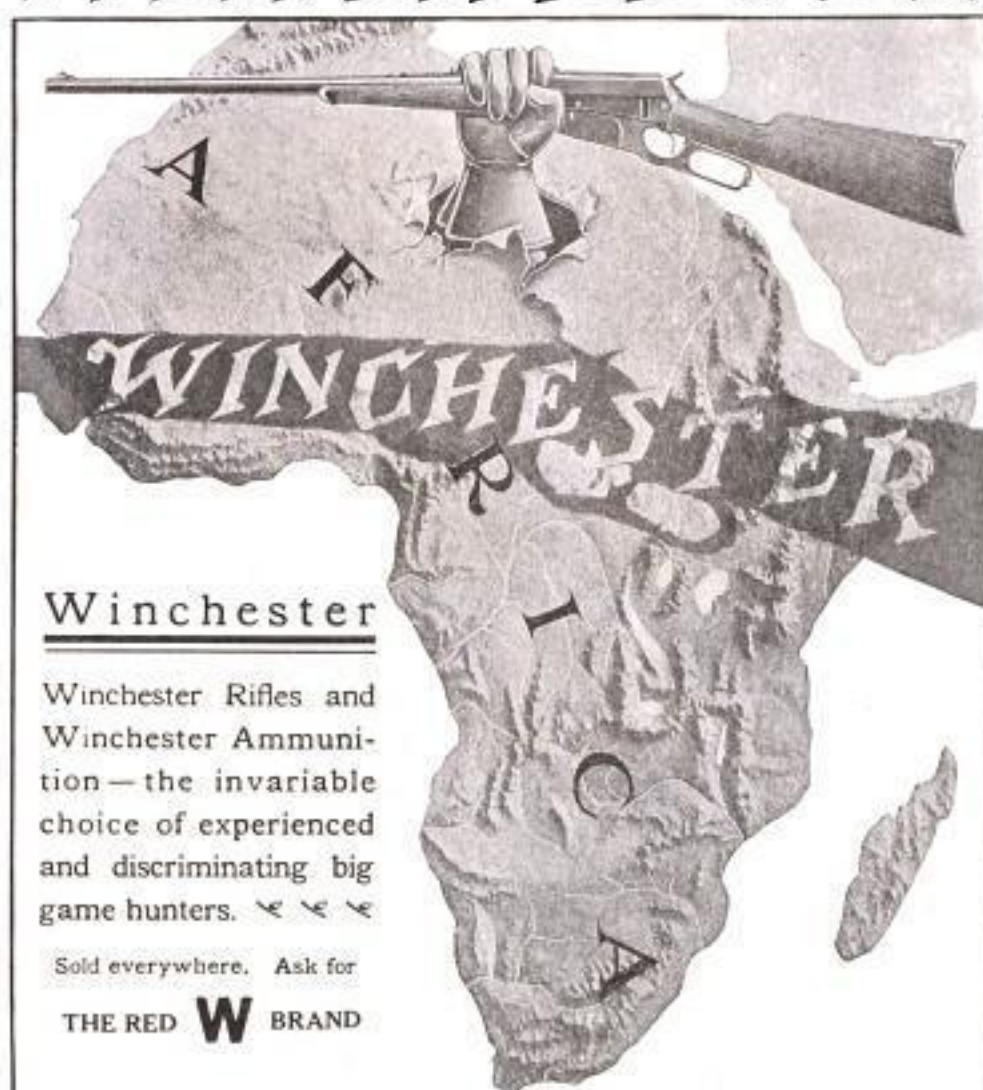
* * *

In the Revolution Belt

(Continued from page 15)

"Constitutional." Castro's personal mouthpiece. Everything was going smoothly, and a statistically minded proof-reader had already calculated that 7,853 shots had been fired without casualty, when a stray bullet smashed his inkwell and spoiled his reckoning. At this outrage he poked a revolver through the window and emptied every chamber, several of his associates following suit. Three men were fatally wounded, this being the total mortality of the revolution. Of course all three were innocent bystanders. Did any one ever hear of a street battle in which the casualties were not confined to this unfortunate class? "The Innocent Bystander collects the Lead" is the Venezuelan proverb, paralleling our apothegm about the prompt bird and the premature worm. To be sure, two out of the three

WINCHESTER



Winchester

Winchester Rifles and Winchester Ammunition—the invariable choice of experienced and discriminating big game hunters.

Sold everywhere. Ask for

THE RED **W** BRAND

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

Electric Vehicles

IN THEIR FIELD ARE

THE MOST ECONOMICAL & SATISFACTORY

IN
THE
WORLD



The makers of good Electric Vehicles are getting all the business they can handle this year. This advertisement is designed to tell you why. It is not written in the interest of any one manufacturer, but in the interest of all of them. Not by any vehicle maker, but by the maker of

The "Exide" Battery

The "Exide" stores electric power in a "box." It is used in over 90% of all Electric Vehicles made.

The "Exide" Battery is the one greatest factor that has helped build up the demand for Electrics to its present great proportions. That's why the demand for "Exide" is so unanimous. It has made "stored electricity" the most satisfactory and economical power in the world for street vehicles.

This "stored Electricity" responds quickly, delivering just enough force to move the vehicle at a snail's pace, or instantly all its great power can be exerted. No "expert" knowledge—"Just turn the switch." Like turning on an Electric Light.

An Electric Makes You Independent

This explains why ladies, as well as men, like Electrics—they don't need a driver. Both men and women are perfectly independent of the "expert." You stop or start at will, without troubling to think about machinery.

Electrics are not designed for high-speed, long-distance touring, but for city and suburban work, for physicians, for theatre going and for ladies driving, shopping or calling they have no competitor.

Light, staunch and true your Electric with an "Exide" does its work. In its field the simplest and most economical—satisfactory Vehicle in the world.

Specify the "Exide" Battery and order from any of the following makers or their agents:

Baker Motor Vehicle Co.	Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co.	Studebaker Automobile Co.
Broer Carriage & Wagon Co.	Electric Vehicle Co.	The Anderson Carriage Co.
Columbus Buggy Co.	General Vehicle Co.	The Waverley Co.
Champion Wagon Co.	Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.	Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

The "Exide" Battery is made by the oldest and largest manufacturer of all kinds of storage batteries, including types for the great steam and electric railways, telephone companies, The Electric Light Companies, Fire Alarm Systems, Telegraph Companies, The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., who now use stored electric power. Their experience is safe to follow.

The Electric Storage Battery Company

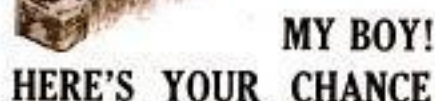
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO ST. LOUIS CLEVELAND ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO

And 562 Distributors Throughout the United States

THE "Exide" SPARKING BATTERY IS THE BEST

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



We Help Men Help Themselves

Name

Address

Occupation

Collection 4.3.2016

LIBRARY TRAINING SCHOOL, Carnegie Library of Atlanta
A complete course of technical training for library work. Entrance examination to be held in June. For catalog apply to Julia T. Eganis, Director, Carnegie Library of Atlanta, Ga.

All events of the day were rigidly tabooed by Editor Rivas. All the time that Caracas was panic-stricken over bubonic plague, "El Constitucional" never mentioned it. It eschewed alike all reference to Castro's illness and impending departure while the capital was alive with *hoyos* about it, and any mention of the dreaded Dutch blockade, although the hostile warships were patrolling the coast. However, I do not wish to be unjust. It did tell of Mr. Taft's election within a week after the fact. And when the German Minister gave a large diplomatic dinner, "El Constitucional," by a grand burst of enterprise, published the menu on the third morning thereafter. Now, alas, it is no more. Its spirited editorials comparing Castro respectively to Alexander, Caesar, Washington, Roosevelt, Lincoln, Napoleon, and the Saviour—generally to the disadvantage of the compared ones—will never again delight the eye. Señor Rivas has unostentatiously flitted. The revolution did for him, as well as for his unique journal. *Requiescat in pace*. We never shall look upon its like again.

IN THEIR early conflict with the whites—soldiers and wagon-trains—the plains Indians used to set the rank prairie grass afire to the windward of the force they meant to attack and follow the flames, hidden from sight by the thick smoke-clouds. Usually the fire was started before day-break. This was one of the tricks elaborated in the long warfare of the border—a particularly effective one in the open country, where the chances of surprising a watchful enemy were exceedingly small.



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IVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every state. 45,712 appointments last year. For information about all Government Positions and positions recently used by the Civil Service Commission, free, Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

TAKE YOUR PICK

Korreet Shape
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SMART OXFORDS

This
Trade Mark
Stamped on
Sole



Price **\$4.00**
BENCH MADE **\$5.00**

Get the right kind of shoes
on your feet and give your
brain a decent chance.

Look at these spring styles.
There's life, color, swing,
style, everything that makes
for external attractiveness.

Korreet Fit) **KORRECT**
Korreet Style) MEANS
Korreet Wear) **SHAPE**
Korreet Price)

BE SURE YOU READ THIS

GUARANTEE

If the upper breaks through before the first sole
is worn through, we will replace
with a new pair.



All Burrojaps leathers come under
this Guarantee. BURT & PACKARD.

Insist on Korreet Shape Trade Mark on sole.

FREE CATALOG, IN COLORS
of Oxfords and High Shoes
SEND FOR IT

BURT & PACKARD CO.
MAKERS
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5,000 Dealers sell these
shoes. If yours doesn't
we can supply you.

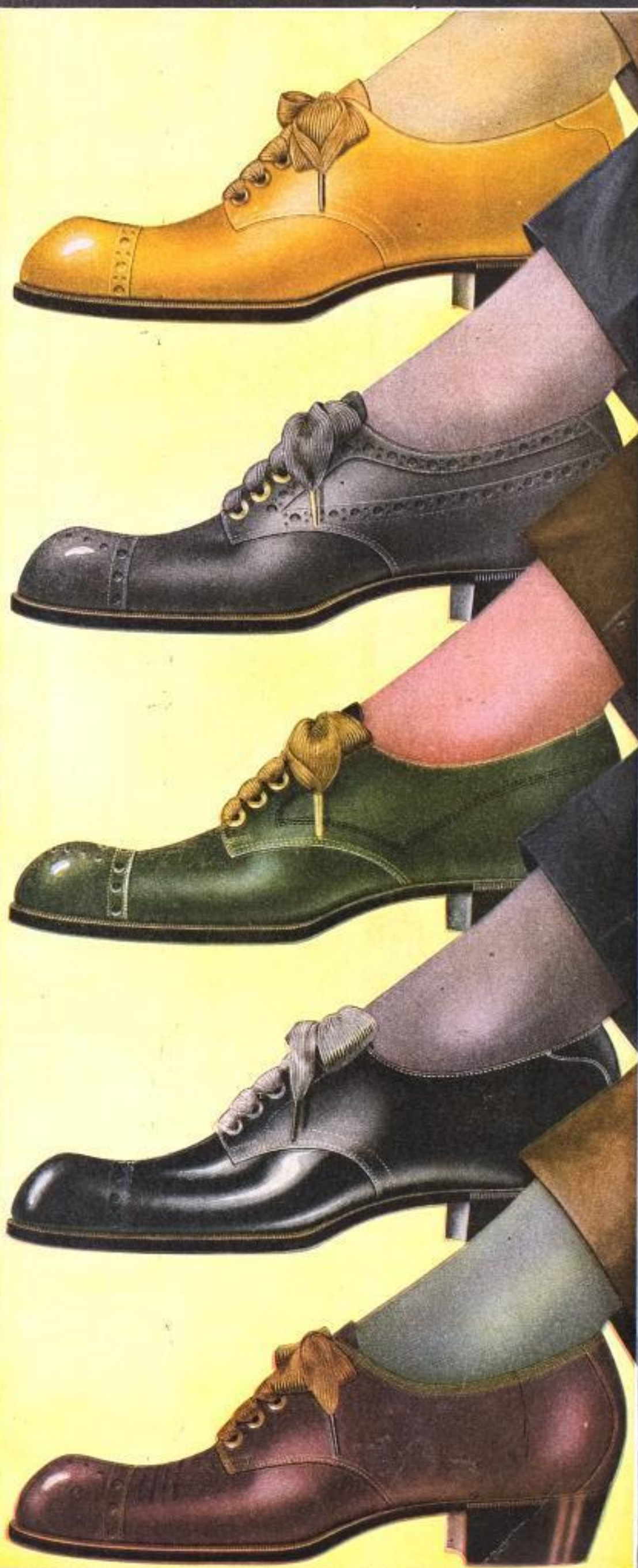
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PLEASE SEND ME YOUR FREE CATALOG IN COLORS.

Name _____
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Dealers, SEND for our catalog of these shoes carried in stock





What! Again!

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY UNDERFEED HEATING WAY is the *One Sure Way* of escaping big and frequent coal bills. The UNDERFEED System of Heating—applied either to warm air furnaces, steam or hot water plants—makes it possible to get from *cheapest* slack, not burnable in other plants, as much clean, even heat as *highest grade anthracite* will yield.

Peck-Williamson Furnaces—Warm Air UNDERFEED Boilers—Steam and Water Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

Coal is fed from below. All the fire is on top. Smoke and gases *must* pass thru the flames and are consumed. This UNDERFEED Coal-burning plan *solves* the smoke nuisance, insures clean homes and better health. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces.

Illustration shows furnace with coal being fed from below, and smoke and gases passing through the flames and being consumed.

Dr. E. B. Doan, of West Carrollton, O., clearly defines what UNDERFEED economy really means. He writes:

"There was at one time a thing called a furnace in the basement of my house. It consumed from \$40 to \$60 worth of good coal each winter in a vain endeavor to heat the house to 65 degrees. Nearly two years ago you installed an UNDERFEED furnace and during the past two winters we have had more heat than we needed at a cost of about \$25 per winter and less than half the work the old furnace required."

We've hundreds of letters just like this. We'd like to send a lot of them in fac-simile, with our Underfeed Booklet for warm air heating or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boilers.

Besting plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—ALL FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

This illustration shows the Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boiler.



The Peck-Williamson Company
328 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.
Furnace, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to send for our New Selling Plan

The Late Moral Wave

(Concluded from page 26)

Gynt husband who "hears the East a-call-in;" finds domesticity irksome, and runs away to let his wife make her fight alone for herself and their two little children. She goes to a country village, edits the local paper, is respected and even courted, and all goes well until the village gossips begin to wonder who the children's father was and what became of him.

The mother, knowing the stimulus it would be to their pride, has always tried to make them believe that their mysterious and departed parent was all that he should be.

Just as matters are approaching a crisis, the erratic husband strolls in. He is still charming in his irresponsible and unfeeling way, has an apt literary quotation for everything that turns up, and describes with easy eloquence his adventures up and down the world as a sentimental tramp. He is about to hit the trail again when his wife, unable flatly to turn him away without money or shelter, proposes that he shall remain and work for her as a house-servant, a position which, with the same insouciance, he cheerfully accepts.

The gossip now becomes, naturally, unbearable, ending at last in bringing the whole village in a mob to the "widow's" cottage ready to tar and feather the supposed intruder. Long before this dénouement is reached, however, the man's better nature has been so aroused through his paternal instincts and a number of situations in which he has been forced to take a man's part in helping and defending his wife that the revelation of his identity and his subsequent decision to brace up and behave himself are scarcely more than the mechanical unraveling of the knot already spiritually untied.

This may seem like a play for grown-ups, and so it is. But the children are so important in the story, and their scenes with the plucky mother and the witty, irresponsible father—played gracefully, as may be imagined, by Mr. Henry E. Dixey—are done with such humor and affectionate sincerity, that, during the several months which the piece ran in New York before fortuitous circumstances forced it on the road, audiences half made up of children seemed to enjoy it quite as much as their elders.



3 Years to Pay for the Splendid Meister PIANO

PRICE \$175.00

\$1.00 weekly or \$5.00 a month

No deposit required. No interest charges. No freight charges. No extras.

30 Days' Free Trial in Your Own Home and We Pay the Freight

We want you to try this piano for one month at our expense to convince you of its excellent—its superior form of construction, beautiful finish and mellow tone. Rothschild & Company ten year guarantee bond protects you against any element of risk.

We do not desire a penny from you until you are thoroughly satisfied of the piano's merits. If you find it short of your expectations we'll send for it and pay the return freight.

Rothschild & Company own the Meister Piano Company, and instead of selling to jobbers and retailers and compelling you to pay the three customary profits, we

Sell Direct From Factory to You At One Margin of Profit

Send for the new Meister piano book. It's free. It shows five grades of Meisters, \$225, \$255, \$285 and \$350, also terms on each. It is a work of art. A postal card will bring it. ROTHSCHILD & COMPANY, 312 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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And nine cases out of ten the punctures
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pounds of luggage are added to large
small cars alike.

efore you know it your tires are carrying from
300 lbs. more than they were ever built to carry.
result is certain, quick destruction—heavy ex-
trips of trouble instead of pleasure—and a
of humiliation for the man who owns the car.
er, strong as it is, has its limitations.

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s because EVERY TIRE IS OVERSIZE.
ey are full 15 per cent larger than any auto-
e tire in the market sold for the same size. A
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ink carefully what this 15 per cent oversize (to
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write for our helpful book, "How to Select an
Tire." Every motorist who has had tire
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masonry, while on the less populous
Queen's shore the longer steel spans
frankly admit their construction, and are
attractive for their excellent proportions
and the graceful Gothic arched bracing
in their supporting steel towers. The
entire bridge contains about 145,000,000
pounds of steel (enough to build 100
twelve-story office buildings 100 feet
square) and 48,000 yards of granite ma-
sonry, and will have cost over \$20,000,000
and have required more than eight years
for its construction.

The locations of the bridge piers to fit
the steel spans were determined not by
direct measurement, but by calculations
and accurate surveys, in which the prin-
cipal angles were measured 100 times each,
and the span lengths computed from a
base-line over 1,000 feet long, measured
on the ground at right angles to the
bridge, with an error of only about one-
fortieth inch.

The masonry piers for the main spans
contain thousands of tons of concrete,
making them virtually huge monoliths of
artificial stone faced with great blocks of
granite from Maine.

"The Rigid Monsters"

THE superstructure has two lines of steel
trusses made with the largest nickel
steel eyebars ever manufactured, and riv-
eted posts, chords, and beams, some of
which weigh over 120 tons each, and were
built and shipped in two pieces weighing
up to 60 tons each, limited by the prac-
ticability of transportation and handling.
Other members, weighing 80 tons each,
were built and shipped complete. The
principal connections are made with steel
bolts, or "pins," 16 to 18 inches in diam-
eter and 10 feet long, weighing several
thousand pounds; secondary ones are riv-
eted at the site.

All of the members were finished at the
shops in Steelton and Pittsburg, and al-
though never fitted together until assem-
bled in the finished structure, the calcu-
lations, drawings, and shop-work were so
perfect that the rigid monsters, some of
them 6 feet wide and 100 feet long, were
joined, high in air, suspended from swing-
ing ropes, and fitted like watch mechan-
ism, within the thirty-second part of an
inch, providing successfully, too, for the
deflections due to the great weight and
to the many more inches by which the
pieces were, in the aggregate, lengthened
or shortened by variations of tempera-
ture.

A battery of steam boilers, electric gen-
erators, air-compressors, and other plant
was established on the island to furnish
power for all erection uses; docks and
railroad tracks were built, and the steel-
work, received on lighters, was handled
and stored in piles, 20 feet high, by two
electric gantry cranes of 85 feet span.
Erection was commenced with the island
span, and, to carry its 5,500 tons of steel
until it was self-supporting, a 1,700-ton
steel "falsework," fully equivalent to a
first-class, permanent railroad bridge, was
built, consisting of two rows of towers
over 100 feet high on concrete foundations.
Hydraulic jacks of 500 tons capacity were
operated from time to time on each tower
to raise the span and compensate for the
settlement of the falsework.

A Two-Piece Job

THE vertical and inclined posts in the
trusses were so long and heavy that all
of them were made in two pieces, spliced
at the center point, and the lower parts,
together with both decks, were erected first
by a two-derrick traveler, after which the
upper parts of the trusses and the bracing
between them were completed by two spe-
cial Z-shaped travelers, a combination of
methods never before adopted in bridge
erection. The 200-ton steel boom derricks
were among the largest ever used, and had
a maximum radius of 85 feet and lifted
as much as 80 tons. The Z-travelers were
124 feet high, with long arms projecting
in front, from which were suspended
nearly 40 powerful tackles operated by two
hoisting engines with multiple drums and
capstan heads carried in the traveler, and
serving also to pull it forward as the work
progressed.

After the island span was erected, the
two travelers built out the cantilever
arms of the two river spans simultane-
ously, from the piers to midstream, as-
sembling all the members for one panel
in advance, and making it self-supporting,
then moving on it and building out an-
other, and so on.

As the travelers advanced, their weight
and that of the cantilever spans, acting
with increasing leverage, lifted the island
span from its falsework, and, as fast as
the latter was thus released, it was taken
down and reerected on shore, and on it
both the end spans were erected in the
same manner as the island span. By
the time the falsework was completed the
Z-travelers had reached mid-stream, were

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tracts bass, pickerel and all game fish as our
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which in the water has an even
true wobbler motion
such more effective
than spinning, and in
combination with the
beautiful colors of the
pearl attracts and
catches fish where
everything else fails.
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like life boats, insures speed and absolute safety. Our Complete Catalogue of Launches, Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row
Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats gives complete specifications of the "1909 Special" and full particulars regarding our entire
line of new line of 1909 Models designed by Whittelsey & Whitaker of New York—the most successful naval architects in America.
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Rhythm and regularity of stroke is one of the great points of good oarsmanship. With long training a boat's crew attains it in imperfect degree.

In the balance-wheel of a fine watch this rhythm and regularity of beat is called *isochronism*—a difficult word for a difficult thing.

The HOWARD Watch is closely and permanently adjusted to *isochronism*.

A scientific test will show that in practical everyday use the balance-wheel of a HOWARD pulsates with

more perfect rhythm and regularity than that of any other watch in the world.

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taken down and reerected on the upper decks of the end spans, completed them, and then advanced beyond the shore piers to erect the remaining cantilever arms, which eventually met the first cantilevers and were connected to them with perfect accuracy, completing the critical part of one of the greatest structural engineering feats ever accomplished. The changes of stress as the work progressed made it necessary to erect the great pier posts, 185 feet high and 12 feet thick, with their tops leaning 8 inches out of plumb, and to connect the trusses these were forced back out of the vertical, like great springs, by hydraulic jacks, easily and safely.

There are in the floor-beams, splices, and other connections about 752,000 rivets driven in the field, mostly by pneumatic hammers which struck about 1,800 blows per minute and were operated by as many as 32 four-man gangs.

The comparatively short-girder approach spans at the New York end were erected by ordinary derricks, but the towers and longer truss spans on the Queen's approach were erected by a traveling wooden tower about 100 feet long, 135 feet wide, and 140 feet high, moving astride of the structure on two 30-foot surface tracks, advancing to build a tower, returning to erect the span on it, and then going forward to build the next tower, and so on.

An Exchange of Currency

(Concluded from page 11)

that he had not pictured her doing so; that illusions were the result of things previously seen or imagined; therefore—at this point in his painful reasoning he slowly put forth a hand to seize the envelope. It was a real envelope; it did not evaporate in his fingers. After another period of painful hesitation he ventured to open it. There was a paper inside with more of the handwriting the sight of which so nearly caused him to swoon. This was what it said:

"Come to the restaurant to-morrow. Come early, half-past eleven, that I can speak with you. You may speak to me, now."
AIMÉE.

And so neither the ambulance nor the patrol-wagon was required to convey the body of Robert from the Twenty-fourth Street house!

WHEN he entered Garat's next day Aimée beamed on him. He had never seen her look so happy, and therefore so entrancingly lovely. Moreover, there was no longer a hint of fear or concealment; she nodded to him openly. Poor Robert, torn hither and thither, remembered the unworthier side of the French character; and for a moment harbored an ugly doubt of her, for which he was presently to suffer. She indicated that he was to take his usual table, and he sat down as in a dream. Wonder heaped upon wonder! She calmly came out from behind her little desk and approached him! For the first time Robert was sensible that his divinity possessed the power of locomotion. Garat spoke her name sharply; she turned her head to him with a smile of cool contempt. Garat was crushed. She sat down opposite Robert and put her elbows on the table.

"Well, w'at do you sink of it?" she asked, with a heavenly smile.

"Of wh-what?" stammered Robert.

"My voice."

"I—I do not know."

"W'at makes you look so strange? Are you not glad?" she quickly asked.

"Glad!" echoed poor Robert stupidly. "I don't understand. The card on the door—"

Aimée's face underwent a rapid change. "Oh-h!" she breathed. "You came that day! You saw it! You thought—" She broke into irrepressible smiles again—"that poor Garat! He is married fast enough!"

"But you!—"

"I am still single, M'sieu'."

"But you said—"

"Yes, I know. Sings happen quickly. W'en Aspasia's money came in she wouldn't give it to Garat! We 'ad an understanding—that dear Aspasia! To get the restaurant Garat was oblige' to 'ave Aspasia's money; to get Aspasia's money, Garat was oblige' to take Aspasia also! Voilà! I'm jill', mon ami!"

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NEWSPAPER GROWTH

WE ARE accustomed to think of everything as growing bigger as time goes on. The idea that increased size means growth seems to be an accepted standard of the American people. And while in a great measure this is a wholesome tendency, and is born of the necessity that all things should advance in proportion, it is evident that too much growth in size may tend to restrict the growth in quality.

Years ago it was thought that some things had about reached the limit of size, but the giant things of a few years ago are the pigmies of to-day.

There is one direction, however, in which it now seems that the limit of size has really been reached, and that any future growth will have to be in the direction of an improvement in quality. That is, the size of the daily and Sunday newspapers. There are certain limitations which at last must be recognized. One is the fact that there is only a limited amount of time which the average reader can take each day or each Sunday to look over the paper. The publication that goes beyond that limit, and puts out a paper of which no individual can peruse more than a small fraction, is getting near the climax of its possible growth in size. The larger the circulation of a newspaper the more it must charge for its advertising space, and the less likelihood that an individual will ever see a given advertisement the less valuable the space becomes. The stopping point in mere size will be reached when the climax of advertising efficiency is reached.

Another fact with which the future newspaper will have to reckon is the fact that the public is becoming more and more aware of the inaccuracies which inevitably attend the hurried preparation of a large paper, and more and more aware of the insincerity with which a great portion of the "news" is calmly manufactured and colored. This awakening is slowly but surely bringing about a distrust of the information and opinions voiced by the daily press, and this will in turn reflect upon the drawing power of the advertising by which it subsists.

At present we do things in such a big, bold way that many of these underlying tendencies are not especially felt either in the amount of advertising received by newspapers or in the drawing power of the advertising for the advertiser. But we are moving rapidly to new conditions—at least in every other industry. It can not, in the nature of things, be many years before this tendency will make itself felt, and a reorganization of newspaper methods will necessarily follow.

With the size standard passed, the only remaining room for growth will be in quality of the reading matter, quality of the advertising matter, and quality of the circulation. While circulations will doubtless continue to increase, the time has already passed when mere quantity of circulation means anything to the intelligent advertiser. But when these points become generally admitted, and the cry for quality is set up, the newspaper will find before it room to grow for generations to come without scratching into the possibilities for wholesome development.

Is it too much to hope that we have already reached the climax of newspaper insincerity, and that future efforts for development will embody more of the spirit which seeks to improve the quality of the service rendered to the public, in contrast with the blatant clamor for domination by mere bulk?

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

NEWSPAPER GROWTH

WE ARE accustomed to think of everything as growing bigger as time goes on. The idea that increased size means growth seems to be an accepted standard of the American people. And while in a great measure this is a wholesome tendency, and is born of the necessity that all things should advance in proportion, it is evident that too much growth in size may tend to restrict the growth in quality.

Years ago it was thought that some things had about reached the limit of size, but the giant things of a few years ago are the pigmies of to-day.

There is one direction, however, in which it now seems that the limit of size has really been reached, and that any future growth will have to be in the direction of an improvement in quality. That is, the size of the daily and Sunday newspapers. There are certain limitations which at last must be recognized. One is the fact that there is only a limited amount of time which the average reader can take each day or each Sunday to look over the paper. The publication that goes beyond that limit, and puts out a paper of which no individual can peruse more than a small fraction, is getting near the climax of its possible growth in size. The larger the circulation of a newspaper the more it must charge for its advertising space, and the less likelihood that an individual will ever see a given advertisement the less valuable the space becomes. The stopping point in mere size will be reached when the climax of advertising efficiency is reached.

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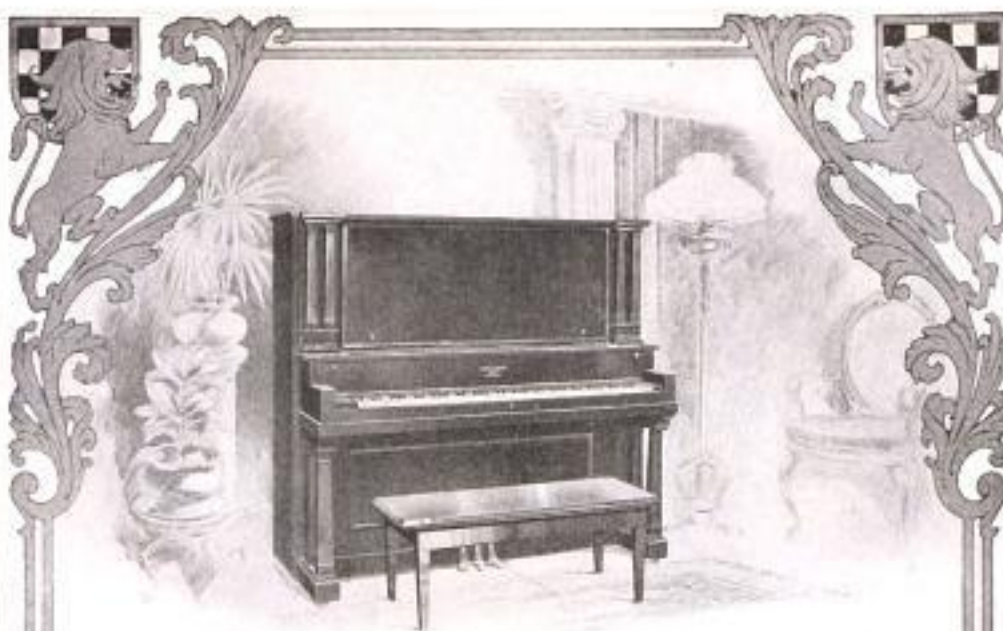
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TAXI-TYPEWRITERS

A NEW device that has begun to be installed in hotels, waiting-rooms, and other public places is called the "taxi-typewriter." By dropping a dime in the slot the mechanism is released and the typewriter may be used for half an hour. At the end of that time, according to the clock attached, a bar comes down and stops the action of the keys.

Such an enterprise would have been im-



Wouldn't you like a catalog with detachable easel-back illustrations? For the first time you can examine various styles simultaneously.

The Lyon & Healy Piano—Worthy of Its Name

WE do not claim for the Lyon & Healy Piano that it is better than the best, or older than the oldest.

But we do claim that the Lyon & Healy Piano in every respect is worthy of the name that it bears, and that in our experience of retailing over

100,000 PIANOS

during the past 45 years, we have never been able to offer to the public a piano that would please the great majority of buyers so well.

You owe it to yourself to—

Examine this epoch-making instrument.

The tone will be a surprise. The price will be a surprise. The "feel" of the keyboard will be a surprise.

Let us arrange to give you an opportunity to hear and see a Lyon & Healy Piano free of all expense to you. Write for catalog.

Lyon & Healy, Makers, 61-71 Adams Street, Chicago

GERM-PROOF YOUR WALLS



WITH THE CONTENTS OF THIS PACKAGE

Keep the Family Healthy

Hygienic Kalsomine is made in over 100 richly beautiful shades. Covers about 400 more surface than similar goods, contains a well known, odorless disinfectant and is the most sanitary and practical wall finish on the market. Inexpensive and easy to apply. Ask your dealer or write us for the "Home Decorator."

Dept. F ADAMS & ELTING CO. CHICAGO

HYGIENIC KALSOMINE
THE ADELITE PEOPLE
Adams & Elting Co. CHICAGO NEW YORK



Elkhart Buggies

are the best made, best grade and easiest riding buggies on earth for the money.

For Thirty-Six Years

we have been selling direct and are **The Largest Manufacturers in the World**

selling to the consumer exclusively. We ship for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery, and also to save you money. If you are not satisfied as to style, quality and price, you are nothing out.

May We Send You Our Large Catalogue?
Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Elkhart, Indiana



WANTED--A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1909 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepaid freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

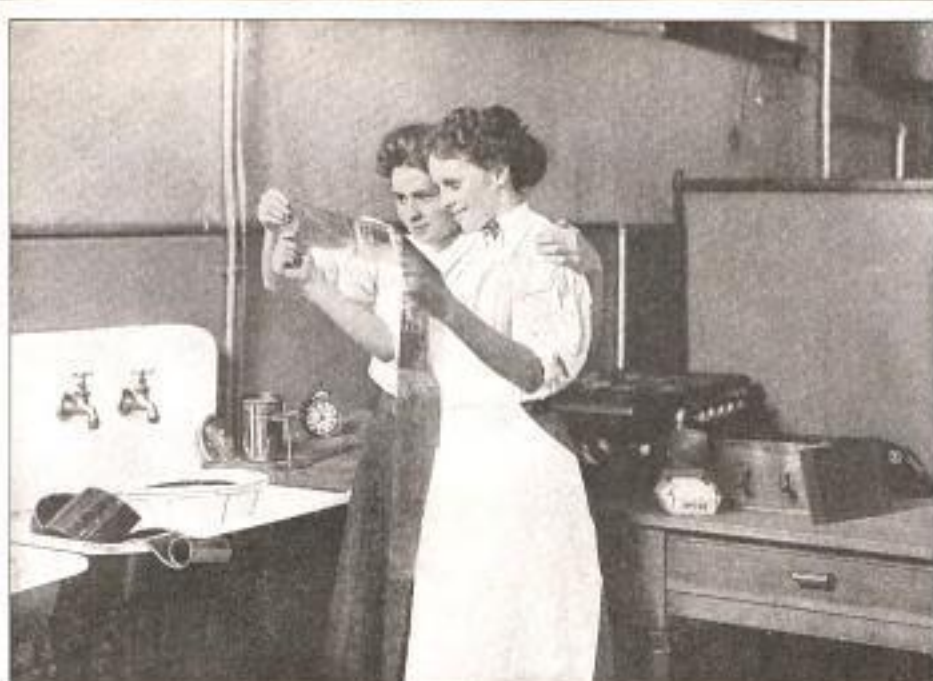
FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at our small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$15 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard-of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make for 1909. We sell the highest grade 41.1 cycles for less money than any other factory. We are assisted with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate or double our profits. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$5 or \$10. Descriptive bargains lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, fenders, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices. **DO NOT WAIT**, but write today and we will send you free by return mail our large catalogue, beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a wonderful proposition on the first bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postcard to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY DEPT. K-54 CHICAGO, ILL.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



There's no dark room with a KODAK TANK

Every step is simple and easy but, more than that, it means *better pictures*. The success of the tank development idea has now been absolutely proven by the fact that many leading professional photographers, although *they* have every dark room convenience, use our tank system of development for all of their work. If tank development is better for the skilled professional, there's no question about it for the amateur.

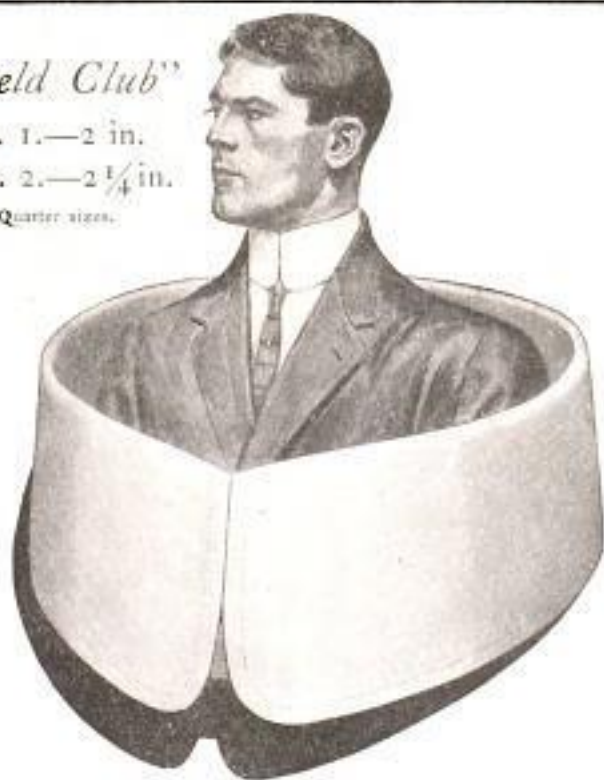
The Experience is in the Tank.

Ask your dealer, or write us for our booklet, "Tank Development." It tells about the modern methods of developing Cartridge Films, Premo Film Packs and Glass Plates.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"Field Club"

No. 1.—2 in.
No. 2.—2 1/4 in.
Quarter sizes.



FIELD CLUB—The newest type of a perfect fitting close front collar that—**IS RIGHT.**

Corliss-Coon

Hand Made Collars
2 for 25c

The hand made collars talked about. They do their own demonstrating for style, fit and lasting qualities. That is why so many men who care prefer—Corliss-Coon Collars.

At most all the best shops everywhere. Send for new style book, showing all the latest shapes—it will help you in your collar selections.

Corliss, Coon & Company, Dept. T, Troy, N. Y.

practicable a few years ago, when the use of a typewriter was largely confined to those who made a business of transcribing the dictation of others. But in recent years the popularity of the typewriter has grown until its use is a very general accomplishment, especially among those who have to do with literary, legal, and advertising work. If the tendency increases, and there is no reason to think it will not, the time may come when the ability to write on a typewriter will be the rule and not the exception.

MARKING FREIGHT

THERE seems to be a great need of some method of marking packages so as to cut down the amount of freight that goes astray. In the rough handling which freight almost necessarily receives it is not to be wondered at that many tags come off and the packages can not be sent to the proper destination. When to this condition is added the confusion resulting from old markings on second-hand boxes, insufficient marking on some portion of a shipment, and tags that have faded out in the sun—a very common thing—it causes much trouble on the part of the railroad and perhaps more on the part of the shipper or consignee. The loss is often far greater than the cost of the goods, as is the case when a single casting is needed to complete a machine, or to go on with certain work, and without it there is a deadlock or an expensive delay. Seasonable goods delayed beyond the wanted time are often worthless, in addition to the loss and inconvenience occasioned by their delay. Much of this trouble could be obviated if railroads would more carefully inspect the markings of freight received, and shippers were impressed with the importance of eliminating carelessness in the marking of goods sent out.

TELEPHONING

IT IS an interesting commentary on human nature that many business men who have been used to the telephone all their lives will forget its possibilities and make long trips to transact business that could be done in a few moments over the telephone. That thousands have become habituated to the long-distance telephone, and have been steadily increasing their use of it, only makes more apparent the fact that others are still taking unnecessary trips for no other reason than that they do not think to handle the matter by telephone. A trip from Chicago to New York and return, allowing for one day's average expense in the city, would cost a business man about ninety dollars at a conservative estimate, and would require at least two days' time. That expense alone would cover the cost of eighteen long-distance telephone conversations at five dollars for three minutes, or for a total of about an hour's conversation at one dollar and a half per minute. In addition to this, the man would have his two days' time, and his plans would be spared the delay and interruption. The proportion is even greater for lesser distances and smaller telephone rates.

The time has passed when such a statement is to be considered merely as an advertisement for the long-distance telephone business. Such reckonings now have a place in the economic philosophy of the progressive business man, and differ in no wise from a systematic policy in the use of the mails.

A BIG TASK

THE task of an editorial writer on a metropolitan daily paper is often one that is so stupendous as to require humor for its appreciation. An instance is told of where a telephone company had engaged the services of sixty experts for four years to work out a gigantic problem in connection with the reconstruction of the system, underground wires, provision for future growth, and other such problems which call for endless investigation and study. Even the best-informed men in the telephone business would feel the necessity of hesitating and seeking further technical information before making a decision as to the wisdom of even a small move in connection with the new system. Almost every expert in the country who knew anything about telephone construction was in touch with the plan, and was giving it his best thought. Finally when the detail of the new plan was announced it became a matter of news, and the newspaper editorial writers were entrusted with the rather weighty problem of giving the public a standard opinion by which the reconstruction plan was to be judged. The following day six or eight great newspapers contained editorials which pointed out the flaws in the system and set the people right. Each one saw the matter from a different viewpoint—a viewpoint based on information that took perhaps an hour to acquire. So much for twentieth century journalism.



Schloss Baltimore Clothes are worn by the best dressed men in the business and social world. 1260 new models for Spring and Summer of 1909. New designs—new colors—suitable for every form and figure.

Ask any of the best clothiers to show you the new 1909 models—they haven't the new models we will cheerfully send them. No obligation to buy—our pleasure to show.

SCHLOSS BROS. & CO.
BALTIMORE NEW YORK

PARIS GARTERS



You need them with Knee Drawers. No Man can come next the wear.

This garter conforms absolutely to the shape of the leg. PARIS is the only garter that fits so perfectly you wear it unconsciously.

25 and 30 cents at dealers or direct if he is out.

A. STEIN & CO., 160 Center Ave., Chicago

Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money. Take no risk. One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,000 pages—14 vital business secrets, ideas, methods. In them is the best of all that they know about:

- Purchasing
- Salesmanship
- Position Getting
- Credits
- Advertising
- Position Holding
- Collections
- Correspondence
- Selling Plans
- Accounting
- Man-Handling
- Handling Customers
- Cost-keeping
- Man-Training
- Business Growth
- Organization
- Office Systems
- Competition Fought
- Retailing
- Short-cuts and
- Methods for every
- Manufacturing
- Live and department
- new subjects

A 6,000-word booklet has been published describing, explaining the work. Pages 7 and 8 tell about marketing, buying, great and small; pages 4 and 5 deal with credits, collections, with rock-bottom purchasing; pages 6 and 7 with handling training men; pages 7 to 11 with salesmanship, with advice with the marketing of goods through adhesion, orders and mail; pages 12 to 15 with the great problem of securing the best market price for your services—no matter what your line; the last page tells how you may get a complete ad—found in some half a dozen, contents in colors—for less than you'd think or have, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

If you read the book of us send it free! Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my business or my salary, I should like to know them. So send me your 16-page free descriptive booklet. I'll read it. I'll send it.

Name _____
Address _____
Business _____
Position _____



*Simple as a
Speaking Tube
And
Much More
Satisfactory-*

Western Electric Metal Type Automatic Intercommunicating Telephones

in a house are your stair climbers—are time and energy savers. They facilitate communication between the various parts of the house, with the garage or barn or other detached buildings. They are compact, attractive in design and an ornament in any room.

Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephones are reliable in operation and their high quality makes Maintenance Expense Low.

They are made for any required number of stations and our large production makes their First Cost Low.



Write our nearest house for Bulletin No. 7866, which fully describes the cost of installation and operation of this system.



WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Eastern New York Philadelphia Boston Pittsburgh Atlanta	Central Chicago Indianapolis Cincinnati Minneapolis	Exclusive Manufacturers of the famous "Bell" Telephone with which every business man in America is familiar. Intercommunicating Telephones a specialty	Western Saint Louis Kansas City Denver Dallas Omaha	Pacific San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle Salt Lake City
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Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg.

Remington Miniatures

now published at

25 CENTS EACH



The Gathering of the Trappers

In full colors, 7 1/4 x 5 inches, plate-marked mount
Price 25 cents

TO satisfy a growing demand for the Remington pictures in a smaller and less expensive size, we are publishing twelve of the best subjects in miniature form, 7 1/4 x 5 inches, to sell for 25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the set. Every

picture carefully reproduced in full color and handsomely mounted on cream bristol board, plate-marked, all ready for framing.

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| 1. A Night Attack. | 5. Buffalo Runners. | 9. Stampede. |
| 2. Trappers. | 6. Santa Fe Trade. | 10. Drifting Before the Storm. |
| 3. Pony Tracks. | 7. Bell Mare. | 11. Coming to the Call. |
| 4. Pioneers. | 8. Unknown Explorers. | 12. Trailing Texas Cattle. |

Such an opportunity to secure these wonderful pictures of Western types has never before been presented—and, at 25 cents each, these pictures are one of the finest bargains ever offered by a great publishing house. The public are advised to order early.



The Stampede

In full colors, 7 1/4 x 5 inches, plate-marked mount
Price 25 cents

Place your order with any reliable art store in the United States or Canada

If not obtainable write direct. Specify pictures wanted and enclose 25 cents for each subject. Address,

Print Department

P. F. COLLIER & SON
412 W. 13th St., New York City

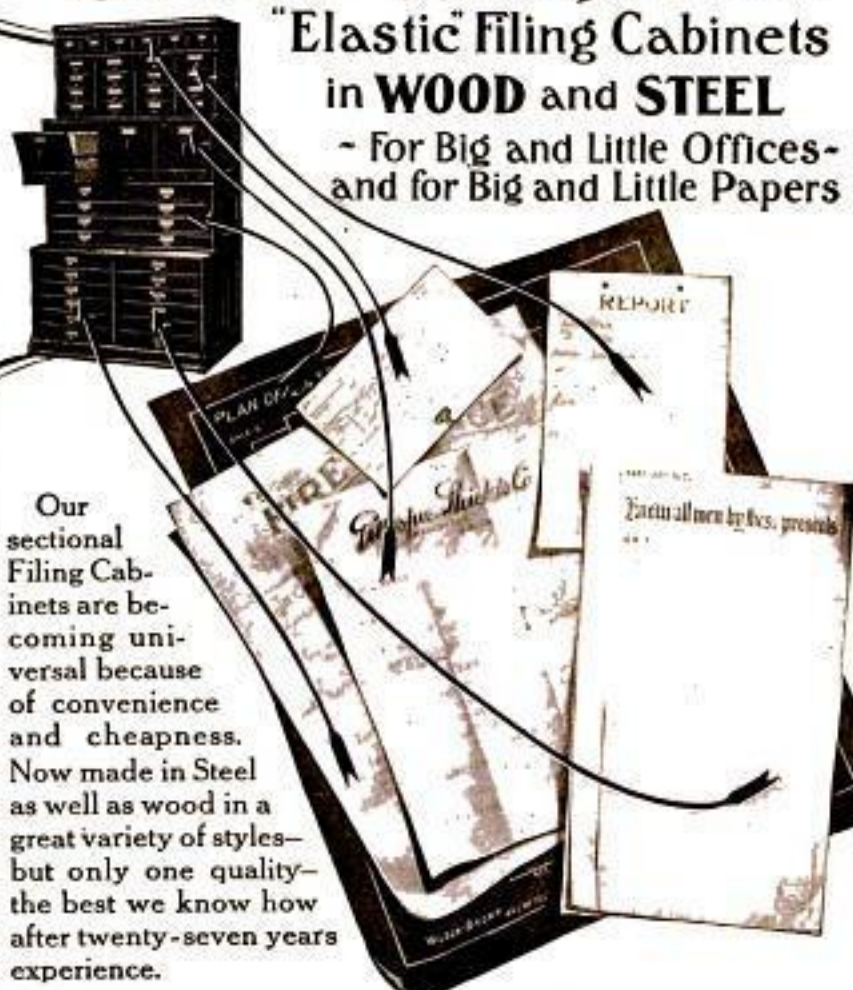
If you will send us 15 cents in stamps to cover charges we will mail you our new Print Catalog containing 250 reproductions

Globe-Wernicke

"Elastic" Filing Cabinets in WOOD and STEEL

- For Big and Little Offices -
and for Big and Little Papers

Our sectional Filing Cabinets are becoming universal because of convenience and cheapness. Now made in Steel as well as wood in a great variety of styles—but only one quality—the best we know how after twenty-seven years experience.





The Globe-Wernicke Co., CINCINNATI.

Branch Stores: New York, 380-382 Broadway. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

Refinish a Piece of YOUR Furniture at OUR Expense

Let us send the
Materials Free





WE WANT a sample of wood finishing done with our preparations in your home. We will send the materials to do the work. Here they are:

- A bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo to quickly remove the old finish—
- A bottle of Johnson's Wood Dye (you to choose the color from out 14 different shades) to color the wood—
- A sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax to give that beautiful "hand-rubbed" effect—

And our illustrated guide book for home beautifying which includes complete color card and tells how to finish and refinish woods.

No doubt you have some piece of furniture that you prize highly, yet do not use on account of the worn condition of its finish, or because it does not harmonize with other furniture or decorations.

Use this outfit, which we want to send you free, for refinishing it and you will be surprised to learn how easily the work is done and the beauty of the result.

May we send you these three packages, and the valuable six-color book, free at once? Learn from the test the beautiful effect obtained from the use of

Johnson's Wood Dye

It is not a mere stain. It is a deep seated dye—sinking into the pores of the wood and bringing out the beauty of the grain. When finished with Johnson's Prepared Wax you have a permanent finish of real beauty and most artistic effect. We want to give you these three packages at once. Send ten cents to partially pay cost of packing and postage—using coupon below for your convenience.

Johnson's Wood Dye comes in 14 Standard shades:

No. 126 Light Oak	No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 123 Dark Oak	No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 125 Mission Oak	No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 140 Manila Oak	No. 121 Moss Green
No. 110 Big Oak	No. 122 Forest Green
No. 128 Light Mahogany	No. 127 Flemish Oak
No. 120 Dark Mahogany	No. 129 Brown Flemish Oak

Half-pints 90c; pints 50c. Johnson's Prepared Wax 50c and 25c packages. Also sold in large sizes. For sale by all leading paint dealers. Send coupon today to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please Use This FREE COUPON

I want you to send me the outfit for refinishing my furniture and a sample of Johnson's Wood Dye and a sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____



Copyright, 1909, The House of Kuppenheimer

The House of Kuppenheimer sets forth the simple fact that—"The authorized styles for Spring and Summer are now ready."

It means everything to the man who values correctness of style, with known quality and perfect tailoring.

In behalf of the better clothiers throughout the land, we invite your most careful inspection.

The illustration above is a reproduction, somewhat enlarged, of the cover of our book, *Styles for Men*. We shall be pleased to send you a copy upon request, or should you find it more convenient, simply go to the merchant in your city who sells Kuppenheimer Clothes. Our book is recognized and accepted by the best dressed men everywhere as an authoritative guide to all that is correct and good form in men's fine clothes.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

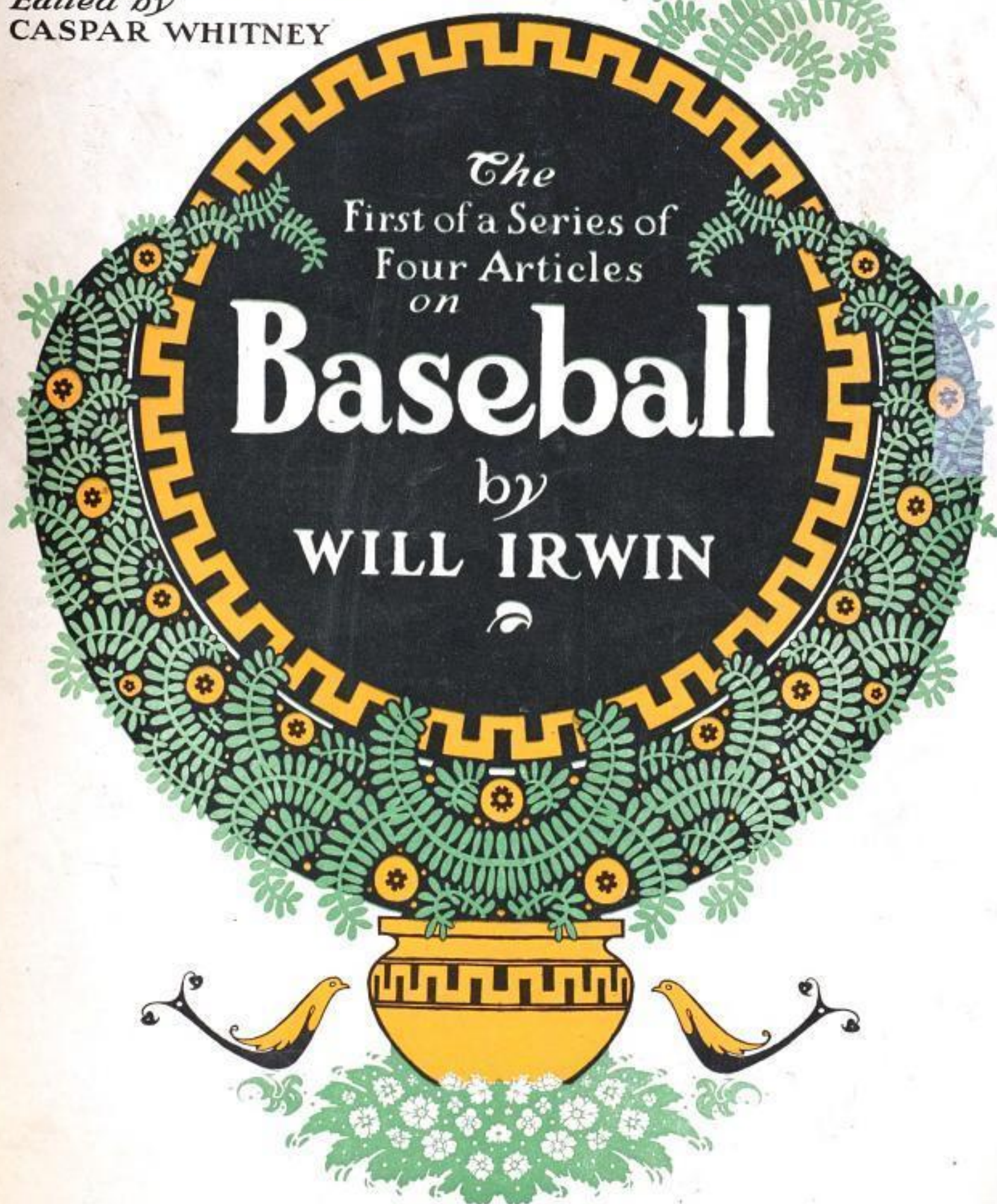
BOSTON

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Containing:
Autdoor
America

Edited by
CASPAR WHITNEY



May 8, 1909

New York P.F. COLLIER & SON Publishers

NEWS-STAND EDITION
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When A Man Dines

WHEN a man dines he should be in a pleasant state of mind. He should not be subject to any annoyance, little or big.

For example, he shouldn't take up a salt shaker and find it clogged. That is bad for his pleasure at the time and for his digestion afterwards.

Perhaps that is why we put only Shaker Salt on our tables.

THE SHANLEY COMPANY

M. J. Shanley

"The famous New York Restaurateur."



SHAKER
TABLE SALT
ALWAYS DRY

The Salt that Always Flows Freely

SHAKER Table Salt is the salt that always flows freely. Simply tip the shaker and out flows Shaker Table Salt every time—always "loose"—always dry. No bother—no time nor temper lost—no shaking—no pounding—no poking as there is with other salt.

The Table Salt that is Properly Packed and Protected

Shaker Table Salt is the table salt that is properly packed and protected. It comes to you in a convenient and sanitary salt box, having a patented spout for filling salt shakers without bother or waste. This box is air-tight, water-proof, dirt and dust-proof, germ and odor-proof—keeping Shaker Table Salt protected from contaminating germs, odors and impurities of the grocery and kitchen which all bad salt must absorb.

The Only Table Salt that is Free of Dangerous Impurities

Gypsum is the most dangerous impurity that nature has placed in all salt. Gypsum makes splendid fertilizer and plaster of paris, but it's a dangerous thing to eat, because it combines with water in your body—forms little balls of plaster—gravel—gall stones. Your doctor will tell you that this is the reason why the gypsum in ordinary salt often causes such serious disorders of the liver, kidneys and spleen. We are sole owners of the only process of salt refining—the only process which removes the gypsum and other dangerous impurities which naturally contaminate all salt. That is why Shaker Table Salt is the only table salt that is absolutely free of dangerously unhealthy impurities—the only salt that is safe and fit for your table. We will gladly send you, upon request, Government proof of all this.

Its freedom from dangerous, rank impurities gives Shaker Table Salt a pure, delicate flavor—a "saltiness" and savor not found in other table salt, and the fineness of grain in Shaker Table Salt enables you to flavor food as delicately as the most fastidious taste could wish.

**Avoid Dangerous Substitutes
—Order Shaker Table Salt
From Your Grocer Today**

Shaker Table Salt costs about 10 cents a year more than common, rank, sharp, bitter-tasting, coarse, gritty, soggy, lumpy, dangerously impure salt.

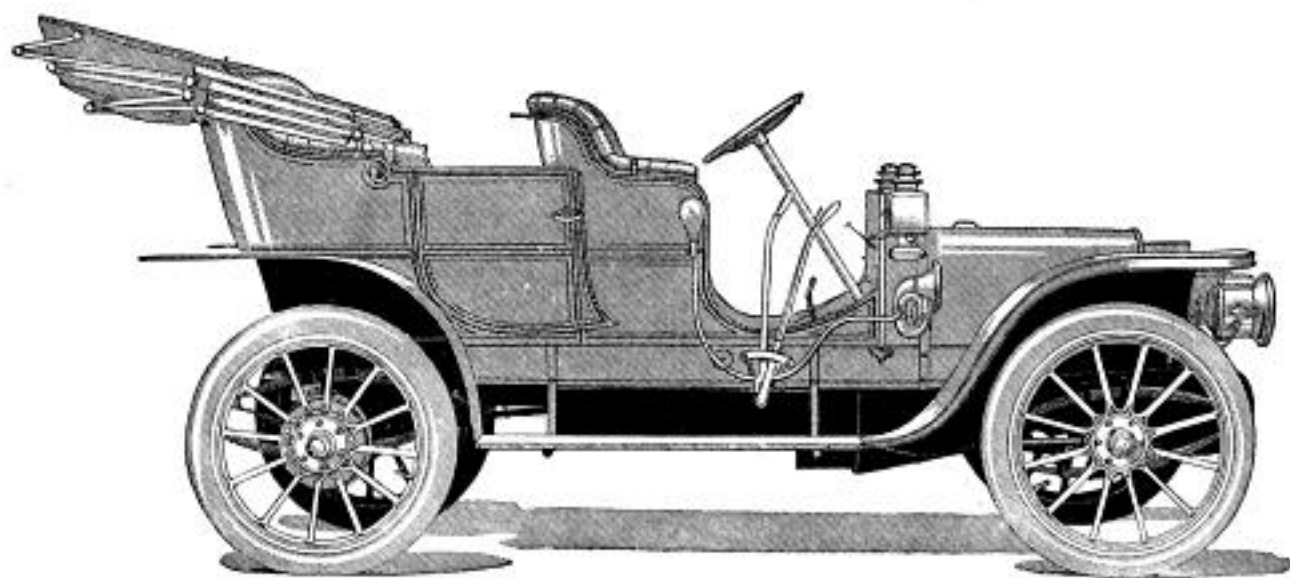
**From all
Good
Grocers.
10 Cents**

"Saltiest"—Purest Salt

The Diamond Crystal Salt Co., Station E9, St. Clair, Mich.
Shaker Table Salt, Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt. Makers of

**The Only Salt 99 7-10 per cent Pure
—Proved Best by Government Test**

(East of the Rocky Mountains)



Model D
\$2800

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

The Franklin idea is common sense, and that is what you want

THE fundamental Franklin principle is light weight. Useless weight is unscientific and wasteful. The starting point of Franklin light weight is Franklin air-cooling. All the weight of water-cooling apparatus and the heavier construction necessary to carry it are obviated. The advantage of light weight is developed throughout. There are simplicity and compactness in every part. Strength is obtained, not by bulky and heavy construction, but by the use of the most suitable materials scientifically treated and distributed.

The gain in ability and safety through light weight, together with the saving in operating cost, especially tire cost, is of supreme importance. Tires are the most expensive item in automobile maintenance. Weight is the biggest factor in wearing out tires. Tire saving alone makes Franklins the most economical of all automobiles.

Road shocks and vibrations are a serious problem in motoring. Franklin construction goes to the heart of the question. Comfort is founded in the design and built into the structure. Shocks and vibrations are taken up and absorbed before they reach the vehicle and the passengers. This is done through a full-elliptic spring suspension and resilient wood chassis frame. This combination of spring suspension and resilient frame gives a degree of easy riding obtainable by no other means. There is entire freedom from jar and vibration; you can make time over all roads, thus greatly increasing touring mileage and adding to the enjoyment of automobiling.

That Franklins possess these advantages over other automobiles is something you can determine for yourself. Ask any of the thousands of Franklin owners. Weigh and examine a Franklin. Ride in it. Then weigh and examine other automobiles and ride in them over the same roads at the same speed.

Franklin Model D

Model D is the most sensible in size and weight of all five-passenger automobiles. It is not burdened with needless complication and cumbersome apparatus. Weather and roads that put other automobiles out of service do not stop Model D. Its ability and economy for everyday service are unmatched. You can afford to use it.

Model D gives an easy-riding comfort and delight unknown in the heavy, rigid automobiles.

And you have practically no tire trouble.

As a test of strength and endurance Model D has held unchallenged for nearly two years the Chicago-New York record of 40 hours. And in five consecutive reliability contests last season the 1909 Model D won perfect scores. No other automobile won a perfect score in more than two of these contests. In the Worcester contest nearly all the contestants went through the run without road stops, but Model D was the only one to withstand the examination after the run. All others suffered penalizations due to broken, strained or loosened parts. Having semi-elliptic springs and hardened-steel chassis frames, they suffered from strains and shocks at speed over rough roads.

Model D weighs 2200 pounds. It has a four-cylinder, 28 horse-power engine, 36-inch wheels, 106-inch wheel base, disc clutch, selective transmission, Bosch high tension magneto.

We make strong claims for Franklin automobiles. But these claims are the history of the Franklin from the start seven years ago. Then as now the Franklin idea was common sense. The first Franklin, still in use, was light. It had the wood chassis frame, full-elliptic springs and air-cooled motor.

The last edition of our 1909 catalogue de luxe is nearly exhausted. If you want a book that treats the whole automobile question from a broad viewpoint, write for it. It will interest you regardless of what make of automobile you own or favor

The Six-cylinder Franklin

Horse-power does not mean anything by itself. The thing that counts is the power actually at the disposal of the driver.

It is a mistake to buy any automobile on power rating alone. The average six-cylinder automobile has a big engine and big horse-power. But it is seldom you can use the power to advantage. The automobile itself is ponderous and heavy. Practically the whole advantage of the six-cylinder principle is missed. The main advantage of six-cylinders is to get a high proportion of power to weight. A six-cylinder engine gives steady torque—an explosion every one-third of a revolution. Steady torque, since it reduces the stress on all the working and supporting members, allows lighter construction throughout the automobile. In the Six-cylinder Franklin this advantage is fully utilized. With 50 per cent more power than Model D the Franklin Six weighs only 20 per cent more—and it carries seven passengers. You get speed and ability without excessive weight. Your engine, instead of lugging a useless load, is giving you carrying and climbing ability. Your 42 horse-power is as good as 55 or 60 in the heavy sixes, and you avoid their enormous tire and operating expense.

This Franklin Six (Model H) holds the San Francisco-New York record of 15 days—the most severe test of strength and endurance ever made. And a 1909 Model H went through the last Glidden Tour without tire trouble, not even a puncture.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y



Wash Day to Baking Day

All days are alike to the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. No matter for what purpose you need a quick, clean, hot flame, or a slow, steady flame—without an added degree of heat in the room—there is no stove like the "New Perfection"—the wonderful oil stove that has revolutionized housekeeping. The

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

besides being the perfect stove for summer, is just as efficient for year-round use. It is built with a CABINET TOP that makes it possible to warm dishes and keep food hot after it is cooked, and adds many other conveniences.

The "New Perfection" is the most complete and most efficient oil stove ever made. Made in three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency



The **Rayo LAMP** is unsurpassed for home illumination. Floods the room with light if you wish it—gives a restful, mellow glow if you prefer it. Just the lamp for daily use everywhere. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

We Share the Profit With You

Your Dividend Payable Today

In refusing to come to the machine processes almost universally adopted by manufacturers of two-for-a-quarter collars, we share our profit with wearers of

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars 2 for 25c

Your double "dividend"—greater individuality of style and longer wear—is payable on demand. Simply demand Corliss-Coon Collars each time you purchase and collect your share of the profit regularly.

"On deposit" with discriminating furnishers everywhere. If you experience any difficulty in "collecting" through your furnisher, you have recourse through our Factory. Your order with twenty-five cents mailed to Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. T, Troy, N. Y., will bring two of these extra value collars (any style or size) to your door. Our New Style Book to help you make selection will be mailed to any address on request.

"Field Club" illustrated above is an "extra dividend" collar. The accuracy required in a collar which must exactly meet in front and stay together through a hard day's wear adds to the expense of making. But you get more style than is possible in any other shape of fold collar. The required exactness is found only in the Corliss-Coon "Field Club." Two Heights, "Field Club" No. 1-2 in.; "Field Club" No. 2-2 1/4 in. Regular and Quarter Sizes.

Corliss, Coon & Company, Dept. T, Troy, N. Y.

You Can't
Shave Wrong
with a

KEEN KUTTER

Safety Razor



You're bound to shave right with a Keen Kutter Safety Razor—you can't help it. It is set at just exactly the proper angle so it will not pull or scrape or slip over the beard.

Pick up a Keen Kutter Safety Razor and shave—that's all there is to it. The details of angle and adjustment have been carefully and accurately taken care of by the makers.

Try a shave with a Keen Kutter Safety Razor. See how much easier, quicker, smoother and more comfortable it is than any other. See how much better your face feels. No matter how tender your skin or how wiry your beard—this razor will give you a velvety shave. Put up in a leather case with 12 guaranteed Norwegian steel blades of Keen Kutter quality, ready for instant use. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

If not at your dealer's, write us



No. K-1—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, \$3.00
No. K-3—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, \$5.00

SIMMONS
HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



The Problem of Your Summer Outing

Is solved in these three booklets which will be sent you for the asking. You have an opportunity this summer to see more, learn more, enjoy more than has ever been possible before—the proof is in these attractive publications. They tell all about that glorious trip, which so many thousands will make this summer, through "Wonderland" to the great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Illustrated profusely—with handsome covers in color—they are decidedly out of the ordinary. Send your name and address today, with two 2-cent stamps to cover postage, to A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, Dept. S, St. Paul, and the booklets will be forwarded at once.

¶ We have other books describing the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the Northwest, for the benefit of the Homeseeker and the Business Man—the "Opportunity Hunter"—which will be worth much to you. For literature of this character write to C. W. MOTT, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, Dept. S, St. Paul, stating the section in which you are interested. ¶ New summer train service effective May 23d and round-trip Summer Tourist Tickets on sale daily, May 20 to Sept. 30. Through service between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City and the North Pacific Coast. ¶ Full particulars with the booklets. Write today and plan your trip now.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Passenger Agent, Dept. S, ST. PAUL

Northern Pacific Railway

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, June 1 to October 16, 1909
Rainier National Park and Paradise Valley, by auto or rail from Tacoma, June 1-October 1, 1909
Seventeenth National Irrigation Congress, Spokane, August 9 to 14, 1909
Yellowstone Park season, June 5 to September 25, 1909
Rose Festival, Portland, June 7 to 12, 1909

Collier's National Hotel Directory

BALTIMORE, MD.
Rennert E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen has made Maryland cooking famous.

BOSTON, MASS.
United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with A.P. \$5. E.P. \$1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Lago Beach Hotel 51st St. and Lake Shore. A modern European plan. Reports for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride to city's theatre and shopping district—close to the golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park. 400 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There are also lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of the city, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing and other amusements. Table always the best. Its concerta add to the delights of promenades. 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Hotel Sinton 400 rooms. Grand Convention Hall. Absolutely fireproof. Magnificently furnished. Large, light sample rooms.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Madway Central Hotel Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table d'hôte of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.50 up. 5th Ave. and 29th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. Plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonserlie, Mgr.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Waters Hotel recently remodeled and refurnished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary kitchen. Bathrooms. European plan.

HEALTH RESORTS
WALTER PARK, PA.
Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. Wernersville Sta., Reading Rly.

SUMMER RESORTS
GREENWICH, CONN.
Greenwood Inn Greenwich, Conn. 40 minutes from New York. Send for booklet. Good Stable Accommodations. D. P. Simpson, Manager.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Atlantic City ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's in at famous resort of the world's most attractive resort houses. A place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. For reservations to The Leeds Company. Always on the Beach. Between the Piers.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
The Montclair On The Mountain Top

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$8. American Plan. Booklet on request.

PALMER LAKE, COLO.
Crest Colorado's newest and most modern resort, 7,000 feet above the sea. Handsome hotel free on request. Fine Crest Realty Co.

For the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of a hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage desiring the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicate the hotel which appeals to those who desire accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to comfort and those requiring good service at economical rates.

Collier's Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, names and if possible booklets and time table of any Railroad, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts
Where you want to go and we will advise you where and where to stop.

Collier's

Saturday, May 8, 1909

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Volume XLIII Number 7

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

ADVERTISERS NOT IN COLLIER'S

THERE are two good reasons why Collier's does not carry the advertisements of quite a few national advertisers. First: there are some who are not as yet convinced that Collier's would be a practical medium—or their appropriation is not large enough—or they have used Collier's and did not receive profitable returns. Second: there are many advertisers that are not permitted to use Collier's.

In the first class are found advertisers who do not believe that Collier's reaches the clientele they most desire—such as women's goods, corsets, and so forth; and another class who are prejudiced against Collier's for reasons best known to themselves, and there are advertisers who can not use all the good mediums that appeal to them, so we have to wait our turn.

Every known publication has records of advertisers who have used their columns and failed to get returns, and Collier's is no exception. A man would be hailed as a wizard who could tell the

real reasons for these failures, but one thing is certain, the publications as a rule are not on trial. It is usually the copy or the article advertised.

Now, a word about the advertisers who are not permitted to use Collier's. There are some who are not honest, but these we will dismiss without further thought, they can not use any decent publication. We do not admit to our publication advertisements of beer, whisky, or any alcoholic liquors, nor any advertisements of patent medicines or those making claim for medical effect. No investment advertising promising extraordinary returns, such as stocks in mining or rubber companies, is admitted. We reserve the right to and do exclude advertisements which we consider extravagant or offensive to good taste. There are not more than two or three publications printed that live up to such a standard. It cost Collier's over \$100,000 last year. The advertisers in Collier's endorse this policy, and we believe you do.

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"The May 15th Issue"

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL TOURS

Information regarding tours in any part of the world will be furnished upon request by
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
420 W. 13th Street, New York

Miss Weeks Will Chaperone a limited number of young girls on an ideal summer trip through Germany, Switzerland, Italy & France. Subsequent arrangements could be made in winter in Paris—for the purpose of study. For itinerary, cost, credentials, etc., address MISS WEEKS, Care of Collier's Travel Dept., 416 W. 13th St., New York

New Zealand and Australia
New Service via Tahiti, Delightful South Sea Tours for rest, health and pleasure. N. K. Hastings sails from San Francisco May 21, July 1, etc., connecting at Tahiti with Union Line for Wellington. The only passenger line from U. S. to New Zealand. Only \$250 1st class to Wellington and back. Tahiti and back, 1st class only \$125. OCEANIC LINE, 979 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO

Yellowstone Park Camping Out
If you plan a trip to Yellowstone Park this summer be sure to learn about THE BRYANT CAMPS. The ideal way to see Nature's Wonderland. Write for illustrated booklet. BRYANT TOURS, 425 Monadnock Block, Chicago

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE
By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 tons, Oct. 16—\$650 up 30 TOURS TO EUROPE, \$270.00 UP.
FRANK C. CLARK Times Bldg., New York

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1003-K, Pittsburg, Pa.

Walsh Camping-Tent Window



ventilates a tent and is rain, storm and mosquito proof. It allows of observation from the inside and has a curtain to insure privacy. The window can be put in or taken out instantly. It is mounted so that it may be easily swung into the wall of any tent, old or new, and cannot be broken. It is made of the highest quality ducking, spring steel, copper screen and celluloid. No tent is complete without it. Price, \$2.00, delivered in any part of the United States. Write for free booklet to Walsh Window Tent Co., 1001 Franklin St., Morris, Illinois

"The Eternal Question" by GIBSON
25 CENTS

"THE ETHERAL QUESTION" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cents. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die-stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14 x 18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cents.

Address PRIME DEPT.
P. F. COLLIER & SON, 416 W. 13th St., New York

Plant Pennies and Grow Dollars

Families spent in common, ordinarily, corner store sugar are stretched into dollars and cents of them, in a few minutes, if you have an

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

The wonder of a wonderful contrivance. For the past five years this EMPIRE has been the cynosure of all eyes—the machine that has pulled the nickels, dimes and dollars from the pockets of sales, fair counters, hotel days, parties or anywhere a crowd has collected. And Profit Vendors' helped make \$100,000 on every pound of sugar used. The record of a large number of users show as high as \$50 or \$60 a day profit. Ask for catalog to

Empire Candy Floss Machine Co.
Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



PATTON'S SOLE-PROOF FLOOR COATINGS

are tough, wear-resisting, colored varnishes, hard enough to stand the constant rubbing of footwear. For putting new life into old furniture they are just the thing. If you have an old chair or table that is scratched or marred, refinish it with Sole-Proof. Use Sole-Proof on linoleum.

And then with the Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even an amateur can get natural wood effects with ease.

Sole-Proof Coatings are sold in ten colors by reputable dealers whose business existence depends upon the quality of their wares.

FREE SAMPLE—Write for beautiful color card and booklet and if you enclose 10c to cover packing and postage, we will send a free sample can—enough to finish a chair.

PATTON PAINT CO.
216 Lake Street Milwaukee, Wis.





The KNABE PIANO

An Asset of Enduring Worth

SO unapproachable is THE WORLD'S BEST PIANO in quality of material, in character of workmanship, in fineness of assembling and in tonal quintessence, that it is practically impossible to find a possessor willing to part with it or exchange it for any other make. Time and association but increase its service of satisfaction, for the durability of THE KNABE PIANO is not a matter of years and decades, but of life-times and generations.

Style J. "upright" Grand \$500. - Mignon "horizontal" Grand \$750. - Knabe-Anglo \$1000.

Knabe Pianos may be bought of any Knabe representative at New York prices, both added cost of freight and delivery.

WM. KNABE & CO.

BALTIMORE NEW YORK WASHINGTON

Accurate— at 1 mile or 100

The Warner Auto-Meter is the only speed indicating instrument you can buy—no matter what price you may pay—which is accurate at all speeds when you get it, and which will remain accurate as long as you have a car to use it on.

The Auto-Meter correctly indicates the slightest forward movement of the car, and with equal accuracy every range of speed up to as fast as you dare to drive.

All other "speed indicators" show no indication of speed whatever under 5 to 10 miles per hour. Watch them in use.

The Auto-Meter, because perfectly balanced in all its parts, works without internal vibration. Therefore the indicating dial is always steady and readable. No jar or jolt of the car can affect it. Speed alone moves it.

On all other "speed indicators" the indicating hand continually flutters over a space on the speed dial representing 5 to 10 miles. The supposed speed is somewhere between these points. You must guess where.

The Auto-Meter, because of the Magnetic Induction principle on which it works, can be and is made so sturdy and strong, and with such refinements of construction, that practical tests have shown that it will withstand a MILLION MILES of the hardest kind of driving, without appreciable wear or departing from absolute accuracy more than 10 feet to the mile.

All other instruments are made on the centrifugal principle. All contain weights, which occupy so much space that the remaining parts must be small and weak. Cams, small pins and delicate coiled springs are used. There is sliding friction everywhere. After a few months' use, wear of these delicate parts, and weakening of coiled springs when multiplied dozens of times through the indicating hand, renders centrifugal instruments so grossly inaccurate that they are worse than useless.

The Auto-Meter alone can be adjusted at the factory in a few minutes to correct the slightest inaccuracy—though this has never yet been necessary except in instruments injured by accidents.

In centrifugal instruments no provision is made or can be made for adjustments or corrections. When inaccurate they must be thrown away. Their accuracy at the best is limited by a few

weeks or months. Then they are far worse than useless.

The Auto-Meter is built like an expensive Chronometer. It has but two moving parts. These revolve. There is no sliding friction. The bearings are sapphire jewels and imported Hoffman Balls. Every part must test accurately to 1-1000 of an inch or it is thrown out. Such bearings practically last a lifetime without wear.

The Auto-Meter, because made on the only correct principle, is unvaryingly accurate and durable that it will outlast a dozen cars.

No centrifugal instrument—though the price may be the same—can be considered in the same class, any more than a \$1 watch can be classed with a \$10 Chronometer.

The Odometer in connection with the Auto-Meter is a strong and sturdy built as the Auto-Meter.

Season dial registers 100,000 miles. Odometers register 10,000 miles only. This is insufficient for a single season. Future mileage has been lost. The trip dial registers 1,000 miles only. Other odometers register 100 miles only. A single turn of a button resets to zero. It is the self-contained odometer on which the figures are not partly concealed by the speed indicating

We want every automobile owner to know comparative tests which will enable him to put the truth of every claim we have made. We put these in a book which will be sent to you for the asking. In your own interest, buy an indicator of any kind until you know. To buy wrong instrument is to waste your money.

The Warner Auto-Meter

Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

The Warner Instrument Co., 453

New York, 1902 Broadway
Pittsburg, 3432 Forbes St.
Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Ave.
Detroit, 239 Jefferson Ave.

St. Louis, 3923 Olive St.
Boston, 925 Boylston St.
Buffalo, 722 Main St.
Chicago, 1502 Michigan Ave.
Cincinnati, 122 E. Seventh St.

Factory and Main Office:
Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, W.
Indianapolis, 330 1/2 N. Illinois St.
Philadelphia, 302 North Broad St.
San Francisco, 550 Golden Gate Ave.
Los Angeles, 1212 S. Main St.
Seattle, 914 E. Pike St.

Housecleaning this Spring is Different



THE OLD WAY

GET ONE FOR YOUR
SPRING CLEANING
BEFORE TOO LATE

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

It Eats Up the Dirt



THE NEW WAY

You Don't Have to Pound the Dust Out

The terrors of the old primitive way of housecleaning—of ripping up and tearing down, of carrying to and fro and out and in, of endless confusion and toil and drudgery—all are now abolished.

Keep Your Carpets and Rugs on the Floor!
Keep Your Wall Decorations Hanging!
Keep Your Upholstered Furniture in its Place!

Right where they are, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER will lift out of them, by its suction force, every particle of dirt and dust and every germ, moth and egg of vermin. It will renovate everything in your home. It will make everything clean, wholesome, sanitary and sweet—outside and in and through and through.

Everybody Can Afford It

Completely equipped for hand operation, the IDEAL Vacuum Cleaner COSTS ONLY \$25. Equipped with electric motor for direct current, \$85; for alternating current, \$90. The motor is of the best standard type. It uses only about two cents' worth of electricity an hour. All you have to do is to attach it to your electric light fixture.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER in time, labor, health and actual money that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Anybody Can Operate It

Operated either by hand or electric motor, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER does the work of power plants costing a thousand dollars and upwards, and does it better and with more convenience. No skill needed either to use or maintain it.

The hand machine puts no tax on the strength—your 8-year-old boy might well scorn the task as too easy—compared with sweeping, it is play. The electric motor is not a necessity, but a luxury.

CHANGE IN PRICE—
After June first next,
the price of each motor
equipped cleaner will
be increased \$5.00.

Why pound the life out of your carpets and rugs under the mistaken notion that you are pounding the dirt out of them? Or why send your valuable fabrics away to be treated you don't know how?

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans. Its cost is less than what is ordinarily paid a professional renovator for just one cleaning. And it remains to serve you all the year 'round.

Send your order for one of these valuable machines at once. Our Free Illustrated Booklet tells a story that will mean a new era in your home. Write for it today.



THE OLD WAY



THE NEW WAY

The AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER CO., 225 Fifth Ave., New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL Summer Resorts

In America Are To Be Found in the
ROCKY MOUNTAIN Region



DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, MANITOU,
GLENWOOD SPRINGS, WAGON WHEEL GAP,
PAGOSA SPRINGS, OURAY, SANTA FE,
SALT LAKE CITY

Are Located Directly on the Line of the

Denver & Rio Grande

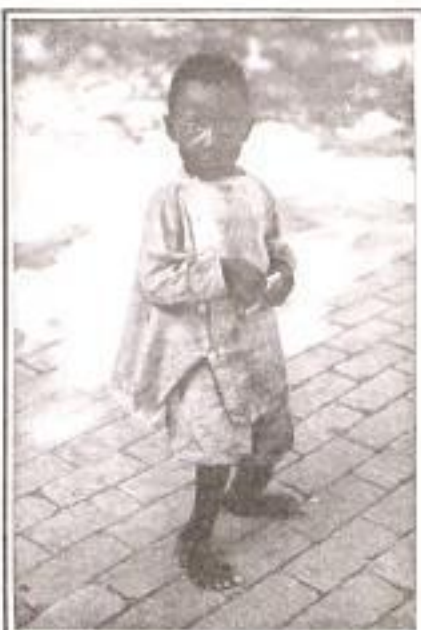
"The Scenic Line of the World"

HUNTING, CAMPING
AND FISHING
The Best in the World

For Outing,
Resort and
Excursion Rate
Circulars, Address

SPECIAL EXCURSION
RATES FROM
MAY 15 to OCT. 15

S. K. HOOPER, Gen. Pass. Agt., Denver, Colo.



A pretty thorough case of rickets.



An overhead jungle of clothing—The family wash of Logan Court, in the Capital City of Washington, N.W.



A woman, once a slave, who opposed the education of her grandson because the schooling of her own children, counteracted by the influence of the slams, had sent them all to the workhouse or penitentiary.

Snapshots of a Race

These are character bits, some vivid and some depressing, and pieces of scenery picked from the negro settlements of Washington, D. C. They show what the alleys, hovels, mean streets, tenements, roofs, doorways, and shanties of the National Capital are producing in the way of a race.

Photographs by

LEWIS W. HINE



An old white-haired negro, once a slave.



One of the buxom young colored women whose lives are wasted in pleasure and idleness—in such sections of the colored settlement as "Louise Alley."



Willow Tree Alley, in the southwestern part of the city. The Capitol dome is in the background, and in the right foreground is one of the characteristic alley streets of this labyrinth.



A family group in Cox Alley.



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416 430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

May 8, 1909

Mr. Collier

THERE IS NO BLACK around this editorial. The trappings and the suits of grief are gone. Formalities are ended, the daily labors taken up. Only the reality of loss remains, to be greater month by month. We speak calmly, as one who tells an outside world the truth. There was much in Mr. COLLIER worthy of notice on this earth which he has left. A little of it, in sorrow and humility, is written here.

He was a man of faith. More than most men, he *believed in life*. Never was he known to hint that the struggle did not repay the effort, that the goal was unworthy of the race. No man ever heard from his lips a syllable of discouragement or of fundamental doubt. The stumbling of denial he never knew. He never looked aside because the path seemed difficult to climb. In youth he turned with fury on every simple task presented. In prosperity a complex world could never dim the hunger of his mind. In sickness and in health he sped right onward. The faltering heart was strange to him. It seemed as if that initial healthfulness of temper would have carried him through a century, filled with ambition and ideals, had not the fast-driven bodily machine broken in the middle of his course. At a hundred his eye would have sparkled in response, his heart would have answered to the call.

This almost furious speed of life was harnessed to Fidelity. His business was personal. He had made it, he loved it, he knew it to be good. Of poetry, of history, of high fiction he had sent millions of volumes among the people, and he was glad. His own favorites, in a wide, persistent reading, had been SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, BALZAC. He had won his right to noble friends, and he drove his soul, that millions through him might also have such friends at hand. He knew what a good book meant in a humble home. He knew, indeed, what it had meant to him. On the last morning of his life he talked of "Tom Sawyer," of which he happened to be only then making the acquaintance. His body bent forward, his eyes snapped, as he talked of his new-found Tom and Huck, of boyhood and the everlasting spirit of adventure. And to those beings, also, who had helped him in his race along this path of light, he was ever faithful. Before his own publishing house was started he was selling Bibles for another. He had tramped all day and none had bought. Bibles were expensive then. One scrub-roman had said: "No, me boy, I have not that much money. I will give ye a dollar now and fifty cents ivry week till it is paid." He had no authority for such a sale, but he went home, slept upon the Irish-roman's wish, explained it eloquently to his employer, and on the morrow he sold fifty Bibles, and thus the sale of books upon instalment was begun. Later for that widow he built a home, and watched over her, and watched over her son when she was gone. Bibles are cheaper now, in no small degree because PETER COLLIER worked and thought. It was among the realest sorrows of his life that the cost of books is being driven again upward, by forces beyond his ability to stem.

Related to fidelity is ever Courage. He was proud that this newspaper is not a meaningless piece of merchandise, even as he took righteous pride in the excellence of his books. When the weekly started on some perilous course, where the penalties were to fall on him, all he asked was to be assured that the step was necessary and right. When he undertook to lessen the power of a certain publication, which black-balls men and soils the lives of women, he knew, and we knew, that the vengeance of the viper-sheet must be concentrated on him; but, even in the moment of fully realizing the price, he urged us forward, with his speed to the cause. Can you wonder, then, that the tears crowd forward? We had intended not to let them come. He himself, in similar straits, after the first break of feeling, would have brushed them hurriedly away. They are forced by memories of battles fought together, with him unswerving in the breach.

Fancy not this abounding force was only strenuous in the mood which it inspired. Often it was delightful in picturesque surprise. Mr.

COLLIER, according to the almanac, was approaching sixty when, one evening, as he was hurrying along a Jersey road, a bottle, flung by a boy, crashed against his car. Immediately he told the chauffeur to stop. The boy fled. Mr. COLLIER flew after him. The boy was fast. His pursuer was still more fast. The boy thought he saw a haven. Under a neighboring barn was sufficient space for him to crawl, and he made his way painfully between earth and floor. Under the barn also went Mr. COLLIER, who emerged dragging the culprit by a foot. Having administered punishment according to the need, he proceeded on his way. Behind him there remained a youth who had learned that not every gray-haired citizen lacks energy to deal with situations promptly as they come.

He lies upon a hill, in a grove of trees. For miles in each direction stretches the country over which he rode. It is dotted with the homes of farmers whom he knew. In a pasture stand a group of horses gazing at the scenes of triumphs now no more. There is heard the distant baying of a hunting dog. The buds are breaking into leaf. Yonder pasture is white with youth, promising fruit when summer comes. Dying winter retires before the spring. Everywhere is peace. Everywhere is life. Everywhere the heart of nature beats. There, upon the hill, one heart forever rests, one burning soul has flickered, and left to other men the load which he bore so bravely up.

A Step Ahead

NOW, FRIENDS, to the world's daily work again. As good one place as another to begin. Here is something of value which men are beginning in Missouri. Let us have a look at that. Forty years ago six or eight steamboats came into Kansas City every day, from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, Fort Benton. Finally this traffic on the Missouri River died. The steamers failed to keep pace with the railways. To understand why, it is requisite only to glance at the steamboat used on the inland rivers now. Apparently there is little difference between the boat of 1909 and the one of 1869—same three-story white frame house, same old type of engine and boilers up to the crowned smokestack, with the gold trotting horse or spread-eagle suspended between them. Nor have their methods of freight-handling changed—the same irresponsible negro roustabouts, toting freight across a shaky plank to an unprotected levee. The trucks to haul it to the warehouses, also, are the same. Think what state the railways would be in were they using the equipment and methods of forty years ago! Kansas City has recalled the fact that it has a big, idle river waiting to be put to work. A company has been formed to install light-draft freight boats, with nothing above deck except pilot-house and quarters for crew; compound engines, forced draft; modern loading and unloading devices; warehouses with freight-handling machinery; 1909 equipment and 1909 methods; the system used in Germany's shallow streams, to be applied with modifications to the Missouri. This company does not plan to buy a million dollars worth of boats and terminals and do all the river business for Kansas City. It intends to prove that with modern equipment river navigation is profitable to a company with six boats, or to an individual with one boat. It proposes to make the Missouri River a traffic highway. It is not a "hurrah" movement. The men behind it are moving as carefully as if it were the sole affair of each of them. They are not looking to the Federal Government to do a few million dollars' worth of preliminary work. They have set out to show the Southwest that it has water transportation at its front door—and to make the proof by their own strength, their own money, and their own understanding.

The Lord of Wheat

THE HEBREW PROPHETS make excellent reading in these days of so-called peace. They often strike sharp spiritual notes, which the adaptable mind can readily turn into modern symbols and apply to our own problems of every day. To JAMES A. PATTEN of Chicago we suggest Amos, v. 11, wherein to certain froward men, "forasmuch . . . as your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat," future discomfort is foretold.

Gambling

INVESTIGATING Wall Street, Governor HUGHES's committee found plenty of difference of opinion about remedies, and even about facts, but some of the testimony to which they listened has a decided general interest for the country. A Stock Exchange member of forty years' standing stated that every one who enters Wall Street, except as a broker, loses. In a partnership contract to preclude a junior's speculating, this man made a bona-fide offer of \$5,000 for the name and address of every verified winning customer of any Wall Street house—provided only that the customer had so traded for two years as to make his account an "active" one. Another, for twelve years a member of a prominent brokerage house, stated that in all this time, after very broad operations, not a single customer ever took out a dollar of net winnings. An ex-broker stated that a ten-year search, covering scores of trading friends and acquaintances, as well as the records of five brokerage houses and one bucket-shop, failed to find a single net winner. Most brokers estimate that between ninety and ninety-eight per cent of customers lose. As practically every marginal trader loses, every bucket-shop and Wall Street house has a complete new list of customers in from three to five years. If you intend to begin risking your savings, we recommend the following steps:

- (a) Ask your broker for figures about his customers.
- (b) Ask your trading friends for their net balance.
- (c) If you have gambled before, ask yourself. Balance your own account.

Few do.

Boa-constrictors

THE GUGGENHEIM SMELTER TRUST has been one of the most exacting and unscrupulous monopolies that have fastened on the industrial harvests of the West. It was to feed the American Smelting and Refining Company that Colorado engaged in a civil war which brought misery to thousands, made exiles of hundreds, and dragged the courts of that State through public contempt. The country will watch with interest, although not with pity, the events which are about to succeed the widely advertised announcement of the covert purpose of Standard Oil, through the Cole-Ryan syndicate, to bankrupt the GUGGENHEIMS—for such is the palpable meaning of the announcement of the formation of the International Smelting Company. There is an erroneous public impression, by the way, that the RYAN of the Cole-Ryan syndicate is TOM RYAN. He is JOHN D. RYAN, the managing director of the Amalgamated Copper Company in Montana. COLE is a Michigan man. Both RYAN and COLE have been organizing for years a lot of mining companies for the Amalgamated crowd, so that the "crowd" could skim the cream of the new ventures, instead of putting them into Amalgamated and giving Amalgamated stockholders at large the benefit of the properties. When the Standard Oil financiers look covetously upon a railroad, a mine, an oil well, or a politician, the object is as helpless as the coon commonly, although erroneously, connected with DAVY CROCKETT. Whether the organization of the International Smelting Company is a "bluff" to bring the GUGGENHEIMS to terms, or whether it is the initial step in one of those crushing Standard Oil campaigns, matters not. It behooves the GUGGENHEIMS to put their affairs in order. The lesson the Standard Oil will teach them has been taught by the GUGGENHEIMS to others. The GUGGENHEIMS may observe the higher and more exquisite art of destroying an enemy without subsidizing State troops. It is their turn to salute Caesar and to pass from the stage without vulgar emotion.

Opinion of a President

A GENERAL REACTION regarding industrial matters seems very likely to set in. Successfully arguing against harmful noise, the possessors of snaps are likely also successfully to stop progress. Who knows? At any rate, read this:

"I hope very much that a new spirit is growing in the West about railway agitation, and think the various chambers of commerce could do a great deal of good, if they, before the next meeting of the State Legislatures, would pass resolutions directed to the Representatives, stating that they do not want any more laws at present, but want development."

This opinion was written by HOWARD ELLIOTT. Mr. ELLIOTT is president of the Northern Pacific. It was written to a Montana chamber of commerce. The Northern Pacific might first voluntarily return to the State of Montana, and to the miners whose courage made possible the building of its road, the vast domains of mineral land which it filched from them by a wrong second only to the attempted looting of Alaska. It might voluntarily, for another thing, go out of the business of owning land offices and officials, whose salaries and office-rent the Government pays. It might voluntarily stop subscribing the money of its stockholders to purchase the election of its candidates for the Federal Senate.

A Beginning

WHAT MAKES TURKEY interesting at the present moment is less the immediate drama than the suggested stretches of internal change ahead. Of course, the possibility of intervention and sudden conflagration all over Europe has been the most serious worry to the world, but it is difficult to believe, in spite of hysteria and "An Englishman's Home," that the financiers of England, France, and Ger-

many will allow humanity to set itself so far backward in loss of substance and of bread-winning, able-bodied men, to say nothing of the bloody destruction of slowly acquired ideals of reason, sympathy, and peace. What it is legitimate to hope is, that Turkey has started on a new régime, which means not merely a change in forms of government, but in the welfare of a whole people. Probably it means that the government of that country is no longer to be an outworn form, unintelligently pandering to the desires of a few, but an effort to do the best that may be done for the millions of ordinary inhabitants.

Superiority

OF RUSKIN COLLEGE, Oxford, that attempt to give young artisans and laborers an education, the London "Standard" says that the students devote themselves to political economy, political philosophy, sociology, "and the other things which are not matters of knowledge but of opinion." The paper is very broad-minded. "We do not say that the universities should be barred to promising lads of the industrial classes. As a matter of fact, they are not. The ladder is down to the gutter now and the slope is not too steep." What is knowledge? Not, evidently, the minimum of expense required to provide decent food, light, and air for a family in a given locality. Nothing is knowledge which directly allies itself with life. Teachers, physicians, and health boards should not face the conditions of modern industrialism. Knowledge is not knowledge if it affects conduct or tempers legislation. Sociology has the same difficult task in justifying itself to the playful Philistines of modern journalism as astronomy, medicine, or the evolutionary theory. For nearly half a century we had the "monkey" joke. We are living through a probationary term with the patient but buffeted figure of the "Sociologist," tinkering, investigating, legislating, and intruding where the wise and the witty practise indifference and spin the merry jest.

Something Done

A PITTSBURGH DRUGGIST has obtained a verdict for \$40,000 against the estimable WILLIAM D'ALTON MANN. The judge did credit to the bench:

"These damages," he said, "are highly punitive, and I think that punitive damages were highly justified in this case. On the merits I may say that I never tried a case in which the evidence more thoroughly warranted a verdict."

It was a typical bit of "Town Topics" scandal, including an attack on a woman's reputation. What was not so typical was the courage of the plaintiff. He did not go whining around. He faced all the man in the possession of Colonel MANN and hit him a blow worthy of a citizen and a man. If one-twentieth of the persons libeled by MANN's blackmailing publication had the courage to begin and conduct a libel suit, this king of scandal-sellers would speedily seek some less injurious occupation. He battens on the general cowardice, or, to be more lenient, on the general unwillingness to drag one's whole private life into the public glare, even in order to put an end to such a dirty and vicious nuisance as Colonel MANN. It is a case where nothing is needed for victory except determination.

Enthusiasm

CERTAIN REMARKS partake so profoundly of the qualities of slop that they seem hopelessly to lower a man of good record, heretofore admired. What did Senator CUMMINS seek when he asserted that ROOSEVELT was a stronger man than GEORGE WASHINGTON? Has he any adequate conception of what WASHINGTON endured and did? If not, better had he hold his peace. He added that when he finishes his term TAFT will be the greatest man America has produced. Does he get anything for this? It is enough to sicken even a patriot with public life. Doubtless when the time comes to please TAFT's successor CUMMINS will find him surpassing WASHINGTON in strength, LINCOLN in wisdom, FRANKLIN in shrewdness, WEBSTER in eloquence, JEFFERSON in philosophy, HAMILTON in finance. Let us hope the Senator from Iowa will gain much. For any small advantage such degradation of one's intelligence would be granted at too high a price.

Summing It Up

THOSE WHO FAVOR direct nominations and those who oppose are moved by definite principles easily understood. Such nominations are favored because:

1. They make the participation of the general public in politics easy instead of difficult.
2. They cause public servants to be more often responsive to general opinion and less often subservient to bosses and to special money interests.

Direct nominations are opposed because:

1. In the words of one distinguished Senator, they are un-American, socialistic, and anarchistic.
2. They are unnecessary, because once in a long time, in times of special stress, the popular will is listened to even in spite of the obstructive convention system.
3. Because direct nominations have proved popular in the West, and any man who comes from Kansas resembles the Missing Link.

Comment About Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

IS THERE a Democratic Party? And if there is, who will set down the body of common principles behind which a majority of its members are willing to unite? On this page there has already been printed a list of twenty-three Democrats who broke away from their party and voted with the Republicans in the fight on the rules when the House was organized. There has been printed, also, a list of thirty-eight Democrats who voted for a tariff on lumber, although the Democratic national platform calls for free lumber. Below is printed a list of twenty-nine Democrats who—the Republicans having put hides on the free list of the Payne bill—voted in favor of an amendment to put a duty of ten per cent on hides. Together, these three groups make more than a majority of all the Democrats in Congress. Those who voted to put a duty on hides are:

From Texas: MORRIS SHEPARD of Texarkana, MARTIN DIES of Beaumont, CHOICE ROSWELL RANDALL of Shethur, JACK BEALL of Waxahachie, RUFUS HADY of Corsicana, ALEXANDER WHITE GREEN of Palestine, JOHN MATTHEW MOORE of Richmond, GEORGE FARMER BURGESS of Gonzales, ROBERT LEE HENRY of Waco, JOHN HALL STEPHENS of Vernon, JAMES L. SLAYDEN of San Antonio, JOHN NANCE GARNER of Uvalde, WILLIAM ROBERT SMITH of Colorado, ALBERT SIDNEY BURLINSON of Austin.

From Louisiana: ROBERT F. BROUSSARD of New Iberia, ARSENE PAULIN PUJO of Lake Charles.

From Missouri: WILLIAM PATTERSON BORLAND of Kansas City, COURTNEY WALKER HAMLIN of Springfield.

From Colorado: EDWARD THOMAS TAYLOR of Glenwood Springs, ATTERTON WALDEN RUCKER of Fort Logan, JOHN A. MARTIN of Pueblo.

From Alabama: GEORGE WASHINGTON TAYLOR of Demopolis, JOHN LAWSON BURNETT of Gadsden.

From Indiana: WILLIAM ELLIOT COX of Jasper, JOHN A. M. ADAIR of Portland.

From Nevada: GEORGE A. BARTLETT of Tonopah.

From Tennessee: GEORGE WASHINGTON GORDON of Memphis.

From Georgia: WILLIAM GORDON BRANTLEY of Brunswick.

From Illinois: JAMES THOMAS McDERMOTT of Chicago.

The position of a Democrat who has an industry in his own district that clamors for protection is difficult. When William Jennings Bryan was in Congress it was proposed to put a duty on beet sugar. This dialogue occurs in the Congressional Record for 1892:

"MR. PERKINS: Are you to be understood as opposed to a State or National protection to be extended to the beet-sugar industry?"

"MR. BRYAN: I am, most assuredly. [Loud applause on the Democratic side.] And when it is necessary to come down to Congress and ask for a protection or a bounty for an industry in my own State, which I should refuse, as wrong to an industry in another State, I shall cease to represent Nebraska in Congress. [Great applause on the Democratic side.]"

Champ Clark, in the present Congress, has taken the same point of view. He was put in a difficult position by the demand, on the part of his constituents, for a tariff on zinc. Clark was outspoken:

"I want to repeat, and we might as well settle it and be through with it. I am not going to help any man plunder the American people because he happens to live in Missouri. I will go out of public life before I do it."

If Mr. Clark and Mr. Bryan are right, these twenty-nine Democrats who voted for a tariff on hides, and the thirty-eight who voted for a tariff on lumber, belong in another party. Senator Bailey of Texas has tried to straddle this situation by saying:

"It is not an abandonment of the principles of the Democratic Party for a Senator to insist that the same principles which apply to other constituencies shall likewise be applied to his. . . . That these principles shall be applied without discrimination does not signify that we are in favor of applying them."

What it all emphasizes is the extent to which the words "Democrat" and "Republican" have become meaningless. Maybe we shall in time change the party labels to "Conservative" and "Progressive"—with Aldrich, Cannon, and the sugar Democrats of Louisiana, "Fingy" Connors, Penrose, and the Tammany friends of the corporations lined up on one side, while Republicans like Murdock, Cooper, and Bristow stand side by side with Democrats like Folk and Johnson of Minnesota.

Four Good Speeches

THE best four speeches delivered in the tariff debate up to the date of this writing are those of Severo E. Payne of New York, Champ Clark of Missouri, Francis W. Cushman of Washington, and Claude Kitchin of North Carolina. Practically every member of Congress has made a long set speech on the Payne bill. For the most part they are dreary and of little value. The Southern members run to poetical quotations and fervid outbursts in the manner of the orators of a generation ago. The speeches of the Northern members, as a rule, are dull beyond endurance, the bulk of them made up of pages of undigested statistics and long newspaper extracts. But the speeches of the four men mentioned are genuinely worth while. Payne's speech, of course, is the exposition of his own bill. And Chairman Payne does know his subject. The Democratic opposition leader, Champ Clark, in opening his formal attack on Payne's bill, said:

"I want to be fair. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee [Mr. Payne] knows more about tariff schedules than any other man on top of the ground—I think his conclusions are frequently erroneous, but he knows more about exports and imports, and he knows more about what the tariff rates have been."

The speech of Mr. Clark himself is not only well-informed as to tariff facts, but is richly touched with humor. It has the flavor of a raucy personality and abounds in qualities which make even a tariff speech readable. For humor,

though, the speech beyond comparison is that of Francis W. Cushman of Washington. Cushman could make a better living as a professional humorist than as a member of Congress, and the country would be his debtor for the change. The judicial temper of his views on public affairs is indicated by this quotation from his tariff speech:

"I am a protectionist, without any qualifying adjectives. I am not only a protectionist, but a high protectionist. . . . I believe in it like the heathen believes in his idol."

But as a teller of stories which are at once funny and apt, Cushman is decidedly the best in Congress, and the distinction is sufficiently rare in a sonder world to deserve well of his fellow men. The speech of Claude Kitchin is scholarly and interesting in its discussion of those Democrats who have voted with the Republicans for partial protection. It is interspersed with debate and repartee brought about by interruptions from Mr. Fordney and other Republicans. Any person interested in the tariff, or, in a broader way, interested in public speaking and debate, would do well to get these four speeches. Reprints of them, as well as of any other speech delivered in Congress, can be had by a request to the member who delivered it.

Enable the President to See the People

THE President of the United States gets \$75,000 a year. The necessary exactions which make holes in this are many. A single evening's entertainment, of the kind of which rigid custom makes him give several each winter, costs upward of \$1,000. As the law is now, he must pay his own traveling expenses. He can not travel like a private citizen. It is not merely a matter of dignity or personal comfort—that he must take a whole car for himself and his party is so obvious as to be beyond argument. A single trip from Washington to New York and back costs him upward of \$250. President Taft is fond of traveling. He likes to meet the people. Of his own choice, he would cover the country once each year, touching the Pacific Coast four times during his term, compared to the once each term that Roosevelt and McKinley visited California. Unquestionably, the people wish this. An allowance of \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses would make it possible. The matter is pressing now, for probably the possibility of a trip to Seattle and Alaska late this summer must depend upon it. Congress should make this appropriation.

The Effect of High Protection

DURING the debate in the House on the Payne bill, Congressman Longworth of Cincinnati read a letter from one of his constituents, which said in part:

"As a manufacturer of clothing for a period of almost fifty years, I can truthfully state that I never handled cloth of so inferior a quality for the price as I do now. The masses, consisting of laborers, mechanics, and farmers, the real users of ready-made clothing, are receiving practically no value for their money."

The Payne bill does not substantially change the tariff on woolen goods.

340 Days

IT IS 340 days from the date of this paper until any member of the present Congress comes up for reelection. The chief issue in the election of the next Congress will be Cannon. Every one of the 218 Republicans now in Congress knows that, as he turns back to his constituents, he carries the burden of Cannon. Cannon knows that just so many Republicans—perhaps twenty, possibly fifty—will fail of reelection because of him. Will Cannon let this happen? If he is unwilling to save his fellow Republicans, direct primaries will do the work. Of the thirty-one Republican "insurgents," all but five came to Congress from direct-primary districts.

Books for an Old Man

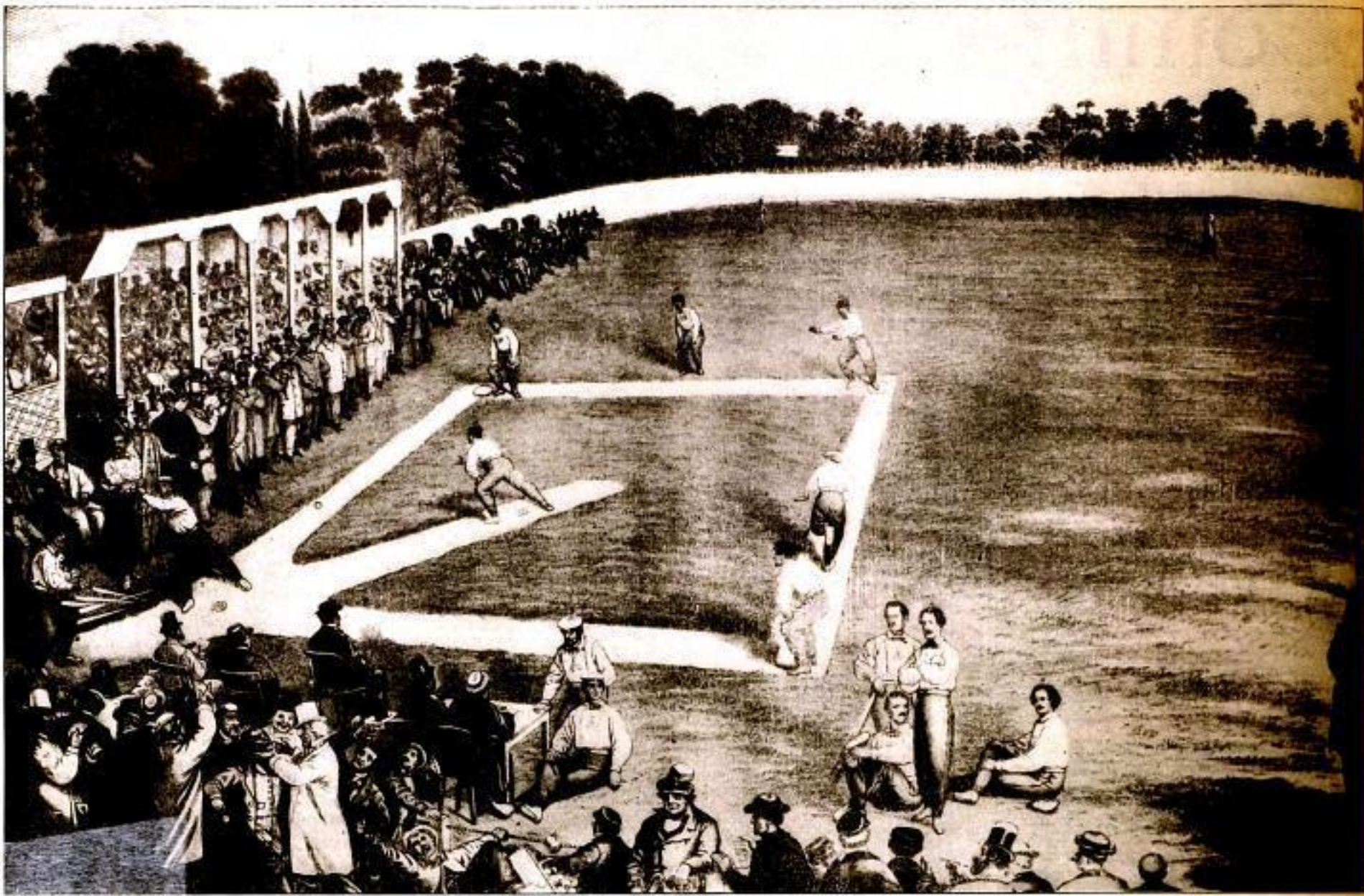
WE HAVE assumed a task which we conceive to be not only a private kindness, but also not without dignity as a public service—the pointing out of those quiet pleasures which would make—we use the potential mood with care—which would make a serene old age in a substantial home on the outskirts of Danville, Illinois, preferable to the tumult and hurly-burly which are inevitable in an assemblage of 391 somewhat boisterous men in a single room on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. President Eliot of Harvard University is at the present time engaged in compiling a set which he aptly calls "five feet of books," a compilation of those 100 volumes which, among all printed books, are of most worth. The idea is full of subtle appeal. We wish Dr. Eliot would now address himself to a more limited task. We would like to have from him a list of, say, fifty books best adapted to a man of seventy-four who has passed his years in arduous political life, but now sees an opportunity for escape to quiet retirement and indulgence in those pleasures of taste to which he has long denied himself. We should like a list which would appeal powerfully to such a man, which would cause him to recall long-forgotten aspirations for the charm of cultivation and learning—a list, the contemplation of which would help such a man to make decision between the clamor and strife of politics on the one hand, and, on the other, the fender and the book—a list so alluring that it would brace him to resist the demand of the public that he continue to serve them. As a start toward such a list, we suggest these (the titles of acceptable additions to the list will be welcomed):

Cicero: "De Senectute" (in the original).

Emerson: "The Over-Soul."

Wordsworth: "An Evening Walk."

These books and slipped immunity from the exactions of public life, long days of quiet in Danville, Illinois—these would appeal to us; we wish they would appeal to him.



Baseball as It Was.—The second championship game between the Athletics of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia, 1865. Score 33 to 33—game called on account of darkness at the end of the seventh inning. Notice the underhand pitcher, the gloveless catcher keeping a respectful distance behind the bat, the wide swing of the batsman, the basemen playing frozen to their bags. The gentleman sitting with his feet on a box on the first base line is the umpire. The men at the table are gamblers. The gamblers waving bills, the pickpocket caught in the act, the drunkards, in the foreground, illustrate the tendencies which were creeping into the game.

Baseball Reporting in 1856 THE JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH STYLE

"THIS noble American game, which all the seductions of the scientific game of cricket have not been able to undermine, is growing more and more in favor every day. No less than three matches were played last week, and the attendance at each was not only very large, but made brilliant by great gatherings of ladies, whose interest in the sport seemed to be not at all short of that experienced by the most occupied observer of the

other sex. We are inclined to think, too, that this feature of these occasions has no little effect in inspiring the players in the game, and that the last energy of every contestant is taxed by the consciousness that he must win or lose in the minds of an exceedingly keen and scrutinizing class of lookers-on. We are much pleased to see the beautiful and fair of this city lend the charm of their presence to the healthful out-of-doors sports and exercises, and we have a shrewd opinion that more than one of them attends the grounds with a view of sharply measuring among the players the qualities of

what might make a serviceable future husband. Among the matches we allude to, the return game between the Baltic Club of this city and the Union Club of Morrisania may be mentioned as the most prominent, from the great attendance that was present. It was played Wednesday of last week, but was suspended in consequence of being overtaken by the shades of night. At the time of the adjournment the score stood 15 runs in favor of the Union and 12 runs for the Baltic. The matter is to stand till the resumption of the game, but no day was named. —Porter's "Spirit of the Times," September 6, 1856.

BASEBALL

"We got our language from the English and most of our institutions from the Dagoes and the Dutch. But there are two things, I tell the boys, that are all American. One's the good old flag and one's baseball." —Remarks of Tim Murnane.



FOR the first seventy-five years of our national existence we worried along without a national game. We were a hardy people, but not an athletic one. Our lusty young men were employing their strength, their agility, and their fortitude on the work of taming a continent. If there was an American sport in that period it was probably wrestling—the game at which Washington and Lincoln were adepts—a rough kind of catch-as-catch-can. In Philadelphia and other Eastern centers a very few played cricket; the "sporty," a limited class in those times, followed the prize-ring or drove fast horses.

All the time, however, the boys of America, unhonored and unsung, were quietly making the national game. As far back as the Colonial period they were playing, on the commons of the East, the clearings of the frontier, and the vacant lots of new towns, a crude game of ball. It is easy to establish the connection of this game with "rounders," an English schoolboy game which may be traced back as far as the age of Elizabeth. Indeed, there is evidence leading to the belief that rounders was once called "baseball" in certain parts of England, notably Suffolk. In America the corresponding game generally went under the name of "round-ball," and, because it was played at the time of town meetings, "townball." Put as far back as the thirties

I—Before the Professionals Came

By WILL IRWIN

Baseball Reporting in 1908

THE GEORGE M. COHAN STYLE

"SUMMON up that second set, fellows, and we will pass judgment. Who is that leading off? Little Anathema Evers, no less. We remember you very well, little Evers. Where are you going? To first? Oh! very well; but look you, Herzog, be a bit more accurate in your throws after this. This may prove costly. And here is Steinfeldt—Steinfeldt who fanned at a critical period of Monday's game, and you know how Steinfeldt—well, what is it this time, Steinfeldt? A double, and it please you. And there is Evers crossing the plate. And now what? Simply that Howard is safe on Deffin's bad throw, and he and Tinker, who follows him, run into a double play while Steinfeldt scores. It is two runs and it is disgusting, and many thousands of us say as much . . . but there is Pfeister. And if we do hit him, there is Pfeister's fielding support to make a mock of us, and so it goes until the sixth inning, by which time all the fans are wet and McGraw poutful and Chance is bragging and everybody is peevish at everybody else, and it's a mighty poor time to attempt a plesantry; and, of course, it must be this pestiferous Evers who again is first to bat, and, of course, he must single to center. Ah, well! Make a good job of it, Cubfellows!"—W. W. Auclik in New York "Times," August 12, 1908.

of the last century—probably even farther back—called it, in certain localities, "baseball." When, in the forties, the modern game, originating in New York, made its conquering advance, the boys called this old game the "Boston game," or the "Massachusetts game," to distinguish it from the newfangled "New York game." It was played in various ways in various parts of the country. (Those boys' games, having no written rules, tend always to local variations.) Its first cousin, "rounders," is to-day as many games as there are counties in England and Ireland. But let a description of "Massachusetts baseball," as played on Boston Common during the thirties, stand for the rest.

The number of players on a side might vary from six to twenty; but eight was the regulation number. The field, as shown in the illustration, was an irregular polygon. There were really five bases, for the home base and the batter's base were not coincident. The ball was made of any soft and elastic material, such as wound yarn, a sturgeon's nose, and, later, balls of rubber. The pitcher—known as the "thrower" or "giver"—stood midway of the polygon. The catcher stood close behind the bat; but he had a "scout" to assist him, since this game, like cricket, made no distinction between fair and foul balls—anything off the bat was a hit. There were no basemen, for a runner off the bat was put out—just as in rounders—by being hit with the ball. Five scouts assisted in fielding balls and "scouting" the runner. Hence the soft ball. A ball caught by the bat, or on first bound, was out. Even after real baseball came, this game had a long survival; I myself played it on the Colorado frontier in the early eighties.

Then, as suddenly and as unaccountably as a "mutation" in evolution, real baseball, the crude form of the modern game, sprang into existence in New York. The present site of Madison Square Garden was

late thirties and the early forties, a level, vacant field. There, on summer afternoons, the boys and young men used to kick footballs, run races, toss balls, and "bat." According to the best information I have, "town" or "round" ball was never played in or about New York; the boys *did* play "one-two-and-three-old-cat." In the years of 1840-42, "one-old-cat" became a fad. In 1842 railroad took that field for freight yards. The boys moved on to the Murray Hill grounds, east of Fourth Avenue and north of Thirty-fourth Street. One fine afternoon Alex. J. Cartwright came among them and said: "Boys, I'll show you a better game than that!" "Show us," they said.

And Cartwright, scratching with a stick in the dust, sketched off the diagram of a baseball diamond. They listened to him; and they laid off the field according to his directions, using stones for the bases and a plate. He set a man on each base and three "scouts" in the outfield; and so, with eight men on a side, the boys of New York played their first game of real baseball.

Magna Charta of Baseball

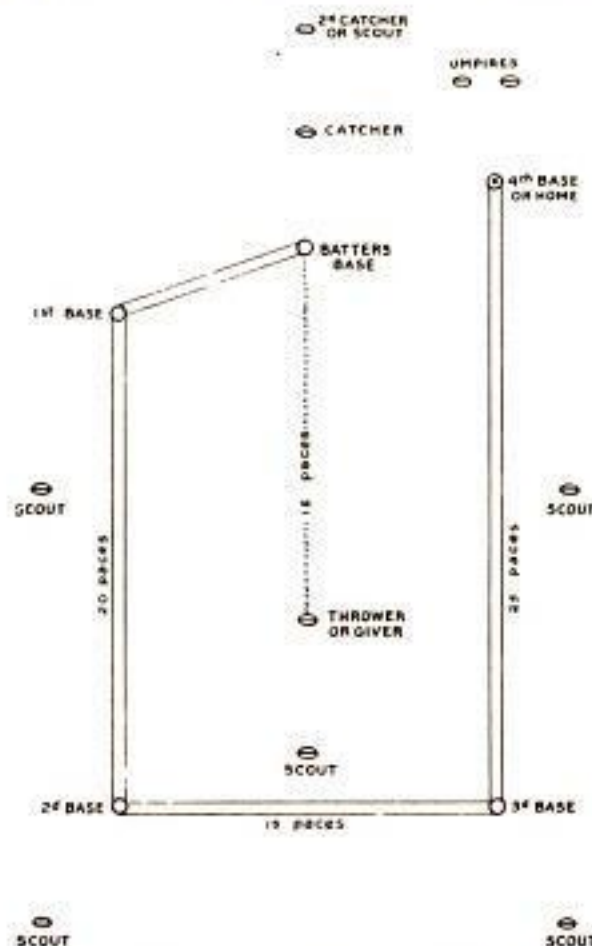
THE details, the score, even the exact date of that historical event, are lost. We know, however, that they played here and added there for two or three years, and that by the end of their first season they founded the Knickerbocker Club. From the first they perceived that it was difficult to hit a ball thrown full arm; such a ball was fearfully hard on a barehanded batter. So they invented an artificial delivery for the pitcher. He must "pitch" the ball—deliver it underhand without "throw" or "jerk." It was like the motion of a spin bowler. That limitation on the game was not fully observed until 1883. At some time in the first season Knickerbockers learned that the outfielders, taking a grounder, could hardly field it to the plate with assistance. So they added a loose fielder, and named him "short-stop." He was the scrub of the team; he was expected to help with the infield plays, but only to stand in the outfielders. It was a matter of ten years before "Dicky" Pearce, a scrub shortstop who developed unexpected ability, took to fielding infield hits ahead of the basemen, and made a real position out of shortstop. Yarn ball which they used in 1842 gave place to a larger and heavier than the one we use at present, covered with sheepskin. This cover was sewed on four sections by a shoemaker; and a complete ball cost about \$2—a big sum for the boys of that time. Within a few years the Knickerbockers had a rival—the Gotham Club. Before that—in 1845—they published their first set of fourteen rules. Of those rules only three have been wholly changed. The dimensions of the field, the sole exception of the pitcher's position, remain the same as they were then. We have amplified them to suit new inventions, but we have altered them but little. Here is that Magna Charta of baseball:

- Section 1—The bases shall be from "home" to second forty-two paces; from first to third base forty-two paces equidistant.
- Section 2—The game to consist of twenty-one counts or innings, but at the conclusion an equal number of hands shall be played.
- Section 3—The ball must be pitched and not thrown the bat.
- Section 4—A ball knocked outside the range of the first or third base is foul.
- Section 5—Three balls being struck at and missed, and last one caught, is a hand out; if not caught is considered fair, and the striker bound to run.
- Section 6—A ball being struck or tipped, and caught on the fly or on the first bound, is a hand out.
- Section 7—A player, running the bases, shall be out if the ball is in the hands of an adversary on the base; the runner is touched by it before he makes his base being understood, however, that in no instance is a ball to be thrown at him.
- Section 8—A player running who shall prevent an adversary from catching or getting the ball before making his base is a hand out.
- Section 9—If two hands are already out, a player running home at the time a ball is struck can not make a base if the striker is caught out.
- Section 10—Three hands out, all out.
- Section 11—Players must take their strike in regular turn.
- Section 12—No ace or base can be made on a foul ball.
- Section 13—A runner can not be put out in making a base when a balk is made by the pitcher.
- Section 14—But one base allowed when the ball is out of the field when struck.

Just a word, before I go further, about the controversy over the "rounders origin" of baseball, than which question before the sporting public has stirred up more human ire. That Mr. Cartwright came among the New York boys with a full-fledged game, a novelty to them, is pretty well established. Nothing further is known about the life of Mr. Cartwright; and it seems little strange to one of this generation that he should have invented "out of his head" a thing so like the old Massachusetts game. Further, it was called "baseball" in the very first; and the name "baseball" for rounders and its modifications goes back to England. Notice, in Section 7, that at him is italicized, indicating knowledge of a game in which the runner was put out by being hit with the ball—which was the rule in both rounders and townball. Again, they scored the game in that day by twenty-one points; and twenty-one points is the method of scoring rounders in many parts of England and Ireland to this day. So it seems likely, to one weighing the data in this age of baseball, that Mr. Cartwright had seen a game of townball, roundball or rounders and that he worked the game out from his recollection or else modified it consciously. That very thing

happened when the American colleges tried to play Rugby football from books; did we not know its history so well, there might be a controversy over the "Rugby origin" of American football.

Two other things bear on the question. A special committee of the Baseball Commission has lately declared against the "rounders" theory. They present among their data a letter from Abner Graves, an old mining engineer of Denver. Mr. Graves says that in 1839, while a student at Green's Select School in Cooperstown, New York, General Abner Doubleday invented the modern game, named it "baseball," and set two teams of boys to playing it. General Doubleday certainly did not invent the name "baseball"; and in 1839 he was at



"Roundball," "Townball," or "Boston Baseball."—As played on Boston Common in the last century. The scouts resembled our basemen, but they put the runner out by hitting him with the ball while he was off the base.

West Point. However, Mr. Cartwright may have got his game from Cooperstown and not out of his head. Again, old members of the Knickerbocker Club have told John Montgomery Ward, the star shortstop of the eighties, that when they began playing baseball in 1842-43 they were reviving a game which they had played in their childhood. These are the contradictory data in a controversy which has rent clubs and estranged friends.

The game was now fairly launched; before 1855 it was the local sport of Manhattan. At about that time the English residents and Anglomaniacs imported cricket. At first cricket seemed likely to swamp baseball. But the factor which makes baseball so peculiarly fitted to the American temperament—its quick action—gave it the advantage. By 1856, when the sporting papers first began to notice the game, baseball and cricket drew about equal space. The Murray Hill grounds had vanished by that time; the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, just across the river from New York, came to be the Polo

Grounds of that period. There a dozen-odd teams from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Hoboken, and other cities about New York Bay played home-and-home matches. Says Porter's "Spirit of the Times": "This noble American game, which all the seductions of the scientific game of cricket have not been able to undermine, is growing more and more in favor every day. No less than three matches were played last week."

The spirit and practice of the game were purely amateur. These young fellows, many of them members of old Knickerbocker families, played for fun. Challenges were formal affairs. A committee met to arrange the details, and to choose two umpires and a referee—"positions of great dignity," says the "Spirit of the Times." The teams played in open fields before their plighted ladies and the delighted small boys of the Jersey shore. When the game was over they adjourned, usually, to the Red Wing Tavern in Harlem, where the vanquished dined the victors; then home in a carryall by moonlight.

It was a crude game, but merry. In theory, the pitcher was there only to give the boys a chance to "soak the ball." "First bound" was still out. The unfortunate catcher, handling a heavy, lively ball without mask, glove, or protector, stood up near the bat when men were on bases if he had the skill and courage; the early guides recommend him "to do so when he can." Had not the pitcher been restricted to an artificial throw, scarce a catcher would have lived to tell the tale. Many catchers took everything "on first bounce," and managed at that to prevent much base-stealing—base-running also was in its infancy. "Smith," says the "Spirit of the Times," "caught a remarkable game, having but five passed balls scored against him." Here and there we get a glimpse which shows how crude it all was—what a matter of hit-and-miss natural force. In the fifties, Dicky Pearce shone without a peer as an infielder; he used to stop grounders with his hand and foot!

Waiting for a "Good One"

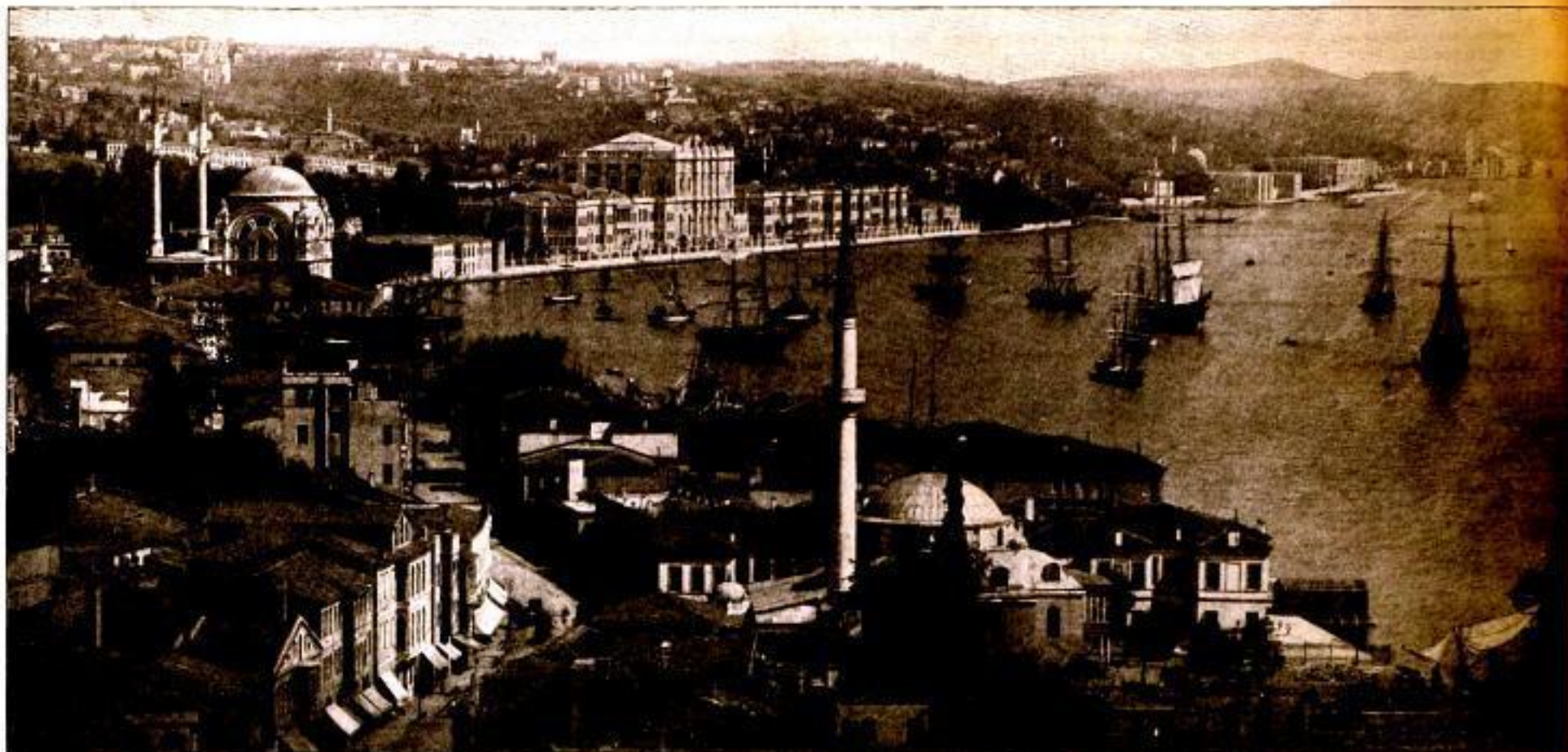
THE theory of bases on balls was not as yet. When it began to dawn on the pitchers that they could puzzle the batters and so hold down hitting, the game promised to become as long-drawn-out as cricket. The pitcher could deliver wild balls in every direction; it mattered not; the batter simply waited patiently for a good one—waited, sometimes, for a quarter of an hour. The umpires and referee, standing crowned with tall hats on the sidelines, had at first no power to make the pitcher behave. So, also, the batter did not need to strike at "good ones" if they did not suit his fancy. He just waited until he had what he wanted.

Yet a few "first things" did appear. In 1848 they changed the method of putting a man out on bases to the present rule—"catch him out at first, touch him out at second, third, and home." When that happened, certain hardy souls took to sliding bases—let first. The accepted uniform being firemen's shirt and long trousers without padding, they did it but gingerly. The basemen learned that a steady series of short hits paid better in the long run than a perpetual attempt at home runs. "Muffin" is a piece of baseball slang of that time, now lost to the language; its meaning stood half-way between "lemon" and "dub." And "muffin hitters" they termed those who knew nothing but to slug. The basemen learned that they could cover more territory by playing a little off the sack. Harry Chadwick, called, a little fulsomely, "The Father of Baseball," began to write the game for the sporting papers.

By the late fifties, baseball was spreading out from New York. E. G. Saltzman, a member of the Knickerbockers, moved to Boston and took the game with him. The Tri-Mountains of Boston had just organized themselves to play the old Massachusetts game on the Common. Saltzman came among them with his own game. The boys saw New York baseball in action—"and there was nothing to it." The Boston game dwindled and died. Portland formed a club in 1858. Buffalo and Rochester caught the fever. The Chicago boys had played townball—which they called. (Continued on page 22)



Site of the old Murray Hill grounds, New York, to-day. It is uncertain whether the Knickerbockers played their first baseball here or on the present site of Madison Square Garden. The best authority favors the Murray Hill grounds.



The World's Storm Center.—The City of Constantinople, now in the hands of the Young Turks. Set back from the Bosphorus in a great park (at the left of the photograph) is the Yildiz Kiosk, the palace of the Sultan

THE author's father, a Byzantine Greek, was a high official under four sultans, being successively Governor of Crete, Prince of Samos, Minister of Interior, Imperial Commissioner of Rumania, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Dalmatian Provinces. Because of his liberal views he and his family were subjected by Abdul Hamid to seven years of espionage. Mr. Adossides himself, while connected with the Foreign Office, was forced to flee because of his liberal sympathies.



THE Turk is a fatalist. "Each nation has its term," says the Koran. With a mind schooled in resignation, he endures without a murmur the greatest privations, while in good fortune he is neither arrogant nor unduly elated. Proud of his race and content with his religion, he venerates the memory of his ancestors and lies becalmed at the wharfs of custom while other nations leave their ancient moorings for the unknown sea.

Endowed with a remarkable physique and of a strong constitution, the Turk is temperate, hospitable, and generous. In many places in Asia Minor, bargains and sales are made without accounts, contracts, or receipts. This could not be so if avarice were prevalent. And, as the Turk has been taught that wealth is only passing, it is not often that he will commit a crime for money.

Turks, however, are of two kinds—the Government official and the man of the people—and of these the one is the very antithesis of the other. Just as the former is false, cruel, servile, arrogant, and unjust, so is the latter simple, honorable, and hospitable. Hospitality, indeed, is the Turk's greatest virtue. Should you travel among the true Turks in Asia Minor you will find, instead of inns and hotels, a warm welcome in every house. The chief men of the village will dispute with each other for the honor of being your host, and he who has won that privilege is envied by his neighbors. If not rich enough to afford a "moussafir odessi," or guest-chamber, he will place his own room at your disposal; but wherever you may lodge you will always find in large Turkish letters this traditional inscription: "Here is received the Stranger! In the name of God! the Compassionate! the Merciful!"

Nor are introductions necessary. Whatever your creed or condition, your rank or your country, whether Christian or Moslem, wealthy or poor, you will be lodged and entertained as long as you choose to remain. While a guest you are not only not allowed to expend a penny, but are not even permitted to offer a "tip" to the servants, for this would be considered a great insult to your host. Nor must it be supposed that this is true only of the rich or the well-to-do; it is characteristic also of the poorest peasants. They do not wait simply to receive you; they will go out to find you. In many villages a guest-chamber is kept at the public expense.

An ordinary Turkish interior is the mirror of the national character. Though the harem is usually more or less luxurious, the selamluk, or apartment for the men, is simple to bareness. Of carpets, curtains, chairs, tables, pictures, books, and bookcases, not a sign. You will see instead only a whitewashed wall, a mat on the floor, one or two divans, and a frame holding a verse of the Koran, letters of gold on a ground of blue or vermillion; for the Turk, having a natural dislike of furniture, loves to see a room empty and bare. All he wishes is air and light. Hence you will observe many windows, and these, moreover, are usually without blinds.

In the mansions of the great, as in those of the pashas, it is otherwise. Here one can find luxury in every form: Damascus tables inlaid with ivory, Persian

carpets, Kutahieh vases, panels of Oriental faience, and modern marvels of every description.

Should you dine with a Turk, you will observe many peculiarities, to some of which you will find it hard to accustom yourself. The host and his guests, squatted upon little mats, await the servants who, bringing a tray, place it before the company upon a low stool. On this tray, in several hollow bowls with round covers, are the viands. Forks and spoons being dispensed with, each man, stretching out his right hand, deeply scoops up, with thumb, first finger, and middle finger held together, one or two mouthfuls from each bowl. At the conclusion of the dinner the guests file out one by one, to make their ablutions at the fountain.

As a Turk always invites himself to dinner, it often happens that a guest is unknown to his host. All the better, indeed, if he be a stranger; and thus at the houses of the rich pashas one often meets a motley crowd: high functionaries of state, officers, merchants, and tradesmen.

Once at the palace of the Grand Vizier, Hatil-Rifat Pasha, while at dinner I found myself sitting next to a charcoal-burner. He had simply asked himself to dinner. I must hasten to add that, as for myself, I had been invited by the pasha's son. You must not think that by staying to a late hour you will inconvenience your host. The latter simply sends you a night-robe, a pair of babouches (slippers), and a brief good night; and then on a rug, stretched on the floor of the selamluk, you are expected to sleep till dawn. Often a visitor remains two or three days without informing his family where he is.

The Turk still keeps to the patriarchal form of the early ages. He is never happy except when under his own roof. There are thousands of people in Constantinople who know no other part of the city than their own immediate vicinage. Balls, concerts, and theaters are absolutely unknown. Their only two forms of public entertainment are: one the karagnes, the Turkish clowns who, accompanied by drums and cymbals, or by couplets of poetry and some wild musical air, act in booths on the street; and the popular pehlivans, or wrestlers, who are seen in squares and on the outskirts.

These are the only diversions of the common people. As for the dance, a Turk once asked me: "How is it that you Christians do the dancing yourselves when you are rich enough to get others to do it for you?"

Being a lover of light, the Turk is an early riser. Clothed in a long caftan, he leaves the harem at an early hour, and going to the selamluk (the quarters of the men) in his bare feet covered with light slippers, he remains there, hour after hour, reclining on a divan, smoking. It is thus that he prepares himself for the arduous duties of the day, which consist, as a rule, of meditating upon the "vanity of human wishes."

The higher his rank the more numerous his visitors. All who come are welcome, though the politeness of the master of the house varies according to the station of his guest. If the caller be of his own rank, the host rises to meet him, and then the two saluam interminably.

The conversation is laborious. Between grave ques-

tion and weighty reply there is silence so heavy that one might expect the birth of an epic. One might imagine that he was about to hear two philosophers, so wrapped is each in a mist of profundity. But when at last they condescend to speak, one hears only time-worn platitudes, which, however, are delivered with the solemnity of a Solon. The voices, though soft and subdued, are monotonous to weariness; the conversation, usually pointless, is at its best a réchauffé of old proverbs. Nothing is ever said to surprise or to amuse; nothing, moreover, about politics, religion, philosophy, science, literature, or concerning any of the great problems which elsewhere absorb the mind of man. Instead of this you will hear little except the constant repetition of those pompous phrases which Oriental etiquette demands. "Your exalted Highness," "May your health be increased," "I am your unworthy slave," "The dust of your mighty feet"—such are the ponderous expressions one hears in a Turkish drawing-room.

The Dogs Came Back

THE dogs of Constantinople constitute, as it were, a second population. They are everywhere a republic of vagabonds, seeming to be a mixture of dog, fox, wolf, and jackal. Of their origin little is known save that they are descendants of the dogs brought in by the suite of Mohammed II, the Conqueror, when he wrested Constantinople from the Greeks. The Turks protect them with tender care, for they rely upon them to help them, not only against the Christians, but even against the Government itself. They are the scavengers of the city, devouring every scrap of refuse, and they live always in the streets; for, as, according to the Koran, the dog is an impure animal, no Turk will allow one to enter his house. Notwithstanding this, the Turk is almost as jealous of the dogs, which are all owned collectively, as of his religion, and for this reason they have been left masters of the situation, free to multiply themselves without limit. That great reformer, the Sultan Mahmoud II, who was not troubled by scruples, once it is true, undertook to banish them. Though he had not hesitated to exterminate the janizaries, yet, knowing the prejudices of his countrymen, he dared not kill the dogs. Accordingly he expelled the whole canine population to an island in the Sea of Marmora. To this banishment, however, the dogs were not reconciled, and they howled so dismally that the sympathizing Turks were on the point of starting an insurrection in their behalf when, by an imperial edict, the exiles were recalled. On their return they were received by the populace with demonstrations of enthusiasm, and the day was celebrated throughout the whole city.

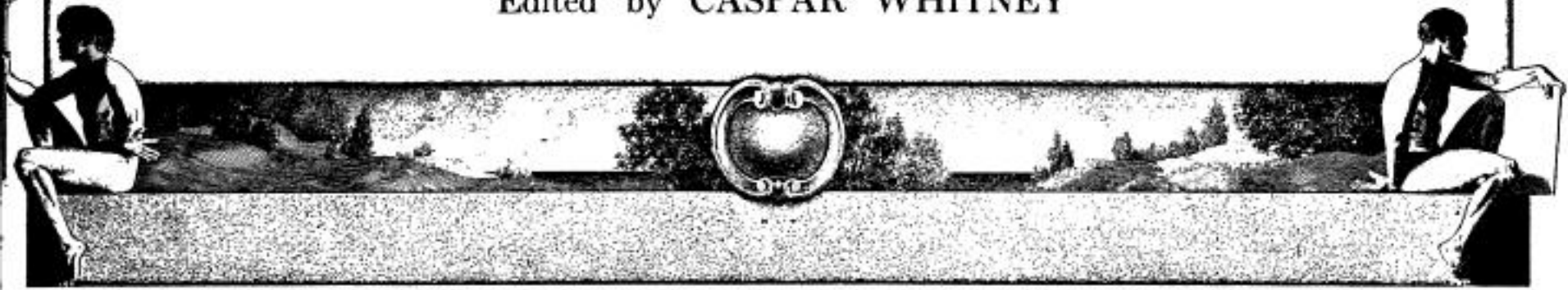
In the streets of Constantinople, except in the Pera, Galata, and the Christian quarters, one sees neither prompt gatherings nor drunken brawls. For the Turk is sparing of word and gesture. This grave and contemplative air does not denote a depth of thought. Far from it; it is but the cloak of unilluminated dulness.

The whole philosophy of the Turk, his whole history

(Continued on page 36)

OUTDOOR AMERICA

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY



A Work Only Women Can Do

WOMEN ought to have some interest beyond their household—it's broadening as well as becoming. The most ravishing sight in the world is a woman with her cheeks aglow and her eyes sparkling with the spirit of contest. And when the interest is a worth-while one, she's a winner every time. Often she wastes her forces, as we men do, phantom chasing. Now if gentle creatures who are giving mental and physical (ware wrinkles, ladies!) so generously to the untiring of psychic, sociologic, and other mental phenomena would only organize against the wearing of wild bird plumage on their hats, what a splendid and a real practical service they would be doing a cause certain to result for their efforts! The only way to stop slaughter of birds for plumage is to stop the demand for it; and the only way to put an end to the and for their sale is for women to refuse to buy hats trimmed with wild bird plumage.

To make plumaged-trimmed hats unfashionable—that, indeed, be a real practical, a needed, and a magnificent achievement.

The live bird in the bush is worth three dead ones on a table.

Suppose, as a matter of fact, it is too practical to that class of restless women who mostly dabble in through convulsions and other vibrations; but if only the women would organize in such an effort, it would follow. Certainly the slaughter of birds for plumage for millinery purposes has reached a fearful state, despite the continued and unsparing efforts of the Audubon Society. If women do not get together and an organized effort to save the birds, the cause is doomed; for only by such a method may the birds be saved. Here is a glorious chance for some intelligent woman of kindly impulse, who lives in New York, to do real work by organizing such a club or society. And a group of prominent women would so organize and out the decree, "No wild bird plumage on hats," the campaign would sweep over the country like wildfire; the majority of women are really in sympathy with protection of these birds, only none singly, or no alone, dares fly in the face of fashion.

The Audubon Society has spent thousands of dollars in Florida, and lost two of its wardens by murder, in effort to prevent the slaughter of these plumage birds; and thousands of dollars are still being spent to save a sentiment in Florida among the people themselves to save their egrets, herons, pelicans, spoonbills, others from the market butcher, but little is accomplished, because this is not the right end of the problem. The real people to labor with are the women, for whose sentiment these birds are killed. Are there not some spirited women who can put aside suffrage discussion long enough to unite on this question of saving rapidly disappearing birds of plumage from our Southern States?

Women will agree not to wear a hat trimmed with feathers of these Florida birds, the question of their action instantly becomes a dead issue.

It is better to restrain plume-hunting than to suffrage.

Canned Baseball

THE only unhappy incident of the spring season is Yale's return to professional coaching for her baseball team. The reason for doing so, as frankly stated by the coach of the team, is an extra effort "to win a baseball championship at New Haven, or to at least defeat Harvard." That's the curse of college athletics; that placing the mere winning above all other considerations;—the gate receipts and the professional coach are its gods. When our college faculties and committees (and insist) that just as much fun and benefit and comes out of baseball that isn't developed to the same degree of excellence, then they will evince some comprehension of undergraduate athletic-physical requirements, and we shall have play on the amateur basis of sport's sake. College teams do not reach the standard of professionals, and they never will, no matter much professional coaching they receive. It isn't inveighing against the professional in his own legitimate field; it is that the employment of a professional

coach at once changes the spirit of the men and the atmosphere of college ball; it puts the desire to win as the sole *raison d'être* of the team's life; it introduces unsportsmanly tricks—and it establishes no sporting traditions for the university. Yale can hardly be criticized for returning to professional coaching, since her chief rivals also employ them, and it's asking a great deal of boys to stand steady for a principle in the face of defeat by rivals who are violating that very principle with no reprimand.

And yet without the principle the play is valueless. Believe me, young gentlemen, sticking to principle, "in spite of hell and high water," is worth more to you than mere winning of a game; sticking to principle, fighting for it, is a game—the greatest game man plays. Try it.

Some day somebody in the college world will have the nerve to step forth and fight for a principle, even if he fights the fight alone. Meanwhile, we are developing canned baseball at our colleges. If you don't believe it, watch the next Yale game and see every batter as he goes to the plate take his instructions from Lush, the professional coach. The professional coach in college baseball is destroying the initiative of the batter.

And speaking of men who fight for a principle reminds me of the George A. Adeo boat-house, for which Julian Curtiss is endeavoring to raise money. His appeal ought to secure ready response from every Yale man. This is more than a boat-house; it is a memorial to George A. Adeo, than whom no man did more for Yale, and who had the principle and the courage to fight for a worthy object, regardless of cost.

Broaden Out

GOLFING circles seem to be agog over the time-honored question of government without representation. The Western golfers want a fairly representative voice in the legislation of the United States Golf Association, and, in my opinion, they are quite right. If an organization pretends to national government, it must have national representation among its legislators. No sectional body can rightfully aspire to national influence. As my acquaintance goes among Western golfers, this desire is no mere insurgent movement; there is a deep feeling that the present association should reorganize on wider and more fairly representative lines. As a matter of fact, it seems to me it would be an excellent idea for the United States Golf Association either to broaden its lines according to the need or join with the Western Golf Association in organizing an American Golf Association. The Atlantic Coast isn't the whole country; often we of the East forget that.

Turning to the Open

IT SEEMS to me that the failure of the recent six days' go-as-you-please pedestrian match in the Madison Square Garden, coming immediately after the remarkably popular successes of the Automobile, Sportsman's, and the Motor Boat shows, is a most significant demonstration of the turning of the popular mind to the open and to healthier activities. There was a time some years ago, I remember, when the six-day pedestrian matches set the town afire and crowded the old Garden. But people have been getting into the fields and the woods since those days, and I think the frost which visited the recent six-day match is about as concrete evidence of the new trend as has come under my notice. When you consider that as many as ten thousand people visited the Motor Boat Show in a single night, you realize that this country movement is not all on paper, nor even the fond speculation of the editor.

Pocket-book Sentiment

EVEN from the viewpoint of the idealist, there is virtue in the commercial spirit which some affect to look upon with contempt; at least it leaves open a vulnerable point of attack.

One touch of pocket makes the whole world kin. Last year, when devouring hosts of the gipsy moth were ravaging New England, the pleadings of the "sentimentalists," shall I say?—for protection of the insectivorous birds fell upon ears deaf to argument based on economic grounds, and thousands of dollars were spent without avail in efforts of one kind and another, scientific and otherwise, to stay the devastating army. The loss to those regions where the gipsy and the

brown-tailed destroyers made their way is reckoned by the millions of dollars. And now, finally, some precocious legislator has bethought him to try Nature's remedy, which the "sentimentalists" have been imploring him to recognize. New York is the first in the field with a bill not only to protect insectivorous birds, but to recruit an additional force of them. From the cross-roads' grocery store on through the ranks of the milkman, the baker, and even the peregrinating and intensely practical-minded butcher, has the virtue of bird protection manifested itself in town and country through study of the 1908 profit and loss account left by the retreating moth. And thus it comes to pass that when "little Willie" this spring exhibits to "pa" the robin he has slung-shotted to death he will be surprised to receive a warm smack—you know where, son—instead of the indifference or the amused half-interest "pa" has hitherto accorded his like predatory excursions.

Could a more convincing illustration of the practical value of bird protection be placed before you? Take a leaf from the experience of New England with its ravished foliage, you doubting residents of the West and the South. The certain way to insure yourself against insect invasion is to employ bird defenders, and if you would be guaranteed such defenders, you must protect them—and now. That is only *quid pro quo*, isn't it, and entirely fair? And these defending bird regiments are composed of robins, woodpeckers, Orioles, grosbeaks, and all other kind that prey upon insects.

The Francis bill, recently introduced into New York, marks a notable and a new era of enlightenment, because it asks for the protection of these birds "in the interest of commerce." Do you hear that, you tried friends of bird protection?—"in the interest of commerce"—and you may be sure there is no sentiment above the pocket in the New York Legislature. By the light of this action in New York, the conspiracy disclosed during the last session of Congress among Representatives Mondell of Wyoming, Macon of Arkansas, Bartlett of Georgia, and Foster of Vermont to defeat an appropriation for the protection of water fowl on two reservations in North Dakota which Mr. Roosevelt had set aside, becomes rather an interesting example of both ignorance and selfishness.

What Washington needs, it seems to me, is an information bureau for the enlightenment of the "people's choice."

Cut Out the Graft

INOTE with pleasure that the several erstwhile warring automobile associations have settled their differences and agreed upon a reorganization to control racing. It is quite right the automobile manufacturers should have an important, if not a controlling voice in such government, because it is the racing and the endurance tests which mark the progress of the American manufacturer's product. While offering my congratulations, I wish also to add that if the manufacturers would get together and stop the graft of the dealers in sundries, of the garage shops, and of the chauffeurs they would do as much for the sale of their machine as, through the racing agreement, they have done for its trying out. At present the owner of an automobile is lured and robbed from the moment he installs a chauffeur and his car enters the garage. It is the supply shops who seduce the chauffeur, and the manufacturers can stop the temptations which are used to his undoing, in the way of commissions, etc., quite as easily as they have handled the racing situation, and with much credit to themselves.

Marathon Mania

IF THE Marathon craze continues we shall have to inoculate the A. A. U. with an English bacillus. As usual, we are running the thing into the ground. What is at best a "freak" event, only justified on sentimental grounds at Olympic games, for instance, has been made an every-day amusement. No boy under eighteen should be permitted to enter one of these races, and not then unless he has undergone a physical examination. To allow schoolboys to enter these long-distance races is criminal.

Racquets

IT WAS Young Lochinvar (Harold F.) McCormick who came out of the West this year to carry off the Racquet Championship and the Tuxedo Gold Cup. Eastern experts have played better than they showed; but that is not saying they can beat McCormick. Hats off.

Baseball from the Bleachers

Sidelights on the Diamond

By AN EX-YALE CAPTAIN

YOU are a man—or, maybe, a boy—on the bleacher of the baseball field who is a novice in the sport. If so, sit with some critic of the game to catch—on the fly—from his lips those nicer points of the game that come in too slowly from the written word. You are, *per contra*, a veteran of the game. If so, you may even give points to the critic who writes. But much more likely you are a kind of middleman of the bleacher and typical of that great mass of spectators, young and old, who see the game in a kind of landscape view, unwitting of subtle detail, watching for its dramatics rather than for its nicer factors, appreciative enough of the long hit and brilliant catch, but with utter vacuity of eye for team play, taking in the sport as a composite whole rather than by analysis. For such a bleacher man, mainly, these words are penned, that in his sight the inner beauties of the sport may blend with outward pleasures and make both intensive.

You have seen both professional and college nines on the field, perhaps one pitted against the other! Mark, at the outset, one of the basic differences of play which, in nine cases out of ten, gives the professionals the leading score. It is not merely harder hitting and more precise field play, but a difference of action rooted in experience. The college player is not only nervous, but he never knows exactly what to do. He plays a little too far in or a little too far out. Once in three or four times at the bat he "bunts" when he should strike or the reverse. The pitcher, nowadays overmuch the king-pin of the field, on the college nine rarely studies his man at the bat; and at a critical point a little flaw of team play lets in a couple of runs and "rattles" the nine. How different the whole action and playing form of the professional! His long habit of play has crystallized into a quick instinct. He does the right thing and at the right time and place without having to think what the right thing is, and he does it instantly, gaining that foot or two of distance which the amateur loses in his half-second of thinking. In the psychology of the game it is a case of automatic impulse *versus* slower reason; and in the scientific baseball game of to-day, made up of an aggregate of small things, it is the former, the trained intuition, that wins. This fundamental variance between amateur and professional applies in almost equal terms alike to the individual and to team play.

Next take up briefly and in their proper positions of the players, though here only a few pointers out of many are cited: There is, first, the catcher. He may otherwise be skilled, but falls to the second class if he lacks either one of two traits—stopping the wild ball and making the quick, accurate throw to second base. To compass these he must be what we may call "the straight line" catcher, who, firm on foot, wastes no motion, whose limbs and whole body act mechanically along those straight lines which economize space and distance. In the pitcher, with his other qualities, good or bad, whatever they may be, watch for two bed-rock traits—variety, plus degree of curve, and control of the ball. The radical test of the first baseman is his handling, as against the swift runner, the slow ball dribbled between himself and pitcher, and—a point constantly overlooked—the quickness with which, when the runner is at his base, he retakes his proper fielding position after the delivery of the ball by pitcher. Second baseman and shortstop may be bracketed in two essential tests, the sharp fielding of slow balls and the running catch of the ball thrown to second base by catcher. The third baseman, holding perhaps the hardest position on the nine, is measured best by his fielding of slow balls—including the bunt—and the pace and accuracy with which he delivers it to first base. And, finally, the three outfielders have their two essentials, the long throw home on the first bound and "marking down" the fly ball. Of the two the last is first. The crack outfielder judges the drop of the ball just before the apex of the curve. He never staggers, twists, or hesitates. The ball may fly overhead for a home run, but even then he has pointed straight for its drop as well as in his running catch. Next to the catcher, the crack outfielder symbolizes that "straight-line" principle which is a keynote of baseball efficiency.

Allurements of the Game

TURN from such vital techniques to the broader allurements of the game! For just an instant, when the long sky hit is made, forget whether or not the outfielder is to capture it in your study of the beauty of its curve and its curved variants—for no sky hit or line hit or any other hit has ever been like any other. The ball hit just a little above its center drops sharply; hit a little below it falls slowly; hit a little sideways and on the quarter it has the picturesque "hook" at its fall which so often tricks the green fielder. Nine men out of ten on the bleacher, after their first glance at the sky ball, instead of following it, drop the eye to the fielder and miss the prime beauties of the hit itself with its graces—or vagaries—of curve! Better seen, yet seldom justly appraised, is the charm of the throw which, for exam-



"Ay—you McCarthy—Run!"

ple, made by the good third baseman well in territory beyond his bag, delivers the ball like a bullet to first base so evenly that its curve is all but invisible to the eye. Such a ball hardly rises after it leaves the hand. It may catch the swift runner or it may not, but the charm of the throw itself is there. In vulgar baseball esteem the long hit outclasses such a fine line throw and draws the cheers of bleacher and grand stand, yet the hit may be but accidental, while the perfect line throw betokens always intrinsic and normal merit.

The Bleacher Critic

AND in a still broader and more general way it is for a habit of just such an equitable measure of merit and demerit in the plays that the young critic of the bleacher should strive. Such a habit is the index of his sportsmanlike spirit—and in other things than baseball. He sees, for example, the difference between the player's error of judgment and his error of execution. He has severe judgment for the one, charity for the other. He holds that the mental error far outranks in bad eminence the mechanical error—that the player who uncovers his base at the wrong time or fails to "back up" his mate is far more culpable than is he who fumbles a grounder or misses an easy fly—for the best of fielders must now and then slip in his play as a handcraft. It is the same spirit of sporting justice which looks behind the noise of the partizan bleacher; gives the presumption of right to the ruling of the umpire; cherishes the amateur temper; sets recreation before winning; and marks down with abiding personal stigma the tricky player who obstructs an opponent or cuts a base in his run. The critic who is also the true sportsman often indeed must also be a partizan in feeling and sympathies. But his is a partizanship which is ever in abeyance both to fair play and to honest judgment.

Would you view the game in yet wider aspects and from the more esthetic viewpoint? Not much of poetry of scene, one would say offhand, pertains to the big league game of the great city. Its background of murky building and its skyline, broken only by the angles of street and roof, are not the elements of an artistic perspective. But it has its natural charms all the same and accented by contrast. It has its carpet of greensward, refreshing to the city dweller's eye. Its mere openness and horizon have a stimulating breadth and breeziness compared with the pent-up cañons of the skyscraper. There are over it the real clouds, and, even though dimmed by the city's smoke, there are genuine cloud shadows which float over the field. And, finally but not least, there is the dignity and intensity of multitude, that subtle but strong current of "human interest" which any great gathering centered on the rivalry of men awakens. Those long lines of faces gleaming in the sun seem indeed a single great organism when stirred by an exciting play. Or is the game a match of country nines on the rural sward? Pause for a while between innings to study the background of the field, its edgings of waving tree-top and distant hill, its cloudlands of the sky. And then, last, but best, there is that baseball climacteric, the great college game, when to nature's setting is added the noise-spectacle and academic color schemes expressed in badge and banner.

Yet again there are technical side lights of the game in minor flashes. Do you wish to study it racially? Look over the surnames on the score-card and note how many of them are of foreign extraction as distinguished from the pure Anglo-Saxon and native breed—and, especially, how the Hibernian strain persists in baseball as it does

in urban politics. Do you wish to analyze and measure certain factors of the sport? Keep, for an example, on a separate score-card the figures for "bases on balls" with the runs directly resulting and, after, say, twenty games, ratio such runs to the total. In college games, at least, the outcome will usually be found surprising as an index of wild pitching and its deadly sequels—only less deadly because the base on balls of one side is apt to offset that of the other. It is even more interesting to keep a score based rigidly upon your own private judgment and later compare it with the score official and published.

But on the ball field there are back lights as well as side lights. The veteran of the diamond has his far-away looks as well as present vision. He can suggest to the young critic points in the game, enlarge his technique, urge his ideals, impart a bit of fresh judgment, and maybe clarify his atmosphere of the game, and hint at its qualities, artistic or scenic. But he can not impart the memories that at each new match light up before the old ball player's eye. Again he sees the old sunlit diamonds, the froetal line of crowded bleacher and stand, and, through mist, the familiar forms of old mates of the field. Whither have they gone?

What You Can't Buy

Melons from Your Own Garden

By JULIAN BURROUGHS

SOME morning in May when you go out to the garden, a wren, the first you have seen since last summer, will dart along the ground, flying to a fence-post top, and gaily begin to sing. In the North this always marks the beginning of the time for summer gardening the time for planting or transplanting the fruit and vegetables that can not resist frost—the lima beans, the main crop, the melons, cucumbers, and so on. Among these, let us give the muskmelon first place. Though you may buy as good corn or beans as you can grow, you can not buy a really good muskmelon. We have tried to buy them, getting from all sources from the country pedler to the wholesale commission houses of the big cities, without ever getting anything that could compare with those I grow in my own garden. Aside from the expense of buying melons, which is considerable if you have what you really want to eat, the joy of the triumph of growing them yourself is worth much.

Three things are necessary for an abundance of sweet and aromatic melons: first, a foliage that is healthy; second, a properly prepared soil; third, a more or less sheltered and sunny location. Besides, the melon itself must be picked at the right time. Though second in importance, the requirement of soil must come first as a point of operations. I have tried both making hills with much labor and time, and just planting the seed anyway as you would beets or corn, and I find that the first way pays. The commercial growers plow open a big furrow, which they fill partly with manure, grow bone, cotton-seed meal, etc. In the garden the plow can not be used at this time of year—or but seldom—and hand-work is necessary. I get best results by marking off the places for the hills, and then, with a shovel digging a good-sized hole down into the yellow subsoil filling this hole half-full of well-rotted stable manure, then the remainder with the top soil mixed with bone manure, fertilizer, and wood ashes. Where the soil is sandy the problem is much easier; where it is heavy or clayey some sand, muck, or sifted coal ashes may be used to lighten and warm it. Where manure can not be had, sod, mixed or sprinkled with a commercial fertilizer rich in nitrogen or ammonia, should be put in the bottom of the hill. A complete commercial fertilizer can take the place of everything else unless the soil is sour, in which case plenty of wood ashes or lime is necessary. Also it is absolutely necessary to lighten a heavy soil. Where manure is used, especially bone manure, the commercial fertilizer should be rich in phosphoric acid and potash, otherwise the melons may run too much to vine and lack sweetness. Good hard wood ashes are often difficult to get; they are ideal for making sweet melons, however.

Be Generous with the Water

WHERE one is so fortunate as to have water, some provision should be made for watering at the time of making the hills. This will prevent tramping or dragging hose and baking or puddling the top of the ground later on in the drought. This year I hope to have time to rig up some old leader-pipe, or, at least, to make a wooden trough with a gate at each hill. Under this I will make a hole filled with loose manure into which the water can pour, and so seep away slowly without loss or caking the ground. If you water at all put on an abundance. A little water, like learning, is dangerous. If a building stands near the garden, the water from its eaves could be run in the end of the melon trough, thus getting some good from those light showers that so often wet the top of the ground without reaching the roots of the plants. This water would be warm and have those subtle virtues of rain-water which we or spring water seem to lack. Of course a gate should be so placed that heavy rains can be shut off.

When the soil is thus properly prepared and fertilized it is only necessary to guard against blight and insect

to have healthy foliage, the prime requisite for sweet melons. For the first of these use Bordeaux mixture. Be sure to have plenty of good lime in the mixture, keep it constantly shaken up or stirred while using, and the lime may quickly settle and so burn the leaves with the part that lacks it, and try to get it on the under side of the foliage. Spray early, as soon as the vines begin to run nicely, and follow it up at least every two weeks, covering them "head and ears," as the hired man says, every time. This is not only the best blight remedy, but it helps to make life unbearable for the insects that cluster about the melon hill.

Get After Insects Early

OF THE many insect enemies of muskmelons, a volume might be written, so many are the remedies or, rather, preventives for them. On one point all agree: they must be forestalled in time. I have found that it is really a simple matter to defeat the half-dozen or so bugs that eat melons provided I got into the game with the kick-off. Like a fire that is easily smothered out at the start, once under way it is beyond control. First come the yellow and black cucumber beetles that sit round on the hills waiting for the melons to come up, then the "Johnny-jumpers," then the aphides or black plant-lice, then the wireworms, cutworms, and squash-bugs. Seldom are all these creatures troublesome in one locality. If possible, let a flock of hens scratch over the garden in spring before planting. Later, several broods of little chickens, with the mother hen securely cooped up, are a great help in the melon-patch. The next best thing is hand-frames of boards and glass, or simply two half barrel-hoops covered with cheese-cloth; these both protect the young plants from the cold nights as well as insect pests. When the vines begin to run, remove these little shelters and put them away for next year. Failing or lacking these, plant a great many seed, with radish seed mixed with the melons and squash trap-vines near by. Then dust with insect powder, black death, bug death, etc., while the new is on. Put moth-balls, tobacco stems, lime sprinkled with turpentine, whichever is at hand, about the vines, especially where they come out of the ground. This is to keep the beetle from going down to lay her eggs on the roots. It will also keep wire and cut worms away. The squash trap-vines will collect most of the bugs, where they can be killed with kerosene or Paris green. Watch for the appearance of the aphides or black plant-lice, and pick them off as fast as they come. This is important, and unless it is done the lice will spread with incredible rapidity, whereupon it will be necessary to pull up the vines, sadly vowing to do better next year, or else spray with kerosene emulsion or fumigate with tobacco dust under a cover or tent of paper put over each hill in turn. Wherever you see a curling, look on the under side and destroy all eggs found there. Kill all wire and cut worms found in the soil when making the hills. Boards or shingles laid on the ground so that there is a slight space under them will collect most of the bugs at night, where they can be killed.

Melons and Ripe Melons

IN PICKING the melons, wait until they crack loose from the stem—they should drop off at a touch. Then put them at once in a cool place. After trying every kind of melon, I have settled down to the Emerald Gem. This melon is not grown for market because it is not hard and tough enough to stand shipping. I may add that the trouble with melons in market is either from picking them while green—never buy a muskmelon with the stem hanging to it or one which looks as if the stem had been cut or pulled off instead of ripening loose or from blight-struck foliage. Squash and cucumbers planted near have no effect on the flavor of melons. Have your ground sweet and your vines green; let the melons ripen on the vine and they will be heavy for their size, aromatic, juicy, and delicious; or, in the words of the seed-catalogue man, "melting and luscious." Further, in trying other newer varieties, remember that the heavily ribbed melons are apt to split open in wet seasons and that, as a rule, the larger kinds are both less prolific and harder to ripen in our short summers. The melon-patch should have the sunniest place, free from any noontime shade of trees or buildings. A hedge or fence on the north is good.

When possible, it is a good plan to start the melons in paper boxes, paper-lined quart cups, pots, etc., in a hot-bed, greenhouse, or sunny window. Set them in the open ground about May 15, planning to hit the beginning of a warm spell, if possible. I was able to make some hand-frames of old boxes and photo plates from which the films had been removed. Cheese-cloth can take the place of the glass, or oiled muslin, to keep off

the early cold rains. By such methods two weeks can be gained.

And what a satisfaction it is to have really sweet, delicious muskmelons! Not once in a while one, but a whole trayful at a time, cold from the ice-box—before breakfast, at dinner, between times, four or five to each person, so plentiful and good that eating them is "like the finish of a tub race."

New Whale Discoveries

The Highest Peak on Earth

By CYRUS C. ADAMS



IF WE had visited the extreme south Atlantic in its summer just ended, we might have observed remarkable activity on the island of South Georgia. Most of the world does not yet know that the whaleries on the edge of the Antarctic Ocean, dead for a century or more, have had a wonderful revival; and South Georgia, one hundred and thirty miles long, with its backbone of high mountains and its deep bays and fiords, is revealed, even before it comes into view, by clouds of black smoke rising from huge kettles in which whale oil is extracted from blubber.

Five hundred men are living there in the summer, stripping blubber from whales that are towed to the island, trying out the oil, and running boarding-houses, bakeries, and laundries. About twenty vessels are now engaged in the industry, and the eager quest for wealth threatens, in a few years, to deplete the new-found whalery, just as the whaling grounds of the Arctic have been nearly ruined by overfishing.

Captain Larsen Finds Whales

THESE new enterprises in the lonely waters of the far south originated by a Norwegian and four Dundee whaling vessels being sent in 1892 to discover if, in that region, the prosperity of the whaling industry might not be revived. East, west, and south they cruised all summer over the comparatively shallow waters of the southern sea, but they met few whales, and these were not of commercial varieties. The Dundee vessels went home empty-handed, and the prize which Captain Larsen, the Norwegian skipper, took home brought no joy to his employers. In his quest he sailed far south to West Antarctica and skirted for many miles a coast that no one had seen before. His discoveries along the shores of Graham Land brought him one of the honors of the Royal Geographical Society; but not a drop of whale oil rewarded the men who had paid for the expedition.

Every one thought these investigations settled the question of the supposed southern whaleries and that it would be futile to look farther. So it happened, ten years later, when Larsen commanded the steamer *Antarctic*, which took the Nordenskjöld party to Graham Land in 1903, that he had no idea of keeping an eye out for whales. He was to land the explorers and then cruise north for the purpose of making oceanographical researches till time to return for Nordenskjöld. It was while the scientific men on his ship were engaged in their labors that Larsen suddenly began to take notes of his own. As he crossed the waters far and wide around South Georgia, he found he was in a region teeming with whales. Here was plenty of the food on which whales thrive, and in this shallow sea, on the southern edge of Atlantic depths, whales had found a refuge where the hunter never came and the leviathan might breed in peace. South Georgia, far from the ocean highways, has been nearly as isolated as any polar land.

The old whaling captain did not tell all he knew, and his comrades had time to forget much they had learned in the terrible days that followed; for while steaming southward to find the explorers and take them home, the *Antarctic* was crushed in the ice off the east coast of West Antarctica, and the large party, reaching an is-

land, nearly perished in the months before rescued in summer. Explorers and castaways were taken to Buenos Ayres by an Argentine relief vessel, and there Larsen told what he had discovered and became a member of a company organized to carry on whaling in the waters around South Georgia.

Height of Mount Everest

THOUSANDS of barrels of whale oil are now landed at Buenos Ayres every season. Two Dundee companies are already engaged in the South Georgia industry and two more were organized last fall and are equipping vessels for the next season. The largest center of the whaling interest is now in waters bordering the Antarctic; and the curious fact is that the ships sent out by two nations to find whales in the far south had their trouble for their pains, while explorers who had no thought of this great sea industry dropped accidentally upon rich whaling grounds.

The near departure of the Duke of Abruzzi for the Himalayas gives new interest to the fact that Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is now found to be higher than the figures heretofore assigned to it. It is over fifty years since the height given to this eminence was fixed at 29,002 feet. Many have thought it ridiculous to tack on those two final feet over the even thousands, but the facts show that it was proper to do so. While the Indian Government was making its surveys within sight of the great mountain it took six trigonometrical measurements to the highest point of Everest from six different stations, and the mean of these values gave the height of 29,002 feet. Recently six other determinations of its height have been made at five stations, all but one of which are nearer the mountain than any of the earlier stations. The average of these latest determinations give a mean value of 29,141 feet, which is nearer the truth than the figures so long accepted. The survey reports that the mountain is undoubtedly of this height and probably higher, for there are still sources of error which can not be eliminated till problems of refraction and of deviation of gravity are more satisfactorily solved. It is intended to keep the old figure of the height on the maps of the survey until the very best determination is made by more accurate means than are now available.

Argentina's Skyscraper

IT WAS long thought that a mountain might yet be discovered on the Tibetan side of the Himalayas which would overtop Everest, but this idea is no longer tenable, for the entire range of high summits has now been seen from the northern side, and there is nothing in view that is comparable in height with the peak that has so long been reputed to hold its head higher than any other in the world. No doubt now remains that Everest will continue to bear the palm.

The difficulty of ascertaining the exact height of mountains is well illustrated by this latest report of the Indian Survey. Mount Aconcagua, in Argentina, is believed to be the crowning summit of the western world, but there are still plenty of unmeasured high peaks in the Andes, and Aconcagua may yet be compelled to take second or third place. The latest determination of its height was made by Mr. Schrader, the French geographer. His work gives a value of 22,812 feet, which is 56 feet lower than the results obtained by any of his predecessors.



"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea"



Inspecting her young



An error in identification



First step in the confidence game

"Little Brothers of the Air"

Winning a Bird's Confidence

By CLINTON G. ABBOTT

Photographs by the Author

THE average person birds suggest themselves as the retiring inhabitants of tall trees or unfrequented fields. Occasionally they please the eye with a glimpse of brilliant plumage; more often they are the unseen source of delightful music; but, beyond this, they are regarded by most people as timid and elusive beings, suspicious of man and all his contrivances.

On the other hand, there are the fortunate few who, by their more intimate communion with wild nature, are enabled to enter into closer acquaintance with the birds—to make real friends of them, so to speak. For them, birds exist not merely as animated fluff and feathers, but as individual entities, each with its own characteristics and peculiarities—"little brothers of the air," one sympathetic writer has expressed it.

Blessed with an inborn love of birds, it has ever been my delight to follow them in their wild haunts, and my trips afield have led me into many an out-of-the-way spot; but no more interesting experience have I enjoyed than the close friendship I was able to strike up one summer with a family of field sparrows at Montclair, New Jersey. The field sparrow, as its name indicates, is a bird of the open country. It loves scrubby and overgrown pastures, but never makes its home close to the residences of men, and hence is less accustomed to association with human beings than many other kinds of birds. My first advances were certainly not indicative of much success, for the birds would fly from the neighborhood of their nest almost as soon as I appeared above the horizon. However, I made it a point to visit them frequently, at the same time gradually cutting for myself a little pathway into the clump of bay bushes, amid which the nest was situated. After a while, from scolding at a distance, the birds came to waiting close at hand, and soon the female merely slipped from her nest at my approach, returning to it as soon as I retired. Already they seemed to be learning that I intended them no harm. This was the opportunity to bring the camera into play, and, by stealing up to the nest just before dusk, I was able to secure a photograph of the brooding bird. Apart from the general subject, the picture I obtained was interesting in showing the ruffled condition of the field sparrow's plumage. In the popular conception, all birds are sleek and neat creatures, with never a feather misplaced; but the camera has here revealed to us that even in the bird world the careworn housewife occasionally permits herself to lapse into untidiness of dress.

When the time came for the little ones to be hatched, I was still allowed within the sacred precincts. I must by this time have come to be regarded almost as a family friend, for I was permitted to stand close by and to watch just how bird babies should be properly reared. I followed the process with interest from the time that the naked and blind nestlings could assimilate only regurgitated and macerated food, until, fully feathered, they were able to rise with shouts of delight to greet the full-sized grubs and caterpillars that were thrust into their gaping craws. Incidentally I was able myself to be of some slight assistance in the field sparrows' domestic economy, both by occasionally feeding

the young birds and chiefly by shielding them from the heat of the sun's direct rays, to which the little prunings necessary for photography had exposed the nest during certain hours of the day. For this purpose I held an improvised screen over the nest, under the cooling shadow of which the faithful mother soon learned to come unhesitatingly. The male bird, however, was much more wary, and spent most of his time uttering his note of anxiety—the monotonous monosyllable *chip*—at the average rate (by actual count) of forty-five times a minute! Now and again he would seem suddenly to awaken to his duty as father and husband, and disappear in an industrious search for food, returning in a short time with a luscious grub in his bill. Much more lengthy *chipping* would ensue, at the end of which, unable to resist the temptation longer, he would invariably swallow the grub himself, vigorously wipe his bill on a twig, and start off in search of more! Not once did he ever go to the nest while I was standing near. The female bird, on the contrary, came and went with the utmost freedom. She even had a habit, after she had fed the youngsters and attended to the sanitary conditions of the nest, of lingering over her babies, almost as though gazing upon them in love and admiration.

As soon as the little fellows were old enough I removed them from their nest and placed them on a convenient branch, near which the camera was arranged in focus. At once they set up the periodic chirp which nature has provided as a sort of automatic annunciator of the whereabouts of young birds that are out of their nest. The parents, attracted by the sound, soon appeared and were evidently astonished at the early peregrination of their precocious offspring. In fact, at first they were quite unable to comprehend the situation, and frequently returned, by force of habit, to the empty nest. In the mean time the youngsters, so long unvisited, became drowsy and dozed on their perch. Occasionally they would wake up with one accord, and each evidently mistaking his brother for a parent arriving with food, the most ludicrous strainings and *chee-cheerings* would result, which only subsided with sheer exhaustion.

Getting Acquainted with the Camera

FOR the old birds, however, it was no dozing time. With marked solicitude they fretted about the spot, and, having definitely located their babies, they tried to pluck up courage enough to deliver the food they carried. But, faced by so many new conditions at once, it was plainly a difficult problem for them to accommodate themselves to the circumstances. Not only did they miss the friendly shelter of the bay bush, but the very camera itself, now standing tall and gaunt in the open, was to their timid minds doubtless twice as awe-inspiring as before—a veritable three-legged Cyclops! Strangely enough, it was the father bird who was the first to muster strength of mind enough to settle on the branch with his children—and I snapped him. The picture I secured well illustrates his uneasiness at the time. His eye is large and startled-looking, his body is attenuated and his feathers depressed, as he stretches forward in his haste to feed one of the babies and be off again in a twinkling. Nevertheless, his admirable show of courage evidently had the effect

of shaming his naturally bolder wife into action, upon observing the safe return of her gallant spouse she made up for lost time by feeding her young for five times in quick succession. I was thus able to obtain several more photographs before sundown, at the same time making it a point to render my person gradually more and more conspicuous. When I put the patient babies back to bed I felt well satisfied with the progress of my wild-bird taming, and I placed with great visions of what might be accomplished on the morrow.

Alas! The day following broke overcast and gloomy. Instantaneous photography was out of the question. But that I might not lose the ground I had gained, I spent much time with my little sparrow friends, taming them still more to my presence and adding to them gentle words of reassurance, as I had from the start. Would the youngsters remain in the nest another day?

Difficulties of the Bird-Photographer

YES, there they were when the next morning's sun found me early at the nest-side; though already the birds were standing on the rim of their home, and stretching their tiny wings in contemplation of a real start in the broad world. My plan of action was quickly completed; crouching unseen among the bushes near the nest, I extended my hand into the sunlight and placed the baby field sparrows on it; in my fingers I held a convenient twig for the parent to alight upon. The camera was focussed on my hand with the aid of a nine-year-old lad, who then withdrew into hiding. If duty thereafter was to appear at my call and reply upon my hand, without disturbing the focus, such was the youngsters as should take into its head to leap forth from its artificial perch. For the little fellows' wings were already well developed, and at first they did not at all relish the narrow limit placed upon their activity. But after many a tumble they became more contented, and then for me it was simply a case of wait. Motionless as a log of wood, I crouched in a hiding-place, one hand held aloft supporting its load, the other in readiness grasping the camera bellows. Even my cap was drawn low over my eyes, to hide evidences of animation might unavoidably emanate from that source. For a tiresomely long period I listened to the anxious *chip-chipping* of the parent birds, amused myself trying to distinguish the more nasal sound that was uttered through a bill full of food from the freer tone of an empty mouth. By degrees the radius of the sound became more restricted, until I could feel the vibration of the twigs against my body; the birds hopped uneasily about close at hand. Bravely I waited and watched through half-closed eyes while the faithful mother made her way anxiously to the edge of the bush, where, mustering all her courage, she flitted across to my twig, and presto! she was immortalized! Incidentally the children were with joy at the sight of their mother—and food!

The ice once broken, my opportunities for snapshots became more frequent. Cramped by my uncomfortable posture, I began to straighten myself up; my cap was thrown back from my eyes; the branches that had been arranged to conceal my body were allowed to fall away. And still the birds came. Now I felt that the time had come to attempt to accomplish the highest ambition of the bird-photographer, namely, to have a wild bird settle actually upon my hand. Placing the young sparrows farther back upon my wrist, I discarded altogether the twig I had been holding, and extended my forefinger as a prospective perch for the parent. The bird soon turned, and I was sanguine of quick success. But, sooner had her feet touched my finger than she recoiled as though from an electric shock, leaving a mere blur on my plate, and her babies unfed. Never before, and



Fast overcoming her fear of me



Mustering her courage, she came across the twig



Jumping in alarm at the touch of my finger

had her toes felt the contact of so warm, soft, and natural a perch! Fearful to venture there again, the birds now did their utmost to entice the youngsters into more agreeable surroundings. Even a few of their growth had had its effect upon the development of their wings, and there was many a call for my boy to swoop down from his place of hiding and face a refractory fledgling upon my wrist. The old bird occasionally uttered a certain note which apparently had a particularly alluring effect upon the young—a sort of little twitter—and every time I heard it I knew that one of my little lads (or both) would soon be off! Once on the ground, it was a pretty sight to watch the mother bird try to coax her baby to a place of safety by pretending to offer food, then running a few feet, turning again, and so on till her little stratagem was interrupted by the rude hands of the truant officer! Never, at this time, the parent ventured to my hand, but, after her previous fright, she would not settle on my finger, but, poising herself in the air, she would deliver the food on the wing, quite baffling, by the rapidity of her movements, the capabilities of my camera. At such times the youngsters, in their eagerness to obtain the uncertain morsel, would usually overtake themselves and fall fluttering to the ground—a decidedly exasperating state of affairs as

the day sped on and I had no photographs of the bird on my hand. But my stock of patience was not yet exhausted (let him who has not patience leave untried the photography of birds!) and I was destined to be rewarded. Gradually reassured by the inoffensiveness of my personality, the field sparrow at last alighted firmly upon my finger and, stepping forward, fed her young. Had a fairy settled there it could not have sent a greater tingle of delight through my veins than the patter of that little bird's feet upon my hand.

More visits soon followed, and I was particularly pleased to observe that the male was coming almost as frequently as his mate. From an attitude of evident fear, and an invariable start at the click of the shutter, my subjects increased in assurance until I felt that the climax of confidence had been reached when one of the birds, after feeding the young, calmly lingered to wipe its bill by rubbing it against my finger! Was ever victory more decisive? From a motionless, hidden figure, I had emerged into the obviousness of a kneeling man, but still my little friends retained sufficient trust to settle fearlessly upon my outstretched hand. My fondest hopes had been realized, but still half an hour of sunlight remained.

Then I conceived an idea which I thought surely would be impossible of realization, namely, of having the bird

feed her young upon my very shoulder. Despatching the boy posthaste for a chair, I seated myself in full view, placed the nestlings on my shoulder, and waited. Surely this was asking too much! The youngsters, now well-fed and becoming sleepy, were satisfied to remain where they were, and heeded not their mother's seductive appeals. Nearer and nearer she would come, and then her heart would fail her. It was really pathetic to observe this bird's mental struggle between the instincts of self-protection and of love for her offspring. Meanwhile I was anxiously watching the sun sink lower, till it rested on the tree-tops. Once behind that hill and my photographic aspirations would be doomed. Tense and motionless I sat there, my right hand clutching the bulb and ready for immediate action. Now the sun's last rays are shining through the trees; in a moment it will be too late! Suddenly my cheek is fanned by vibrating wings as my bird hovers hesitatingly above her young, then a gentle touch upon my shoulder, a click from the camera, and the conquest is achieved!

Next day the cradle was empty, my birds flown. Though I shall never see them again, they are friends of a lifetime; though free to live out their own lives, they are mine forever! What gunner can recall an expedition half so exciting in its consummation, half so satisfying in its outcome?



At last the old bird settled on my finger



Stepping forward, she fed her young



As comfortable as on the branch of a tree

The Wood-Butchers

A Concrete Example of the Nation's Problem

By ERNEST RUSSELL

IT HAS been said that communities, no less than individuals, manifest their true character outwardly. Accepting this view of the matter, the little mountain-walled, yellow-and-white town of Lincoln, New Hampshire, appears to doze, comfortably conscious of innocence and purity, in the valley of the Pemigewasset. In reality, however, Lincoln is an abattoir, a slaughter-house of the spruce forests of the White Mountains. Also it is the citadel of "the Henrys." The Henrys—that is to say, Jim Henry and his three sons—literally own the town—land, houses, stores, mills, its one hotel—everything but the Catholic church and a little flagman's shanty of a public library. Even in Boston and Maine, which its enemies will tell you knows nothing, stops at Lincoln, before the upturned finger of the Henrys. Beyond, as the Lincoln and East Branch Railroad, it becomes their servant. They rule it. For twenty miles it twists among the Franconia Mountains, spreads like a many-toed bird's foot the lumber camps and the "landings," is taken up and relaid there, but, ever pushing on, it penetrates deeper and deeper into the uncut spruce. "Wherever we can lay a track," say the Henrys, "we can bring out the timber." Well, they have been doing that, in the White Mountains, for just thirty-five years—seven years of it in the East Branch country—and in their story, the story of the fortune they have made and the wreck that rises behind it, lies, in epitome, the basis of a great American problem.

Somewhat apart from the closely clustered village, in a little white-painted house which overlooks the valley and faces the huge rampart of Loon Pond Mountain, if you can call it that—Jim Henry. Sightless, with his eighty years, relinquishing to his sons, because he must, an industry that has been the very core of his existence, he frets away his few remaining years. He looks back on a boyhood of bitter poverty, of scanty food, and the hardest labor. He remembers yet the faces of other lads who stepped on his bare toes, blue and cracked with the cold. "I fought an' licked 'em as I could," he says, "an' when I couldn't, I set my teeth an' said, 'You ain't agoin' to step on my toes no more,' an', by God, they hain't." Now he has his mill—perhaps the Lord knows how many, the assessors say—and that is all.

Jim Henry's instincts were the primitive instincts of a fighter—but he had brains—and he has mixed them with his fighting just as he has mixed them with his earning and his money-making. Moreover, he has been hampered by any consideration of generosity or obligation to his fellow man. Lumbering has been a trade, the White Mountains his field. "I never see a tree yet," he has said with a frankness and an unceasingness that would have fairly warmed the heart of Uncle Sam, "that didn't mean a damned sight more to me goin' under the saw than it did standin' on a mound."

t'in." Desolated Nature lies in his wake, but of this he cares not. His only regret is that he can not go on bargaining shrewdly for the forests, cutting and hauling the great spruce logs, working out, to the very end, his fighting destiny.

When Jim Henry's father died in 1851 the chief item in the little estate was a timber lot in Littleton. The boy Jim—he was only nineteen then—promptly bought out the shares of the other children—on credit of course—and "logged" it himself. He cleared fifteen hundred dollars in this first operation of his life, and it must have hit him pretty hard to lose, as he did, every dollar of it in his very next venture. But "the bark had got into his hair," as they say in the lumber camps, and he went back to his work as determinedly as a "game" fighter goes to the center of the ring after a round that has gone against him. There was no hint of the "quitter" in Jim Henry of that or any other day.

If any proof be needed of Jim Henry's genius for his calling it may be found in the rare instances when he deserted it. Whenever he is found scheming in oil or in horses, disaster lies just ahead; he turns to timber and everything comes his way. Moreover he fares best when unrestrained by partnerships or agents. His shrewd, intriguing mind and tight-closed lips permitted no confidences, delegated nothing of importance to subordinates. All his life he has dominated everything and everybody that touched his own activities—and the ledgers tell the story.

A Vast Cemetery

ZEALAND VALLEY was Jim Henry's first expedition into the field of "big lumbering." He had come to Fabyans in 1874, facing hard times with insignificant capital and no credit. In seven years, and by small operations, he largely increased the one and firmly established the other. Then came Zealand. His long-range vision had foreseen the opportunity and his stubborn will had won the way to its undertaking.

In the fall of 1881—it was "Henry and VanDyke" then—Jim Henry flung himself upon the Zealand forest, the finest in the valley of the Ammonoosuc. For eleven years he ravaged it, building his mills and his railways, creeping up the valley, scaling the steep slopes and tearing from their foothold the giant spruce. Little he heeded the slash that marked his course and invited that crowning destruction of all—a big "burn." Money was all he saw, all he labored for.

But seventeen years have passed since Jim Henry hacked his way through the forest of virgin spruce which clothed not only the broad intervals of Zealand Valley but rose to the summits of the surrounding peaks. To-day, however, it is a dull-brown waste of lifeless, fire-eaten soil and stark white boulders. All about lie the great blackened stumps and tangled roots of what were once majestic trees. It is as if the contents of some vast cemetery had been unearthed in that little valley.

It is in pathetic testimony to this destruction of natural beauty and to this waste of a great national resource that Edward Everett Hale has exclaimed: "It makes a man cry to see it." With reference to the mountain named after himself Dr. Hale may well have thus expressed his sorrow. Had he, however, penetrated farther up the valley, as I did in the autumn of 1908, tears would hardly have paid sufficient tribute to the wreck. Here, on the mountainsides, the ready axes of Jim Henry's men have felled a mighty growth of primeval forest. Fires—the last was in 1903—have followed. The soil that covered the rocks and filled the interstices between has been eaten away, and the roots that bound the rocks together have lost the grip that Nature gave them. Heavy rains have fallen, and, with all retentive agencies gone, the slides—you can count a score of them in the space of a mile's walk—gash the slopes with their hideous scars. "Nature, unaided," says Dr. Thomas E. Wills of the American Forestry Association, "must work and wait a thousand years to repair the wreck wrought in this landslide region by one man and his sons in the quest for gold."

The Henrys' Invasion

EVEN as he laid waste Zealand Valley, however, the keen mind of Henry reached beyond and grasped the possibilities of the great wilderness of the East Branch. By adroit planning and the employment of every possible resource he secured a foothold of fifteen thousand acres. Later he added forty thousand more. And then in May, 1892, a troop of thirty hard-visaged horsemen and a long line of laden wagons left behind the wreck of Zealand and, at two in the morning, filed southward through the Franconia Notch to raise their tents in a little clearing near the Pemigewasset. It was the vanguard of the army of occupation. It was Jim Henry and his men invading the East Branch country. This was the beginning of the Lincoln of to-day.

When I reached Lincoln, one evening in February of the present year, and frankly declared to George Henry, Jim Henry's eldest son, my mission of investigation on behalf of OUTDOOR AMERICA, it was not without some misgivings as to my reception. Solicitous friends had prophesied trouble. "They're bulldogs—those Henrys," they said. "You'll be kicked out of Lincoln in short order." It was therefore something of a surprise, and not a little of a relief, to find myself comfortably seated in the company's office and to hear the eldest representative of the firm say in a quiet, expressionless voice: "We don't mind just criticism—it's the other kind that hurts. There's no secret about this business of ours; we own the land and the timber and we're making every dollar out of it we can. You're welcome to watch us at it and tell the people how we do it. If you'd like to go into the woods with me to-morrow and see that end of it, you're welcome." I accepted the invitation on the spot.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, as I stood beside George Henry, on a flat-car of the logging train, it was not without a considerable personal interest that I watched this rough-clad, silent man of the woods, this millionaire in the rough, as he stood there, snow-shoes in hand, watching the make-up of his train. He has had the benefit of little of what we term education, but it has been sufficient for this purpose that he was pupil to his father in a rigorous school of experience which began back in Zealand and has continued ever since. It is so with all the Henry boys, with Charles, the superintendent of the mills, John, the financier, and George,

the woodsman. They have, it is true, their "walking bosses," their "superintendents," and their "foremen," but in reality it is the Henrys themselves who exercise those functions. They put in their sixteen hours of vigilance each day—these millionaires—and keep it up the year round—a trinity of brains and hard work. Small wonder that, under this triple reincarnation of their father's spirit, their mills run twenty-four hours a day through good times and bad, that the forest fades before them, and that their fortune mounts ever to higher figures.

A few spasmodic coughs from the engine behind us and the long train of empty logging trucks moved northward toward the mountain wall. Ahead loomed the sharp peaks of Big Coolidge and Potash, and beyond lay Flume and Liberty.

As we turned and twisted onward I could look down to where the Pemigewasset hissed and gurgled over the boulders. It roared once—and men drove logs upon it in a bygone day. Now, one might fancy it sobbed at the transformations it had witnessed in that valley. George Henry tapped me on the shoulder. "We can't show you spruce where there isn't any," he shouted above the rattle of the cars, "but here's where some of the best of it stood." He pointed at the open valley, where the brush was coming up, sparsely, in poplar and wild cherry. "That's Black Mountain over there," he continued, indicating a great denuded ridge across the river. "It's nearer white than black now," I commented. "Well, it was black enough when we came here," was the rejoinder. Small need to say it. Now it was clean-slaven to its crest.

We pushed on to the "cuttings." Here it was indeed the tragic story of Zealand repeated. The snow-covered wilderness rang with the regular "chock, chock, chock," of the axes and the rasp of the big saws. Trees crashed down everywhere, were stripped of their wonderful plumes, were dragged away to the landings. It is desperately clean work that is going on in the East Branch wilderness. There was little talk—simply concentrated effort and energy, and through it all a perfectly apparent genius of direction.

I looked about me for some sign of the modern forestry idea of "culling" the reservation of young trees. There was no hint of it. Everything was coming down before those merciless axes, and the "slash"—the prelude to the fire that some day will sweep up the valley as it did over Liberty two years ago—lay in great heaps, black against the snow.

Later, I stood on the top of a car loaded high with spruce logs, outward bound. Behind me stretched the long line of cars—twenty-six of them I counted—going to the slaughter-pen at Lincoln. "Pete," I said to the French-Canadian brakeman who stood beside me, "that's pretty small stuff. I thought you had a six-inch limit up here." Pete's grimy, gnome-like face wrinkled in a grotesque smile. "Ah, tink dey hain't been no limeet," he answered; "she all mak' paper—dose log—small ones jus' lak de big ones." Twice a day—every working day in the year—those long trains of empty trucks go clanking and rattling up the valley to the landings. Twice a day they come down again, loaded as I saw them, with the pitiful remnant of a forest's beauty. Fifty million feet of spruce last year were swept into the yawning mouth of a mill that knows no rest, that grinds out paper—a million dollars' worth of it a year—and more than that value in lumber, for three men who dream only of a big cut and a big fortune.

In the paper-mill—the big saw-mill is not running now because, as Charles Henry puts it, "there's more money in paper"—I watched the logs come whirling up to the saws in endless succession. Stripped of their bark and sawed into short pieces, they went into the grinders, came out in gray, fluffy flakes, and vanished into the great, twenty-cord-capacity boilers. A bit further on it seemed something of a miracle to see the soft slushy mixture of the pulp pass from the great metal rollers and stand up-ended on the storeroom floor in huge rolls of "manila" paper. Here again was silence, and method, and effort. Here, also, was that almost tangible atmosphere of economy. "I always imagined there was considerable waste in this paper-making business," I remarked to Charles Henry as we stood where a group of three stokers were feeding seven furnaces with refuse chips and bark and sawdust. A little snort of contempt broke from the thick-set, mackinaw-jacketed man at my side. "It's something like the stockyards pig here in this mill," he answered with a grim smile; "you'll find there's nothing left but the squeal." It was as fit a characterization as could well be made.

I have cited Jim Henry and his sons as examples, as type-specimens of the forest wreckers of the White Mountains. They merit that prominence by reason of the extent and character of their operations, and the spirit which has actuated them. They are big men in a bad business. But they are not criminals. They pay their men well, feed them well, deal fairly with them. In the little community dominated by their influence they are as charitable as it is possible for men to be who are more concerned with "the difficult art of getting" than with any other human activity or interest.

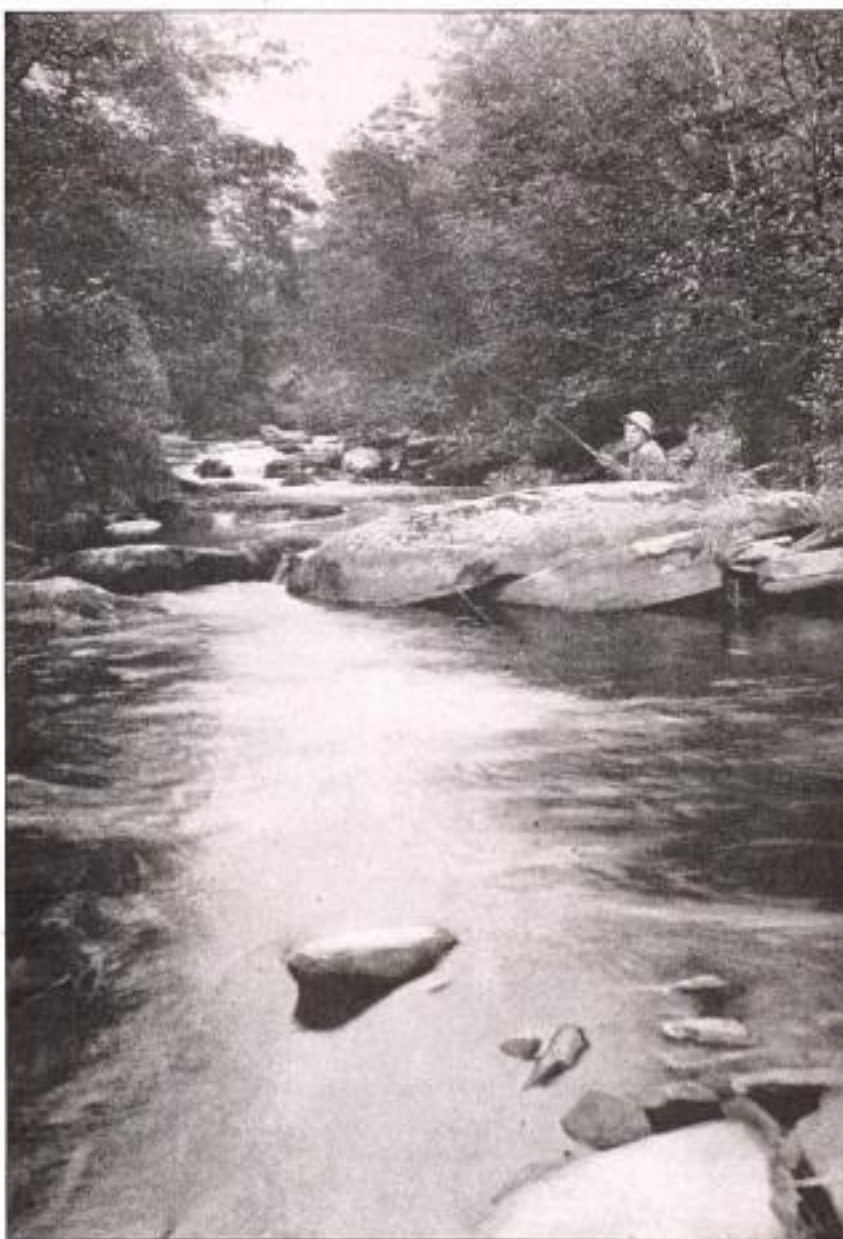
Wood butchers the Henrys are, beyond a doubt—Zealand and the East Branch have clinched their claim to that unsavory title—but they are not the only ones operating in the White Mountains; indeed, I doubt if they are even the worst.

Until a few years ago the finest stand of virgin spruce in New England clothed the north slope of the Presidential Range and spread almost to the summits of Mts.

Jefferson and Adams and Madison. Only a small portion of it now remains. Where it stood lies a great tangle of slash and debris and the ruins of deserted lumber camps.

Seven miles west of North Woodstock, under the eastern flank of Moosilauke lies the Lost River. Here, in a little valley, the river disappears and reappears, flows through picturesque caverns, falls in beautiful cascades in the dim twilight, and in countless ways forms one of the most interesting of the natural wonders of the region. Between six and seven hundred men are at work there as I write, butchering the beautiful forest of that valley and doing the most reckless lumbering I have seen in the mountains. Do not lay this at the Henrys' door but at the door of the great paper company that sold the stumpage of that tract to a worse than ignorant contractor.

In the region about the beautiful Glen Ellis Falls, the



The scene of trout fishing—May time at the old reliable pool

highest cascade in the mountains, and in picturesque Carter Notch, large areas of magnificent forest have been hacked and slashed beyond the power of nature to repair it in a dozen generations.

All of the instances of destructive lumbering cited in this brief paper have taken place within the proposed National Forest Reservation in the heart of the White Mountains. Ask who is doing it and you will be told a name, the name of a "Company," familiar enough perhaps, but as vague and inconclusive, in the impression it leaves behind as the traditionally elusive "They." There are men, however, at the head of those companies—Brown of the Berlin Mills Company, Burbank of the International, Thorne of the Publishers', might lead the list—"men of affairs" indeed, with an equipment of education and manners, and even culture, beside which the ill-clothed, blunt-spoken, and unlettered sons of old Jim Henry make strange comparison. On common ground, however—the common ground and common interest of the Wood-Butcher—they shall stand when future generations shall appraise the havoc wrought in the White Mountain forests.

Whose Concern Is It?

TIMES without number, since the beginning of this great movement for forest conservation, have the senseless, age-worn inquiries been made: "Whose concern is it? Can't these men who own the land and the timber do as they like with them?" The answer is brief, but direct. It is *our* concern. We have arrived at a period of National Responsibility. The man in the gutter, throwing his money into the catch-basin, faces pauperism. The money is his—but your taxes must support him when it is gone. He is your—our—responsibility. So with the Wood-Butcher. Though you may not have to support him—he has seen well to that part of it—you will have to pay for his wastefulness. He is our responsibility, a responsibility of To-day—and To-morrow.

The Dollars and Cents Side of It

WEST of the Mississippi are a hundred and sixty million acres of the National Forest Reserves. They are more than self-sustaining; they yield an annual revenue of more than a million and a half

dollars to the Government. There is none in the East, yet, in that little thirty-mile-square tract in New Hampshire, and two adjoining counties of Maine, rise the five great rivers which give New England water-power for her industries, and important aid to navigation. The forests are their safeguard.

Exit the Spruce

STILL another consideration. Standing timber in New Hampshire has increased in value more than sixty per cent in five years. That means that it is going—going fast. The value of spruce, in paper products alone—products that are national in their utility—increased in New Hampshire from one million dollars in 1890 to nine million dollars in 1905. Consider that the spruce growth of this country is practically limited to a few New England States—New Hampshire near the head—and that it takes about one hundred and twenty-five years for spruce to reach a six-inch diameter at a three-thousand-foot level, you begin to get an idea—just a vague hint—of the economic value of the White Mountain forests, and the vital need of conserving them.

The Economic Value of Sentiment

THEN there is the "sentimentalist's" side of the matter—and this has an economic aspect also. Doesn't it mean something that seven or eight millions of dollars are invested in "summer property" in the White Mountains alone? Doesn't it mean something that more than a million people, from all over the country, visit this region annually? Doesn't it mean something that last summer over three millions of dollars were left in the White Mountains by the "sentimentalists" who were glad of the chance to pay for looking at the brave old mountains, and inhaling the odor of their forests? That great obstructionist, Uncle Joe Cannon, asserts that the whole movement for an Appalachian Forest Reserve is pure sentiment. There are too many dollar signs in the equation for that statement to appear anything less than pure, stiff-whiskered buncombe—yet, even if it were true, when, if not now, are we Americans to learn the economic value of pure sentiment? Let us not forget the influence of the White Mountains upon the creative genius of Emerson, Hawthorne, Saint-Gaudens, Stedman, McDowell, Cleveland, and a hundred others no less notable. Let us not ignore the stimulus to intellectual vigor and inspiration, the mental and physical regeneration, which is nowhere more potently than in "the mountains clothed with trees!"

A Hint for Those in Washington

WHAT is to be the outcome of it all? Are the tragedies of Zealand and Lost River and King's Ravine and the East Branch to be indefinitely repeated until that little tract, thirty miles square, the natural sanatorium and recreation-ground of the East, is finally and irrevocably marred by deforested and forest-swept areas? Or, is the remnant of it, still beautiful, to be saved for the people? While the war of theories goes on in Washington, the axes and saws are at work, the loaded cars are clanking down-grade to the mills, and the mills are grinding the forests into pulp, twenty-four hours in the day. Ten years hence the last stand of a thousand acres of virgin spruce will be only a memory. Shall the Government wait for that day, and in the end buy a "cow milked dry"? Nothing would better please the lumbermen. Five or six years more and they will welcome the opportunity to sell the denuded areas, on which they still must pay taxes, to a "paternal" government, which has awakened—just a little too late—to its duty.

The Best of Trout

The Open-Minded Angler
on the Stream

By CLARENCE DEMING

MAY is the heyday of the sport of trout stream. Nature on the banks and the trout in the dashing waters between them join in a kind of climax of vital energy. The trout of April has been in May much of his darker tint, exchanging his lines of jet for silver, old gold, varying with the bottom where he feeds. He has left the deeper pools and his prey in ripple and rapid, alert for fly or worm. He has wintered in a mill-pond, by early May he has won his sinuous way up stream, taking his toll of insect life en route. In physical shape he has shifted, too. No longer is he thin, narrow-backed, big-headed. He has been at Nature's training table of strong food, with active play. His flesh has thickened, his muscles grown hard, he is blunter, stronger in fight, fiercer on the hook. He is armed and equipped for the unequal battle with man that comes to him so unexpectedly.

And Nature on the slopes and banks of the stream, measured in the scale of bud and bloom, has, like the trout, reached a May zenith. There is green where were the April drabs. Dogwood, cowslip, arbutus, and the tas-

alders are gone, but the bud of the trees has ex-
posed in the half-leaf. The apple blossoms—sure
n of the height of the trout season—are at their
and white fulness, and painted-cup is reddening
dow and pasture. In the still reaches of the stream
lily-pads that began in early April as knotted whorls
the mud bottom are half-way up toward the top
er, where they are to rest till next winter knells
r death; and the "skunk's cabbage," persistent neigh-
of the trout stream and March's first harbinger of
spring, has in May swelled into tropical leaf—a plant
med of man, yet, like not a few of human-kind, only
sive and resentful if disturbed.

The Wise Angler

IN APRIL the wise angler sought the trout as a kind of
fishy recluse, whipping still waters, the smooth reach
w the ripple, or the glooms where the slow current
ls below the knotted tree roots. But in May seek the
rather as a free cosmopolite of the stream. Often
so *fontinalis* is in the swift shallows, more often still
he side of the wavy rapids, now and then right in the
d itself; but he may be anywhere or everywhere. In
cular, mark down for the cast of fly or worm the
e corner eddies of the upper pool just where the
d begins; or again—a point not often fairly ap-
sed by anglers—drop bait just at the outside sheet
eam at foot or edge of the pool, a favored haunt of
trout, especially in bright sunshine. How many
lers skip the smaller or swifter runs between pools
fish the pools alone! Yet it may be in just those
le runs, unpromising to the eye, that the trout
be found oftenest—partly because of his whimsi-
taste of a day, partly because "the man ahead,"
areless angler bent on quick fishing, has skipped the
runs.

he same rule fits bush fishing. In April such angling
e be wisely omitted, for the early spring trout seems
read the overhanging shades; but in the warmer
ers of the May stream, especially in the later days of
month and in early June, he is apt to welcome the
sh or tree that breaks the sun. Hence the angler,
ient enough to push, crawl and tumble through the
shwood, and challenge the vexation of tangled line
of the hook that ever catches twig, branch, and
tlet, will take many a fish where the opens of the
eam, much whipped of other anglers, fail. It is not
al fishing. It lacks swing and the breezy freedoms of
wide cast. It tries temper, it is slow, and the fish
at be "derricked" and not played. But bush fishing
its high merits as a mental discipline, and in actual
ll of fishcraft, with its short but accurate casts and
e judgment of distances, it leaves the easier open
ng far behind. Use for it the short stiff rod, the
all red worm quickly gorged, and the slightly heavier
d that spells greater precision in the cast. If the
y stream is mud-bottomed, wade as little as you
t, lest you make the waters too turbid down-stream.
t on pebbly or rock bottom, wade freely, for the down-
eam trout is apt to herald the little mud cloud as the
nal of a rise of the water and of oncoming food—a
d of "chum" for the fish—and a trouty trait which
anglers have observed.

flexibility of judgment, the skill tipped and trained
experience, is one of the keynotes of the angling
ress so often mis-called "luck," which in May time

has its widest range. There is the angler, hidebound by
prejudice, who varies little or not at all his tackle, his
style of fishing, his few *diets* of the sport. And there is
the other angler who studies conditions and fits his craft
to them.

In May the stream now runs clear, now thickens
and fills after rains. For the first is the variation of
flies, the long cast far back from the stream, the small
worm with its minimum of splash; for the latter, the
larger worm and heavier lead, fitting the fact that the
trout—whether he is actually hunting food or not—
has for the time lost much of his normal timidity. It is
the open-minded angler who absorbs, crystallizes, and
makes profit of such small points of the game. He notes
every sign of the spring hole, or, what is its equivalent,
the runlet whose cooler waters seep to the bed of the
larger stream; studies the direction of the wind; watches
out for the overhanging branch which last week caught
his hook and broke up the fishing of a good pool or rip-
ple; bethinks himself of the size of the biting fish and
whether his No. 3 or No. 4 Sprout hook is best; finds
out the best direction of approach for each pool or run,
and that not merely for the cast but for landing the
fish; and analyzes the moods and tenses of the stream as
a parent would those of his child.

If a rounded sportsman, he will also blend with his
recreation, or, rather, own, as an elemental part of it, the
joys of the naturalist; noting how each stream has its
major or minor variants in its trout types; how those
acids of the trout stomach that on a warm day so quickly
eat the tissues and kill flavor of the fish are eradicated
by the simple dressing of his fish every hour or two; how
the same stomach in the post mortem—especially in early
or belated May—gives up what seem little rough pebbles
that, broken, have their insect larvae inside—these not
seldom, along with actual pebbles which, stirred by the
current into semblance of life, the trout has swallowed
by mistake. Such an angler, moreover, studies the trout
temperamentally as well as anatomically, noting how the
fish is ever an arch conservative of that human type that
loves the motto *in medio tutissimus ibis*, and, aquati-
cally, hates alike extreme cold of winter and the ultra
warmth of the summer tide—a trait that even in May
accents the value of the spring hole. And need it be
added that with this scientific zest goes in the true
sportsman the amateur spirit—the spirit that abides
by law, that crucifies, so far as it can, jealous rivalry
and that magnifying of the verb "to win," which
deadens other sports than fishing, the spirit that makes
of sport not merely a thing of the brain and hand,
but of the heart?

Trout Worship

HOW happens it that trouting, notably at its May
time acme, holds its charm and will ever hold it as
against what some anglers misname "bigger" fishing?
The trout is a small fish. He is not the match pound
for pound in fight of the black bass; he is lovely to the
eye, but other fish rival him in tints and far outpass him
in weight; and the catching connotes effort, the long
fatigue of tramp, the tumble over rock, the stress of en-
snaring underbrush, toil, sweat, and the discomfort of
wetness. No Goddess of Ease sanctifies the temple in
which so many devotees of trouting worship. But there
is another and more potent goddess—Variety—whose
realm is that of the ever-changing stream, the shift of

rock, pool, rapid, and bank, the variations of Nature
expressed in an endless succession and diversity of scene.
It is not all of fishing to fish, and he distills the very
essence of trouting who in his May sport joins the fervor
of the angler with the more exquisite emotion of the
nature lover.

As you turn that corner of the stream where two
years ago you hooked and lost that big fellow, mark
what a rich gleam of purple on the waters comes
where the sunbeam seems to wed with the blue sky. On
the next pool study, if only for a moment before you
make the cast, how gorgeously the stream mottles the
old gold of the outreaching oaks that still hold their dry
leaves—and will hold them until the new life crowds
them out and off. Note, too, the changes of color as you
glance down the vista of a long pool when it steals the
hues of the wooded banks. And in contrast of detail
with these short landscape views, mark how in advancing
May each tree, bush, and shrub owns its wealth of form
and flower.

The Final Word

YET the final word to be spoken to the angler is one
of precaution against the accident which may turn
the joy of the most philosophic and esthetic fisher to
bitterness. Forethought in testing tackle is the key-
word of what we call luck on the stream. If the
angler is wise, a dozen times in the season he will
overrun his silk line from end to end for the little
dent which marks the flaw sure to wax as it rasps on
the rod guides. He will watch his rod and test care-
fully the upper ferrules that join the stouter lengths
with the tip; see that snell and leader have not
frayed; look more keenly still to the little screws of
the reel and tighten them firm; above all, be sure
that the rod, turned in the hand, hangs always with
even curve—for the slightest elbow spells an indefi-
nite but certain break! Look, too, for any infirmity
in the clasp of bait-box, and reel, remembering that
on such small caution hangs, perchance, a whole day's
sport; and to the zestful fisher such care of tackle is
never prose—punctuation marks, rather, in the poetry
of anticipation.

As the old angler looks back under gray brows upon the
trout fishers whom he has met they divide, in his mental
vision, into three groups: There is, first, the mere fish-
killer, who, with all his familiar and odious type, may
be dismissed with short shrift. There is the angler who
follows the stream with a kind of subconscious glimpse
of those open or mystic phases of nature that are thick
around him. And there is, finally, the conscious and
complete angler whose sport is but one corner of God's
picture and who looks far beyond the quiver of rod-tip
and the vibrant line. Old Izaak Walton, poet-fisher, has
told of him in his lines of the "Angler's Song":

*"All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess.
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too."*

It is in such an angler, under the spell of his May
tramp on the trout brook, who "can fish and study too,"
nature-searcher and outdoor seer, that the Waltonian
ideal is incarnate. He will almost always be a good
angler. He will always be a good man.



The land of lost races

Seasonable and Helpful Reminders

Lawn and Garden

V

VINE-VEILS.—Put vine-veils over the bare spots in the lawn too deeply shaded for grass to grow. Creeping myrtle, known otherwise as box-vine, is a very present help for such places of trouble. It grows quickly and certainly, is perfectly hardy, makes a beautiful flat mat of the glossiest green leaves, and, in the early spring, puts forth a wealth of bright blue blossoms. English ivy, planted in very rich earth and allowed to trail or sprawl at will, also grows luxuriantly and thrives better than if climbing on a wall. Take care not to let water stand around the roots or over the ground shoots—this upon pain of winter killing. Where there is tree shade, as from evergreens or even under tall-growing shrubs, it is well to plant the ivy in a barrel sunk flush in the earth and filled with the richest earth. Bore holes in the barrel half-way up the sides before planting it, and put at least six inches of broken stone or brickbats in the bottom. Pack fifteen inches of manure solidly over the drain-stuff, then fill up heaping full with fine earth, set the plant in it, and pack the earth firmly about the roots. As the manure decays and sinks, fill up the barrel with fresh earth. By coating the barrel inside and out with coal-tar, it will save the ivy from robber-roots for a good many years.

The need of such saving is shown by this experience. A thrifty young ivy was planted at the base of a chimney in a hole three feet square and two feet deep, filled with wood soil, mixed with its own bulk of rotted manure. Further, the plant was watered and tended carefully, and throughout the first six months thrived as by magic. There was no other rooted thing within twenty feet of it, but by and by it began to peak and pine. By the next spring it had a starveling look. Investigation then showed that a silver poplar had sent two roots straight to the rich earth, and, once they reached it, had provided them with innumerable fine branchy fibers, to suck and devour the ivy's sustenance.

Wild Plants for Shaded Spots

IF THE bare spots are rich and damp, fill them with wild things—hardy native ferns, once planted, remain for years. There is an almost infinite variety of them, but beware transplanting the tall brake, as it demands the moist air of damp woodland. The white-flowered, cut-leaved plant known variously as rattleweed, or cobweb, thrives wonderfully in shade. So do the lady's slippers, yellow and pink, if the earth is rich enough—they will live in poor soil, but never bloom. Blue flags, once well established, bloom for many seasons. So do the tall white lilies, with star-like cups and long slender sepals, known to the countryside as "devil's onions." They are none so plenty but may be found in rich deep woods. Along with them should grow always the splendid red cardinal flower, which has the same season of bloom, likes the same soil, and, though an annual, renews itself steadily. Not one of these sylvan exiles will thrive in a sunny border or a set garden bed, but under the trees, in moist light black earth, they ask hardly more than to be let alone to grow in strength and beauty. And wherever May apples raise their fairy umbrellas in the woods, they should have room and to spare in the wild border. The infrequent wax-white blossoms have a rich, almost a cloying, fragrance, something between the odors of a ripe apple and a gardenia.

Mark down all these in May and leave them to be transplanted in the autumn, unless by such waiting there is a risk of losing them. In that case, transplant at once, but make haste slowly. That is to say, never begin until prepared and ready. Choose a cloudy morning or late afternoon for the work; use a sharp trowel and a broad-bladed knife in the digging up; work carefully, cutting roots rather than bruising them, trim away broken roots with clean cuts, and shorten in tops until they are little more than snippets. Have baskets for carrying, and take along with each plant a good ball of its native earth, tying earth and roots firmly in a bit of cloth. Better take home three good specimens than a basketful crushed and mussy.

Close Culture: The Lessons of Dry Farming

DROUGHT from May forward is the garden bugaboo. Dry farming shows how the bugaboo may be put to rout. Men who make paying crops with less than eight inches of yearly rainfall have certainly something to teach us who rejoice in an average climate. And they say, these dry farmers, that a dust-mulch is the only witchcraft they use. First they make their ground light, so it may store each drop of rain that falls, then keep it light by constant stirrings on top, so the water may not evaporate. There is a philosophical explanation. Water rises to the surface through capillary attraction. In baked earth it rises steadily and exhales, but underneath a dust-mulch, three to four inches thick, evaporation ceases.

The lesson is plain and easy. Work all manner of growing things as soon as possible after rain, and keep working them, especially if the weather turns dry. Beware, though, of working the ground while too wet. It takes a winter's freezes, sometimes those of two winters, to undo the mischief. Never stir land when it is so wet as to cake and stick to the hoe, unless between showers in a long rainy spell, when the stirred earth is certain to be wetter before it dries out. Cultivation then will do no harm, rather help by uprooting and checking the growth of grass and weeds. It is nearly as unwise to mow turf when the earth beneath it is soft and soggy.

Clean, close culture, from mid-May forward, is the corner-stone of success in gardening. Plant, plant, and plant again to the end of June—a vacant row is the nursery of weeds and insects. Dry and burn spent plants, putting the ashes back on the ground. Burning rids the garden of potential blights

and harbored pests. Burn pea-brush along with the vines—it is a favorite lurking-place for insects. Bean-poles that are used from year to year ought to be whitewashed each season, and will be all the better if a handful of bluestone is dissolved in the whitewash. They will last longer, besides keeping clean and sweet. Palings should likewise be whitewashed, and weeds cut away from them.

Watering Plants

WATER garden plants thoroughly or not at all. If the water supply is scant, give it all to a chosen few plants rather than barely sprinkle many. Soak the ground toward sundown or after it, then in the morning begin cultivation. Water a row at a time, unless you can wet the whole plot as a good rain would do it. Spring-planted trees and shrubs need to have the earth kept clean and light for at least a foot around the crown of the root, and should be watered plentifully, but so gently every drop soaks in, at least once a week. Spraying trunk and foliage helps them greatly.

Shelter Tents

SHELTER tents help wonderfully in transplanting. To make them, cut yard-squares of steady muslin diagonally in two, sew the straight sides of the cut pieces together, hem the bias ones, then run in heavy wire, bending it to a hoop. Tie the pointed tip fast

earth, choose the sun-lovers. Phlox for low beds of single color. It runs the whole color gamut between dazzling white and black-crimson; it has, further, the crowning mercy of blooming the whole summer. Portulaca is like unto it, with the disadvantage of shutting its flowers upon cloudy days. Verbenas riot in sunshine; petunias do the same. At least the single ones do. The double ones, which are rather *lours de force* than actual lovable flowers, do better if shielded from the hottest sunshine.

Salvia—scarlet sage—might have been bred betwixt fire and water, it loves the sun so, yet flourishes so greatly in beds kept constantly wet. It is the same with the flowering geraniums—white, pink, and scarlet. The banded ones, however—bronze, silver, and golden—whose chief beauty is in their foliage, lose bandings and beauty if planted so as to have too much sun. Heliotrope is actually, no less etymologically, a "turner to the sunlight." To plant it in shade is to invite disappointment. Pansies, on the other hand, demand shade and moisture and coolness—witness the fact that they shrink and lose color and texture as summer strengthens. Myosotis—the forget-me-not family—also does best in moist shade. Fuchsias, though they thrive fairly if the sun is kept from their roots, reach perfection only when they get but an hour or two daily of sunshine.

Among strict bedding plants, the hardier sorts of coleus may be depended on to keep color the summer through. Others are apt

to stand." Heed to the catalogue's admonitions will often save bitter disappointment. There is a further caution: "requires greenhouse culture"—that is all too often overlooked. While it is true that one born with the garden instinct, the garden touch, can make anything grow almost anywhere, one in a thousand of us has that instinct, wherefore it is wise to walk by the light and leading of experience.

It is a garden axiom that seeds should be covered deeper than twice their own diameter. Where seed are as fine as powder—that is to say, no earth should be sprinkled over them after sowing. Instead, firm the bed surface by pressing it hard all over with a smooth, flat board, then sprinkle it or spray it very gently, and cover it. Leafless twigs full of fine twigs will answer—evergreen boughs are too heavy. But the best thing is a frame of light deal, with chicken-wire tacked to the upper edge and cheesecloth stretched over the wire. Cheesecloth alone will answer, the wire merely prevents sagging on the bed face in beating rains. A set of such frames is a handy garden adjunct, being better than glass in mild weather for anything needing shelter. As soon as the seedlings appear above ground the frame should be lifted between nine o'clock and four, so as to give them air. When the true leaves appear, thin out the plants, but leave them closer than the catalogue distance. Another will happen, and it is much easier to pull out a plant than to set one in place, so choose or costly seed it is worth while to watch closely, and as soon as they begin to lift superfluous ones on the point of a small steel pen and set them in thumb-pots prepared with the finest earth. This act of transplanting sets the young plants back much less than if they had struck deeper root. The pots can be left under the frame until the plants in them are big enough to go to the beds. In planting them make holes a little bigger and deeper than the pot, set the ball of pot-earth in them, and pack earth firmly around and over it, taking care not to smother nor smother the seedling.

Clay and Sand

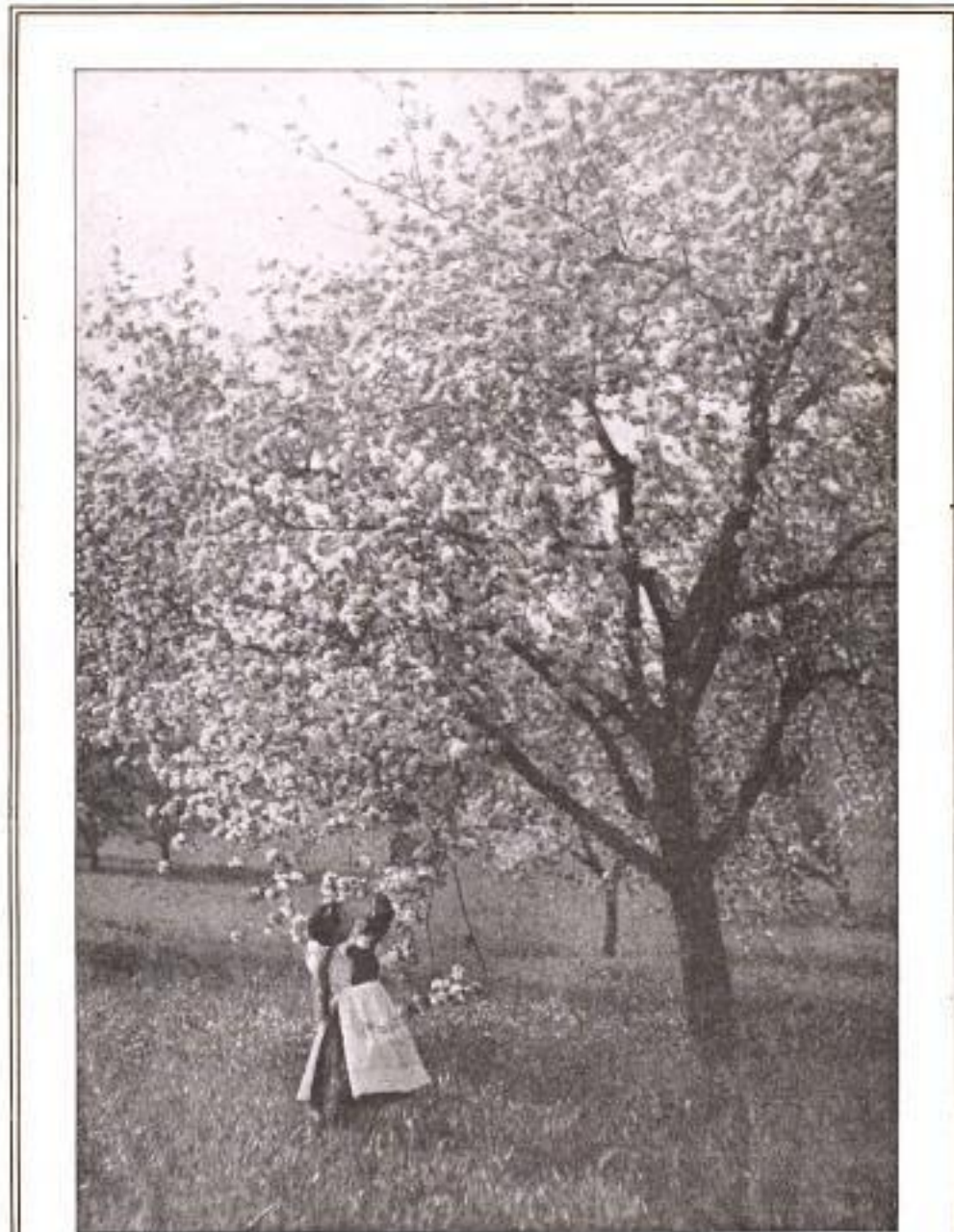
NOTHING, not the hardest root, will thrive in packed clay, any more than in stiff sand. Remember that, all ye who are walled walls or chimneys, embowered porches, rose trees whirling blossom censers beneath your open windows. Setting any sort of foundation means commonly either the throwing up and tramping of clay or the heaping of sand. It is sinful to set healthy plants in either, so idle to expect from them growth and bloom. Before planting anything, even annuals or bedders, have the earth dug out to a depth of three feet, put a layer of broken stone a foot thick at the bottom, over that the top-soil, six inches, no more, then fill heaping full of rich earth. Pack it lightly, then open holes of proper size, fill them with water, let it sink in, sprinkle fine dry earth over the wet surface, put in the plant, spreading the roots well out, fill earth in around it, packing it firm as you fill, and leaving it at least two inches higher around the stalk than at the edges. If a rose has been planted, drive a light stake firmly down six inches away, and tie the stalk to it. Leave it there until the rose is fully established—say for two years. Even after roots are plenty, whipping about in winter winds breaks the finest of them and by such breaking makes the spring bloom poor and scrawny.

Most vines are gross feeders, given to robbery of all weaker things. Set a stout board, a foot wide and well tarred, on edge, the upper edge a little below the surface of the ground, eighteen inches out from the vine-stem if you wish to have flower or bud buds close at hand. The board will check robbery throughout a summer and longer if, in spring and fall, a sharp spade is thrust down its full depth to cut stealing roots. The cutting ought to be down on the side next the vine. In line with this is planting other garden robbers, as dahlias, golden glow, or even peonies, in tarred boxes or half-barrels set well in the ground and filled with earth that is half-rotted manure. The boxes or half-barrels should have holes bored in the bottom, but nowhere else. By their use smaller and slighter things have a chance of bloom, where space is plenty, it is best to give robbers room and to spare—their own special borders where they may wanton as they will.

Intelligence

THE soul of wise choice is understanding. If you have space for only a dwarf evergreen, do not be tempted into planting one beautifully small, but certain to reach a height of twenty, even thirty, feet. Take instead the fixed dwarf, which, the same year by year, becomes a familiar friend. Are your winters polar? Let alone roses with tea-blossoms. They are never hardy, and even with coldest wintering and all imaginable pains there will be no fully perfect bloom. But there are hardy roses—roses from far Siberia, also the choice few that brave all weathers. Restricted choice makes perfection in the possible things imperative. Content yourself with what is possible, or move to a lower latitude.

All the wise men are against setting a new stock exactly in the place where another of the same sort has died, but often a shift of even a yard spoils the whole effect of planting. In such a case try burning out the old seat, first, of course, removing the dead stock and the earth for a distance about it. Then all that is removed far away, then build a fire in the hole, and keep it going steadily for six hours. If it bakes the earth around it the hardness of brick, all the better. Learn ashes and charcoal in the bottom, and set them well into the ground. Beat the baked earth to fine powder and mix it with the bottom soil, then put in fresh earth, a foot of it say, and set the new plant on top of it. Water it freely, but give no fertilizer until it is in healthy growth. Overfeeding is as bad for plants as for people—the whole rather more deadly than underfeeding. Starring, at most, only checks growth or stops it; too rich a soil, too much fertilizer, spells weakness, disease, and, finally, death. Wherefore, it is best in gardening, as in so many other things, to aim at what the Greeks called: "the middle extreme."



At their pink and white fulness

to a slender garden stake, letting the stake come inside. In use, stick the stake down beside a newly set plant, letting the wire ring rest on the ground. The tent can be lifted at night, or in the daytime to give air if needed, and hung up on top of the stake. Such tents protect equally from sun heat and insects; they also materially help the plant beneath to make roots and hasten growth.

Choosing and Planting Flowers

SOIL AND FLOWER.—Choice and planting are the opposite poles of successful gardening. Right choice is impossible without something of knowledge—as, for instance, that there are flowers and shrubs which luxuriate in sunshine and even thrive in moist sand, as there are other flowers and shrubs that demand cool peaty loam and partial shade. Rhododendrons and azaleas, for example, require a soil and seat at least approximating their native forest haunts. They will live, it is true, in sunlight and thirsty ground, but quickly become ugly and straggling, with scant, almost abortive, blossoms and imperfect foliage. Roses likewise, though they "abhor wet feet"—that is, refuse to thrive with stagnant water below their roots, will not grow or bloom, hardly indeed live, in light, drifty sand.

It is the same with seeds, with bulbs, with bedding plants. For beds and borders lying in full sunshine, of friable and rather sandy

to bleach out, lose their markings, and become either all of one color, and that rather an unsuccessful one, or else turn blotchy and streaky, also something ragged. It is wise to eschew, therefore, carpet or ribbon planting until after a test season with scattered single plants. The flowering wax geraniums, so called, are excellent bedders for sunshine. They require cutting back now and then, but both the white and red sorts make a brave show the season through. Moreover, they endure dust and a measure of smoke.

Nasturtiums paradoxically require sunshine and shelter. Give them morning sunshine, if possible, and beds of deep rich moist loam. For trellis growth choose the climbing sorts, and plant in a trench at least twelve inches deep, filled to the brim with the richest possible soil. If early shade is desirable, plant the seed in thumb-pots—the smallest size—putting two seeds to the pot and start them in a hotbed or cold frame, setting them in the trench as soon as true leaves appear above the seed leaves. For open-air sowing, make holes an inch deep and two inches apart, drop in seeds singly, then pack the earth down firmly over them. With the proper earth there is no danger of baking from the hardest rain. If, however, there is too much clay in the bed, rake the crusted top of it very lightly as soon after rain as it is dry enough.

Give the Seed Air

THE seedsmen, small blame to them, try hard to help amateur gardeners; they are at the pains to say in their catalogues of every flower whether it "bears transplanting" or "must be sown where it is



Mrs. S. P. Decker of Denver, brought up to do tatting and now makes speeches



Mrs. Susa Young Gates of Salt Lake City, a forceful speaker on political themes



Mrs. Anna M. Scott, a particularly active politician of Denver



Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford of Denver, an unusually persuasive orator



Mrs. Harry Crain of Cheyenne, who believes in mixing bread with politics



Mrs. Emmeline Wells and Mrs. Bathsheba Smith, prominent suffragists of Salt Lake City



Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne of Salt Lake City and her family. When Mrs. Horne was in the Utah Legislature she introduced a bill to create an art institute

The Woman Who Votes

This is the third of a series of three articles on the Western woman voter. The first appeared in the issue of April 17 and the second in the issue of May 1

III—What She Says About It

By SARAH COMSTOCK

ter. A thing no greater than a pan of biscuits has kept women from casting a vote more than once.

"That's a question for the future to settle. Housework is going to be systematized some day—so well systematized that a woman will be the mistress, not the slave, of her house. When she can spare more time for outside interests, she'll do more with her ballot."

"There was a meeting once which was a rare event in the country town where it was given. Afterward I met a woman who had not been present, and she told me how starved she was for a broader life, for some outside interest."

"Why didn't you come to the meeting?" I asked her. "I wanted to so much!" she exclaimed. "If only it hadn't been on Friday. I always wash windows on Friday."

"And that meeting was the event of the year in her town. But her window-washing had her under its thumb."

Everywhere I found much the same opinion among the women who vote—that suffrage has by no means driven them from their home duties, but that home duties often prevent them from exercising their privilege to its fullest extent. At this point the Servant-Problem line of thought intersects the Emancipation-of-Woman-Problem line.

"The patent bread-mixer affects national politics," says Mrs. Harry Crain.

Mrs. Crain was attending to an exceedingly domestic duty when I called at her Cheyenne home, and she went on with it while we discussed what some consider larger matters. A little black Dutch-cut head had just come up out of a shampoo with as much delight and as many shakes as a shaggy little dog goes through when it comes up from the creek; and Mrs. Crain was drying and brushing and patting the funny little wet head very much as a non-voting mother might have done.

"We women don't do all we ought to do," she said. "We don't organize here in Wyoming as I wish we did. Housework seems to bind us so; but when we understand better how to lighten it, then you'll see that our influence will be felt more in politics. The bread-mixer, the carpet-sweeper, all those labor-saving devices, are emancipating us from drudgery."

She put the shaggy little head closer to the register and was absorbed in the drying process for seconds.

Reform, Not Revolution

"WOMEN want moral men in office," she resumed at last. "And to some extent they effect this; but they might do more than they do. A man who once pried off the door of a chicken-house and stole chickens would not have gone to the Senate afterward if the women were more awake, or had more time to attend to such matters."

Again there was a lapse, and more brushing; then: "If women only knew that a mixture of one cake of soap, three tablespoonfuls of gasoline, and three buckets of water will save them from rubbing clothes on wash-day, we'd feel their influence more in government," she said with emphasis.

Many seem of the opinion that woman's influence is very much felt. Mrs. Theresa Jenkins of Cheyenne, who has lectured in other States on suffrage, says that the men no longer put up a candidate they know the women won't vote for—which means a man of low moral standards. "Suffrage doesn't work revolutions, but it does work reforms," she says. Mrs. Bartlett, prominent in club work in the same city, says much the same.

"Women's influence should be especially felt in laws that affect women and children," said Mrs. Bartlett.

"Have you regulated child labor in Wyoming?" I asked her.

"No, because we haven't any child labor in the State

—there's no demand for it in mines and on ranches," she replied. "But we're taking up the matter in our clubs. We're studying it, so that if it ever does come we'll be prepared."

Which at first seemed rather humorous, but somewhat more practical at second glance.

Indifference of the Working Girl

THE interests of children have appealed to women everywhere. In Salt Lake City one is startled in the early peacefulness of its nine-o'clock hour by a stentorian blast; one leaves that the cuckoo does not ring, according to tradition, but that it sternly blows juvenility in from the streets. What the women of Colorado did in electing a juvenile court judge is a well-known fact. Cheyenne women are working for a juvenile court, too. "We have been slow in this, but we are going to have that court before we get through," Mrs. Gibson Clark told me. I heard Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, who seems to be generally considered the woman orator of Denver, address the great Auditorium at the woman's rally: "The children, the children!" she cried, with a hand-to-heart gesture which peaceful days when elocutionary methods were more in fashion than they are to-day. And despite the gestures the appeal must have rung true; for I saw her called back when her speech was done, heard her demanded again, clamored for by that great hall full—a thing which I saw happen in the case of no other speaker, man or woman, in a single one of those campaign meetings.

As for the working woman, who, it is generally assumed, will be the one most benefited by suffrage, the frankest seem inclined to own that not much has been done about her so far. Colorado women are responsible for a measure providing that no woman shall work more than eight hours a day at work requiring her to be on her feet; that seats for subwomen be provided in the shops, and so on, a few similar items. But the fact is that the working woman is not so important a problem out there as she is in the East. Factories and shops are few, and from what I saw of the shop girl's condition it seemed not especially in need of "measures." In Denver I was told that the average girl-behind-the-counter, the one who receives five dollars a week in New York, is paid from six to eight; in Salt Lake City, from seven to ten.

And another fact is, she has not taken up the battle for herself. The average working woman is a fairly youthful and joyous creature despite all the long faces drawn over her condition. She is not much aware that she has a condition. She is aware of the peach-basket hat being in, of who is playing at the theaters, and of what the latest song hit is. She is not concerned about legislative measures.

"That's merely a question of youth, not sex," Mrs. Decker says. "Boys of that age are not concerned, either."

But it is a handicap to the would-be reformer. The matron of the Girls' Friendly, a Denver boarding club for working women, told me that the girls are indifferent to politics.

"But on election day the club women come in their autos and take them to the polls," she added.

I dropped in at one of the little coffee-and-waffle restaurants where such girls flock and engaged some of them in conversation.

"Are you interested in the election?" I asked one.

"I won't be old enough to vote till next January," she replied. "I don't feel like I'd ever care much about it, either. But my sister's old enough and she's tickled to death, so maybe I will be when the time comes."

"Do the girls study up much on the subject?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said reflectively. "I guess they don't hurt themselves thinking about it. Seems to

(Continued on page 24)

The Problem of the Hungry Stomach

The Patten Movement in Wheat Points the Moral of a New Era In American Industry



THE Patten "corner" in wheat, in the midst of which prices have risen to a point unprecedented in this generation, appears to be broken. At the date of writing, Patten is in process of unloading with profit to himself, and prices are falling. The smaller speculators who followed in the wake of his bull movement are winning or losing according as they "came in" early or late. This Patten movement was never a corner in the strict sense of the word. Leiter's famous bull operation of several years ago was a conscious attempt to control and manipulate the visible supply. It failed, as all other attempts to corner the wheat market have failed. Patten, a shrewd speculator who looks farther into the future than his fellows, took advantage of the natural conditions and made a heavy plunge on futures. Whether or no he directed conditions to his own advantage by manipulation is a question of veracity between him and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. In its essence it was not a manipulative movement.

While the newspapers have been raging against Patten, while the State legislatures have been considering bills to prevent speculation in foodstuffs, the public in general has begun to perceive the significance of the conditions upon which Patten built his little operation in wheat. Briefly, the United States, once the granary of Europe, and especially of England, is nearing the point of actual scarcity of domestic supply. Our exports, which have been shrinking steadily year by year, are now shrinking month by month. The time must come when we will cease to export wheat, basis of all foodstuffs, and be in to import it. That time, the Patten movement warns, is not very far away. As it is with wheat, so it may be later with other foodstuffs, notably meat. When that time comes, the whole economic attitude of the United States must inevitably change. England, in her transition from a farming nation to a manufacturing one, turned her corner in the first half of the nineteenth century; the United States will probably turn it in the first half of the twentieth.

England was the first nation of Europe to accomplish that transformation; France and Germany followed. Only Russia, the undeveloped nation of Europe, continued to produce more wheat than she could use. But the Russian supply did not make up for the shortage of Europe. England first, and afterward the whole continent of Europe, looked mainly to the United States to supply from its surplus the deficit. From the time of the Civil War on we steadily increased our acreage and our exports. Wheat production in the territory east of the Mississippi dwindled with the coming of a manufacturing era; but that deficit was more than supplied by the opening of the immense fields of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Kansas.

At the same time, the tendency was going on. The discovery of the rich fields of coal, iron, and copper, the influx of immigration, the encouragement of the protective tariff to "infant industries," were changing the United States from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation—following exactly in the wake of England. The great change did not make itself apparent until the industrial boom which followed the Spanish war. In 1898 our exports of foodstuffs amounted to \$590,000,000; of manufactures to \$323,000,000. Agricultural exports rose but slowly and manufacturing exports rapidly rose from that time forth. In 1904 the corner was turned—agricultural exports, \$444,000,000; manufacturing exports, \$523,000,000. And last year, with extra good crops, the balance showed: foodstuffs, \$520,000,000; manufactures, \$750,000,000. In twenty years the American exports of foodstuffs have increased 100 per cent, what with the general development of the country and the cumulative demand from European populations; but the exports of manufactures have increased 320 per cent. Crop and produce experts declare unanimously that the increase in food production has practically stopped. The United States may expect constantly diminishing agricultural returns from abroad. Indeed, the growth in recent years has lain not in the staple products by which the international economic relations are governed, but in certain special and "fancy" products, like raisins, wines, and oranges.

First product of all to be affected by this movement is wheat, primary food of the western nations, no less than gold the measure of economic conditions. An agricultural nation must first feed itself; the surplus only is for exportation. The population of the United States increases between fifteen and twenty per cent every decade. Further, the per capita consumption has increased. Once the Englishman was the greatest wheat-bread-eater in the world, the Frenchman second, the American third. The American lingered in the van, not so much because he did not need that packing which is a demand of the Occidental stomach, as because he supplemented his wheat bread by that humble Indian meal for which the European could never acquire a taste. In this era of prosperity and luxury, the individual American has been eating more wheat every year.

Not only has the planting of wheat lingered behind the increase of population and demand, but it has practically decreased in the absolute. Acreage—while that varies a little with the fluctuations of the market—is probably a better guide than total crop production, which is affected by epidemics and the weather. In the five-year period between 1899 and 1903, inclusive, the wheat acreage of the United States averaged 48,129,000 a year; in the five-year period just passed it averaged 46,400,000 a year. It is true that the total crop raised on this acreage in the latter period was greater than the total for the period of 1899-1903. Better methods of farming, a succession of better crop years, and the retirement of certain worn-out areas in favor of virgin soils account for this.

Figures Which Point a Moral

WHEN we come to exports, we reach the cream of the statistics, the figures which point the moral. The export was already falling in the five-year period between 1899 and 1903. Yet the average in bulk wheat, exclusive of flour, was 128,500,000 bushels. The export for the last five-year period averaged only 52,000,000 bushels. Still more significant are the exports to Great Britain, whose granary the United States has been in years past. In the five-year period, 1899-1903, she took from the United States a yearly

Average, 1899-1903

620 Acres
for
each
1000
Persons

Average, 1904-1908

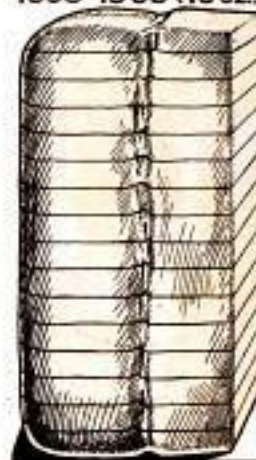
551 Acres
for
each
1000
Persons

Yearly average acres in wheat on the basis of population. The yearly average acreage in wheat for the five years 1899-1903, inclusive, was 48,129,000 acres. For the five years 1904-1908, inclusive, was 46,400,000 acres. Meantime (taking the central years—1901 and 1906) the population had increased from 77,600,000 to 84,200,000—giving the results shown in the two diagrams.

average of 68,000,000 bushels of bulk wheat; in the last five-year period only 22,000,000 bushels a year. In the squeezed year of 1905 it went down to less than 4,000,000 bushels.

That proportionate decrease of exports to Great Britain is significant not only because the diplomatic and commercial relations of the United States and Great Britain are closer than those of any other two nations, but because of the factor which has brought about that reduction. The United States has on its northern border an active competitor for the English market—a com-

1899-1903 (16 oz.)



1904-1908 (12 oz.)



If the baker could furnish a full pound loaf (16 ounces) under the average farm price of wheat at 63 cents per bushel during the five years 1899-1903, he could not afford as large a loaf when he had to pay the average of 82.8 cents during the next five years (1904-1908). Therefore, one of three things evidently happened: (1) a reduced cost of manufacture, through improved machinery and improved methods; or (2) a smaller loaf (12 ounces), as shown in diagram; or (3) an inferior grade of bread. There is little question that it was No. 1 that actually happened; for it is certain that the baker's bread of to-day is superior to that of five years ago in quality and weighs many ounces to the loaf. How long improved methods can hold against increased cost of wheat is a problem for tomorrow—to-day the score is a "tie."

petitor which will one day become a helper. Canada, which formerly looked south of the border for her wheat, has been planting steadily on the rich virgin lands along the line of her new railroads. In 1899 she exported only 10,000,000 bushels of bulk wheat; in 1908 her export was 43,000,000 bushels. She has come to the point of surplus; and that surplus, following the flag, is going to Great Britain. Not large enough yet to become a great factor, it is on the increase; the time approaches when Great Britain will depend upon this part of her own empire to feed the vitals of the empire, as she once depended upon the United States. The time must come, later, when the United States will want Canadian wheat to supply her own deficit. That will mean the reduction or removal of our tariff—at present twenty-five cents a bushel. There are those in the produce business who believe that the reduction can not come too soon.

Indeed, the spread of the Canadian area is intimately connected with the shrinkage areas south of the border. The Americans as a people are still given to bonanza enterprises with quick returns. Wheat is not a crop which pays for intensive fertilization, at least under the conditions in which the western continent lives and farms. The first few years of a wheat area, while the soil is still strong with its virgin strength, is the period of great profits; the whole history of American wheat has been a history of the abandonment of farms which have lost that virgin strength. Now the wheat farmers of the Northwest are handing over to intensive cultivation and diversified farming the acres which have been longest planted in wheat, and are moving on to take the cream from the new Canadian fields. That the wheat area of Canada will increase steadily in the next decade no one doubts; there is little room for doubt that the area of the Northwestern States will shrink, as the areas of Kansas, of California, and of Texas have shrunk with the increase of population, the working out of virgin lands, and the discovery of greater profits in diversified crops.

A British Bugaboo

NOW as to the international aspects of the case. The fear of famine, through the stoppage of her far-brought food supply, has been a bugaboo of British diplomacy and British politics for a century long. At any time in the last half-century an effective blockade of the English coast by a combination of navies would have beaten Great Britain in three months through famine. Parliament, in all its debates on foreign relations and the increase of navies, has bauldly faced this fact. It had a powerful effect upon the attitude of the empire toward the United States. Once, indeed, the stoppage of the American wheat supply could have caused a famine in the British Isles; even now it would make infinite trouble for the empire. Ten years hence England will be looking to a part of her own empire as she looked once to the United States—a guarantee of security in case of war.

That is, if the United States does not wholly absorb the Canadian surplus. For when we come to consider the future, we run into many complicated things. With the removal of the tariff on wheat, as much of the Canadian surplus as the United States needed would flow to the near market south of the border instead of to the far market across the sea. If that should prove insufficient, the United States would have to look to South America. Mexico yields now only eight or nine million bushels a year, or not enough to feed her own people and those of Central America; and the climate makes it unlikely that she will ever have a surplus. The Argentine, with her great, new farms along the Rio Plata, doubtless will continue to send her surplus to feed the craving maw of

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1899-1903



Average yearly export of unground wheat from the United States during each of the two five-year periods; piled in single tiers of sacks—each sack containing 2,000,000 (two million) bushels. [Yearly average, 1899-1903, inclusive, 128,500,000 bushels—1904-1908 inclusive, 52,100,000 bushels.] It is easy to see (as indicated by the broken slant line) that should the indicated rate of shrinkage continue, the United States would cease to be an exporter of wheat within the next five years, so far as unground wheat is concerned.

1904-1908





Asia Minor Aflame.—The Kurds, who for the last four weeks have been slaying Armenians in rapid sorties from their mountain home. These ignorant, brave tribesmen are one of the myriad tribal units—"infinitely repellent particles"—which compose the Ottoman Empire. It will be the problem of the Young Turks to harmonize these warring elements. Their attempt to win over the Kurds in March, 1909, failed. The left-hand picture shows the Agha on horseback leading his clan

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Troubles of the Turks

THE position of the Young Turks is very similar to that of the three Turkish ladies described in Pierre Loti's novel, "The Disenchanted." The three "black phantoms" in that sentimental story were disenchanted because they had been awakened from the placid Oriental sleep of the harem and were yet made to live outwardly like western Europeans. They were familiar with German music and philosophy, English essays and French novels, yet were compelled to veil their faces and order their material existence as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers had done. The progressive party may depose Abdul Hamid II and put his long-imprisoned brother in his place, as it did on April 27, but the great fundamental barrier to any sweeping social change still remains. The Sultan is still the head of the Mohammedan Church, and to Mohammedan his religion comes before almost everything else. To do violence to the Sultan, and thus attempt suddenly to deflect the glacier-like movement of Mohammedan fatalism, is a far from simple proposition. Any extensive violence would bring interference from the Christian Powers, who, of course, can permit nothing to interfere with trade. And although the progressive Turks may want to take their place with others in the march of progress, a great mass of their countrymen remain, and must long remain, fatalists and followers of the Prophet rather than oversea adventurers and bustling modern business men. And to-day business is business. A capable commercial agent may have more to do with international diplomacy than an accredited ambassador. Massacres and a fatalistic lethargy are alike of date. And this the Turks must learn before the reformers have a fair chance.

Under the stimulus of the April revolution the wholly authorized hordes of Asia Minor rose and began to slay. Their religious frenzy spread over several districts of Asia Minor. It is estimated that ten thousand or more Christians, Armenians mainly, were killed by roving bands of Moslem fanatics. At Antioch and Adana the looting, burning, and murder were unusually cruel, and the towns were almost emptied by massacre of their men.

The Sultan's Dersim Kurds

THE Ottoman Empire is like a wholesale department of gunpowder—with samples in every grade and shape of combustible, but all bearing the common quality of high explosiveness. The races, religions, sects, and cults of the Sultan's dominion are in packets of various size, but most of them are ripe for uprising, and many of them have already begun to massacre. The Kurds are one of those most troublesome tribes who had been antagonized and driven into rebellion by the oppression of the old régime. For the last four weeks they have been massacring their neighbors, the Armenians, acting under the vague excitement of the Second Revolution.

The Kurdish tribes of that wild mountain region called Dersim, at the forks of the Euphrates River, have never come into full subjection to the Turkish Government. The elusive tactics of these tribesmen have even worn down the strength of every army sent against them for the past three-quarters of a century.

The Governor-General of the province has been trying to get the hostile Kurds to make terms and lay down their arms, and at last, early in March, 1909, it was reported that the Dersim Kurds were coming to the capital. The rumor spread terror in the hearts of the people, for these wild mountaineers had been in Harpoot before, and it was to plunder and burn at the time of the massacres of 1895. On the appointed day the Kurds appeared. They were marshaled by clans, the head of each clan on horseback, followed by his men on foot, in double file, with long flintlock rifles on shoulders.

The next day the city was early astir. With band playing and banners flying the great procession, now swelled to many thousands, with the Kurdish warriors at its center, swept down the road to Mezireh. At the head were the clan leaders, or Aghas, with long beards and eagle faces. In the midst of this group rode a man with green turban and jet-black beard and deep, fiery eye. On his head, covered by a black and gold cloth, he carried reverently what appeared to be a long book or scroll. This was their sacred book—not the Koran, for these tribes are not orthodox Moslems, but the book in which is recorded the genealogy of the sacred family of Ali, the great Prophet of these Kuzulbash tribes, from whom they boast descent.

They entered the town and swept through the center to the Government building. In a few minutes the Vali appeared on the steps, and was greeted with renewed cheering. He spoke to the marshal, who instantly laid his sword at the Vali's feet, and passed the word to his followers. First the Aghas and then their followers filed into the Government building; as each man passed the Vali, he stooped to kiss his hand, and the Vali threw his arms about the greasy necks of all those sunburned brigands and kissed each as though he were his long-lost brother. But it won the hearts of the suspicious, half-frightened rebels, who were thus received into the fraternity of the new national life.

It was reported that the visitors were to remain in town three days; but when the third day arrived, and special demonstrations and farewell processions were expected, not a Kurd was to be seen. They had vanished in a night. Gradually the reason leaked out. Some of the enemies of the Vali had been talking here and there about the folly of forgiving and forgetting the accumulated sins of these marauders for years past. Feeling had been aroused. It was at this juncture that some one passed the word around that trouble was brewing, and the mountaineers noiselessly took flight, to watch at a safe distance the ponderous machinery of the Government take what action it would.

It was the real effort of ignorant mountaineers to put themselves into a practicable relationship with a power whom they had never understood.

Patten and His Hunger Tower

THE man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo is always spoken of admiringly. He set himself a stern task, and carried it through. Not so James A. Patten, King (for a fortnight) of the Wheat Pit, who has abdicated his rocking throne, sold his non-existent wheat, and gone to a New Mexican ranch. He started to play the grimmest of jokes in the big black Book of Jobs—to corner the wheat of the world. If he had been as "nervy" as he was adroit, and had played his hand through till the last card dropped, he might have caught the "general public" as they have rarely been caught

since air was at a premium in the Black Hole of Calcutta. No wonder the jest tickled his midriff for a few days at least, and that he traveled with a bodyguard, while the small bakers went out of business.

Mr. Patten had been able in a quiet way to obtain options on 23,000,000 bushels of Duluth and Minneapolis wheat. That gave him a cinch grip on the market, because it was one-sixth of the supply in the United States.

One of the results of that speculation in wheat superimposed on the general wheat situation was to drive up the price of spring wheat flour to seven dollars and over a barrel in large cities, and by forcing the bakers to reduce the size of a loaf of bread to advance the actual price of a loaf from five to six and a half cents.

At the height of the speculative flurry, when mass-meetings of bakers were passing resolutions and when the Ghettos of the great cities were buying less bread for more money, a cash grain dealer said:

"If wheat continues to go up and rye and oats still, the poor people of this country will be as good as eating black bread like the peasants of Hungary."

It was at this time that Mr. Patten was quoted as saying:

"All I have done is to foresee the condition of supply and demand, and take advantage of it. Wheat has advanced twenty cents a bushel, which is equivalent to an increase of one dollar a barrel on flour, but I am not to blame. Blame the farmer, who has not made his production equal to the demand for home consumption."

During the panic week a bill to prohibit dealing in the futures of wheat, corn, and other staples was introduced in Congress by Charles F. Scott, a Representative from Kansas.

The bull market began to slump on April 22, May wheat in Chicago selling at \$1.21 instead of the \$1.29½ of April 15, and July wheat descending to \$1.09½ from the \$1.18½ of the week before. Promptly the situation for baker and consumer was eased.

If Mr. Patten's corner had remained intact and held back its supplies till the people starved and the prices soared, he would have brought to pass the dream of Dante, and made of the wheat elevator and its black shaft a veritable Hunger Tower.

The Beatification of Joan

THE beatification and canonization which the Roman Catholic Church confers on the best and wisest of the race answer to an element in human nature—loyalty to the dead. Before thirty thousand French pilgrims the beatification ceremonial of Joan of Arc was held in St. Peter's, Rome, on April 18.

The Basilica was hung with red velvet draperies, played upon by electric bulbs.

"Huge pictures, representing the miracles of Joan of Arc, and her statue, were placed over the high altar, but they were veiled. The ceremony began by the reading of the brief, at the last word of which the veils fell. The statue appeared framed with electric bulbs; the bells pealed forth and the massed choirs intoned the Te Deum, which was taken up by the vast throng. Many of the pilgrims, overcome, burst into frantic cheers, which were immediately suppressed."

So one more act closed in her progress toward canonization, which is expected in time for the five hundredth anniversary of her birth, the feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1912. Then the world will have St. Joan,

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and scarcely one among the sanctified will be more popular with the common people, and none more richly deserving of a tardy honor.

The ceremony just carried through establishes the quality of beatus or blessed, and allows invocation in specially authorized localities. For fifteen years Joan has been on trial of beatification and has been judged as woman, warrior, spirit, and saint. Among the successive tests which she has met at the investigation of the Church are those of reputation for sanctity, the heroism of virtues, and for miracles. "Not only had it to be proved that Joan practised Christian virtues, but practised them to a heroic degree, and that no isolated fact of her life was of a nature to inform her heroism." Then, finally, the process of miracles—"at least two miracles are required to prove that God allows the venerable to intervene as a saint." It was established to the satisfaction of the investigators that Joan in high heaven had healed one sick of the cancer, no longer ago than 1900, and two other glorious answers to prayer were proven in like manner.

In this year of her exaltation one of the fiercest of critical battles has raged about her fragile person between Anatole France and Andrew Lang. France has found her largely a victim of delusions, good but simple and uninspired. With no such indecency of attack as Voltaire lavished, France has played around her sad little life with an irony hardly the less insulting. Never did champion enter the lists more doughtily than Andrew Lang in lacing his helmet and setting his spear for the Maiden Knight. His voice, which we have come to know as tired and languid, shakes with zeal, and the nonchalance of that lily among authors is engulfed in a rush of hot words. Pretty Fanny is at last in earnest. Pretty Fanny is a good deal of a man.

With two of the most gifted authors here below and the great Pope intent upon the life and works and tragic child's death, it is probable that the fame of the Virgin of Domremy is secure beyond that of most heroes and saints—even of those who, like her, died in agony.

"Plastic Surgery"

IN THE laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research certain very important things have been accomplished—notably, the discovery of a meningitis serum which has been tried thoroughly and has reduced the mortality from this disease, which dealt such appalling blows when it was epidemic a few years ago—more than fifty per cent. Dr. Carrel's demonstrations of the direct transference of blood by joining blood vessels, instead of using a glass tube as a conduit, have been impressive and of real practical result. His marvelous technique in such surgery, his ability to take a seemingly impossible number of stitches in a tiny circumference, are of course especially adapted to such operations. The obvious advantage of this method is the avoidance of the danger of a clot forming in the tube and being carried on into the patient's blood, a thing which might in itself prove fatal. The life of a baby daughter of a well-known New York surgeon was saved by this operation last spring. The child developed *meningitis neonatorum*, a disease of the first few weeks of life, whose mortality is from fifty to eighty per cent. A large vein back of the knee in the child's right leg was opened, an incision was made in the radial artery of her father's left wrist and the two sewed together. In a few minutes the baby's hemorrhages ceased, and to-day it is a strong, healthy child. It was proved, moreover, that instead of the cause of the disease being due, as had been supposed, to some deficiencies in the walls of the blood vessels, it was due to some deficiency in the blood itself.

"It is proved," says Dr. Carrel, "that the remote result of the transplantation of fresh vessels can be perfect and that arteries kept for several days or weeks outside of the body can be transplanted successfully, and that after more than one year the results remain excellent. It has been shown, also, for the first time, that transplanted kidneys functionate; that an animal, having undergone a double nephrectomy and the transplantation of both kidneys from another animal, can live normally for a few weeks, and that an animal which has undergone a double nephrectomy and the graft of one of his kidneys can recover completely and live in perfect health for eight months at least. Finally, it has been demonstrated that a leg extirpated from a dog and substituted for the corresponding leg of another dog heals normally."

Experiments of this latter sort have scarcely yet demonstrated a practical application to the human body which can

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They are lighter, stronger and easier to row. Built of steel, fitted with large air chambers like life boats—absolutely safe—never leak—crack—dry out—warp—sink—last a lifetime. The ideal boat for families—hunting—fishing—summer resorts—boat livers, etc. Our catalog of row boats, hunting boats, fishing boats, launches, motor boats and marine engines tells you all about our 1909 Models and their low cost.

Better write for a copy today. W. H. Mullins Co., 119 Franklin St., Salem, O.



The greatest launch bargain ever offered is Mullins "1909 Special" \$110. Ask us about it.

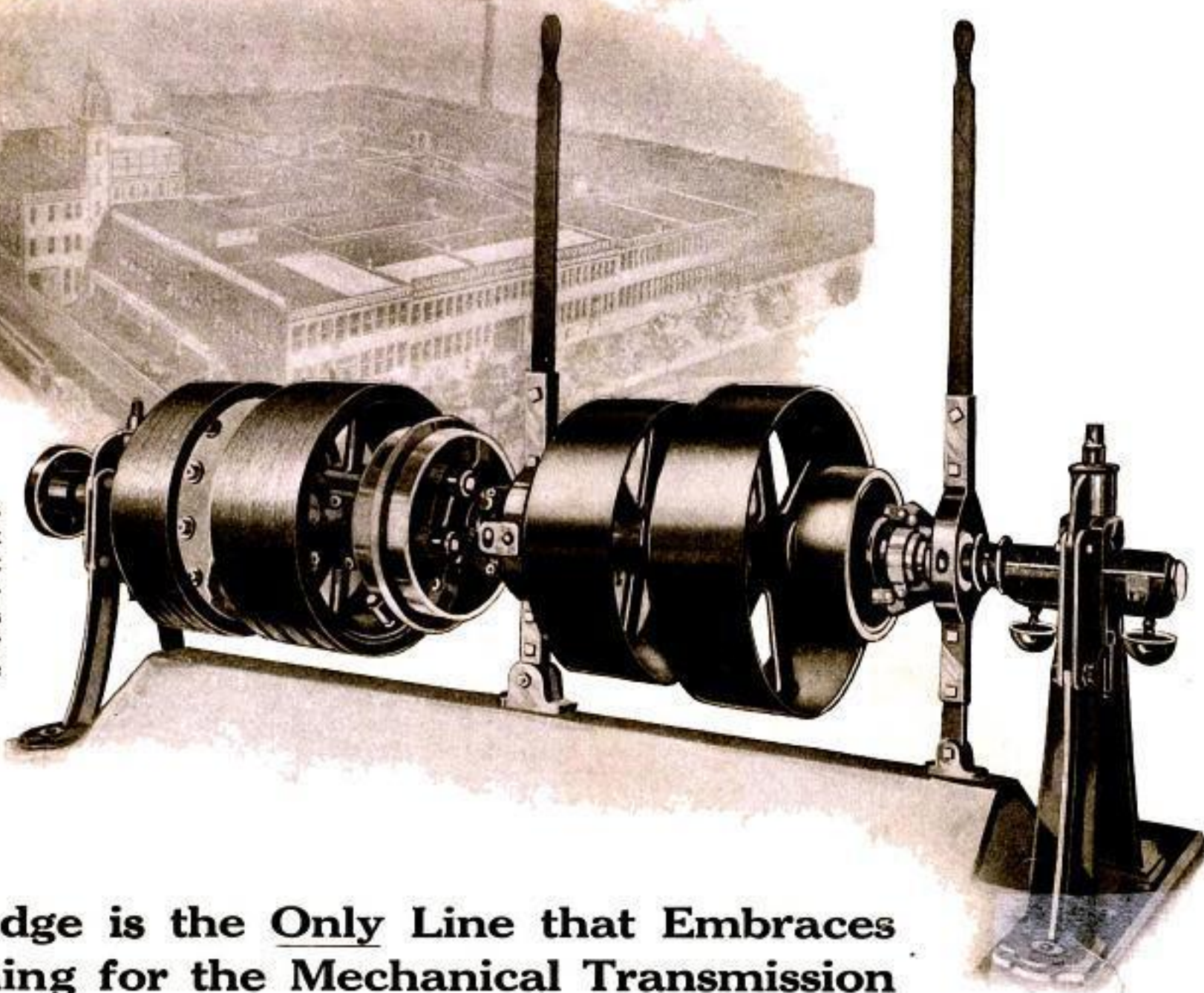
2HP Detroit Engine \$29.50

Other sizes at proportionate prices in stock ready to ship. Single cylinder engine. Four double cylinders \$500 k. p. Four 16 k. p. Engines start without No. 20, no spark, only three moving parts. All engines counter-balanced. No vibration. Special fuel injector, brass gasolene, kerosene, coal oil, kerosene, kerosene. Plastic white legs (as cheap as best steel). Cast steel. Boasting surface ground.



DETROIT ENGINE WORKS 1298 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

The Plant that is Ready to Stand Back of Your Power Plant—the World's Largest Machine Shops Nearest the Center of Population of the United States.



The Dodge is the Only Line that Embraces Everything for the Mechanical Transmission of Power. All Made in One Plant.

THINK what it means to you, Mr. Manufacturer or Mill Owner, to have one shop standard in your power transmission machinery and that the best.

There is only one line which offers you this—only one line which is standardized—only one line which is interchangeable wherever feasible—

And that is the Dodge line.

That means that you can secure from your local dealer's stock, replacements on immediate order which in any other line could not be had except by special construction.

Dodge pioneered the Wood Split Pulley—the Continuous Rope, Multi-Wrap System of rope transmission—the standardized Split Friction Clutches with detachable extended sleeves—development of the Automatic Lubricating Shaft Bearings.

The development of a complete line of high grade appliances—interchangeable—standardized for the dealer.

The Dodge line is the product of organized engineering brains.

These brains—the correct advice of our corps of engineering experts—is yours to command free of all obligation. Whatever your transmission difficulties may be, write us about them.

We will not only suggest the proper appliances, but can give you valuable help and hints regarding installation, space economy, maintenance, etc.

THE Dodge line includes the famous Dodge "Independence" Wood Split Pulleys (perfect balancing 100% gripping efficiency). The Dodge "Standard" Iron Split Pulleys with interchangeable bushings to fit all shaft sizes. Dodge Adjustable, Shaft Hanging Pillow Blocks, etc.—with self-oiling bearings. Dodge Split Friction Clutches to control departments, independently.

The split feature means that Dodge appliances can be mounted on the shaft in 15 minutes, removed in five without disturbing other equipment already in place.

Dodge Power Transmission Machinery means the greatest efficiency—friction reduced to a minimum.

And eliminating friction means added profit just as actually as an increased selling price.

Write to us for advice on all transmission troubles.

Send for our catalog E-2 and our special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods giving you an exact price on transmission machinery complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you want this information, be sure to mention the fact when you write.

Free for 6 Months—"The Dodge Idea"—A Magazine of Help

If you are even remotely interested in engineering and the general transmission of power, send this coupon for a free 6 months' subscription to "The Dodge Idea."

A live, interesting journal, covering all the principal features of shafting, journals, bearings, clutches, belt and rope transmission, driving gears, etc. Bright, understandable and interesting from cover to cover.

**Dodge
Mfg.
Company**
E-2, Mishawaka, Ind.

Gentlemen:—Without obligation on my part, I will be glad to receive your magazine, "The Dodge Idea," for a free six months' subscription.

The Dodge Manufacturing Company

Largest in the World

Power Transmission Engineers and Manufacturers of the Dodge Line Power Transmission Machinery

Main Office and Works: E-2, Mishawaka, Indiana

Branches and District Warehouses: Boston; New York; Brooklyn; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Cincinnati; Chicago; St. Louis; and London, England,
And Agencies in Nearly Every City in the United States.

We carry large complete Stocks at all Branches for immediate delivery. For quick service, communicate by long distance telephone with agency nearest you.

My Address...

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

I am connected with.....

in the capacity of.....

My Name.....

Will you accept \$5 a day for your services?



You can earn more than \$5.00 a day at the start, and as much more as you care to make. You can establish yourself in a pleasant, profitable and permanent business that makes you independent.

You Take No Risk

You do not invest one cent in this business until you prove you make the money at it. You risk nothing, and are paid well for what you do.

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner business, and how it has made housecleaning the work of hours instead of days.

What I want to prove to you is that you can make a fine income with the most perfect and convenient vacuum cleaner. The

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner

embodies every principle and improvement known to the big wagon cleaners, and costly installed plants, yet it weighs only about 50 lbs.

You can take one of these machines into a house and remove every particle of dust and dirt from every room without taking up the carpets and without moving furniture, and do it ten times as thoroughly and in one-tenth the time.

The Duntley Portable Cleaner sucks the dirt out of the house. It does all and more than the big wagon cleaners can possibly do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and less to operate. This means bigger profits to you.

How The Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug or room cleaned by the Duntley Cleaner, is so thoroughly satisfied that she wants a Duntley Cleaner for her own use— which you sell to her at a handsome profit. She tells her friends about you. You get their orders. Their friends give you more orders, both for cleaning and for machines. The more customers you get, the more customers they will get too.

My "Pay From Profit" Plan

I want one good, honest, active man or woman in every city or town—no matter how small, where homes are lighted by electricity, to write for my "Pay From Profit" plan. I establish you in business, show you how it is done, and assure you an income of at least \$5.40 a day while learning. Make no mistake what I say. Don't spend one cent until you prove the truth of everything I say. Whether you want to go into the business for yourself, or whether you want to grow the economy and satisfaction of the Duntley Portable Cleaner in your own home, take advantage of my offer.

Write Me for the Plan Today

The offer is made to you—now—today. It is your great opportunity to start in a new business—in a cleaning business—in a profitable business—in a business of your own that will grow bigger each year. You simply write and ask for my "Pay From Profit Plan." Do it now—4-0866

J. W. Duntley, Pres., Duntley Mfg. Co., Chicago
J. W. Duntley, Pres., 462 Plymouth Bldg., Chicago.

Dear Sir—Tell me how I can earn \$5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Cleaner, on your "Pay From Profit Plan."

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town.....State.....

Occupation.....

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safely be discussed here. A leg taken from one dog was substituted for the corresponding leg of another dog and normal healing took place. The dog died of pneumonia, but the general principle was established, nevertheless, that normal healing was possible. Such experiments on humans might be made with less difficulty than on animals. It is almost impossible, for instance, to keep a dog from licking a wound or endeavoring to tear off a bandage, and the difficulties in grafting a leg, for instance, on an animal who can not be told to sit still are obvious. On the other hand, even though it were perfectly natural to shift limbs and organs about with safety, there would still remain the essential difficulty of providing the healthy members to be transferred. Who is going to supply the healthy kidneys and eyes? The success thus far obtained, however, opens up a vista of possibilities whose fascination none can deny and whose ultimate limits no one can foretell.

Dr. Carrel is a native of France. He was graduated from the University of Lyons, continued his researches in the laboratories of McGill University at Montreal and at Chicago University, and two years ago was induced by Dr. Flexner to come to the Rockefeller Institute.

Roof Space

IT WAS in 1905 that the New York Public Library found itself cramped in quarters in its East Side branches. There were more readers than square feet of floor space. So Arthur E. Bestwick, head of the circulating library system, in finishing off the then new Livingston Street branch in the summer of 1905, erected enough coping around the roof to keep all classes of persons from falling off. The roof was then made into an open-air reading-room. This easy device added a floor to the reading capacity of the library, and it gave fresh air to the readers in addition to a certain wonder-sense at the open-air elevation. It was a little like reading a novel on deck in mid-ocean. This roof reading-room was so richly patronized that the experiment was repeated at the St. Gabriel branch. This time a roof was built, but the sides left open. Three new branches are now under construction, and in each of them the roof is being made ready for summer use. Awnings will be hauled over the roof space by day to prevent the sun from storing up heat inside the tin. In the evening the awning will be rolled back. These three branches are each in a crowded section—one is at Seward Park, one at Hamilton Fish Park, and one at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. This is an idea that other cities dealing with crowded areas will be sure to adopt. Already for several years Los Angeles, California, has had a library whose roof is used eleven months of the year. That is where climate cooperates with inclination.

Revivals

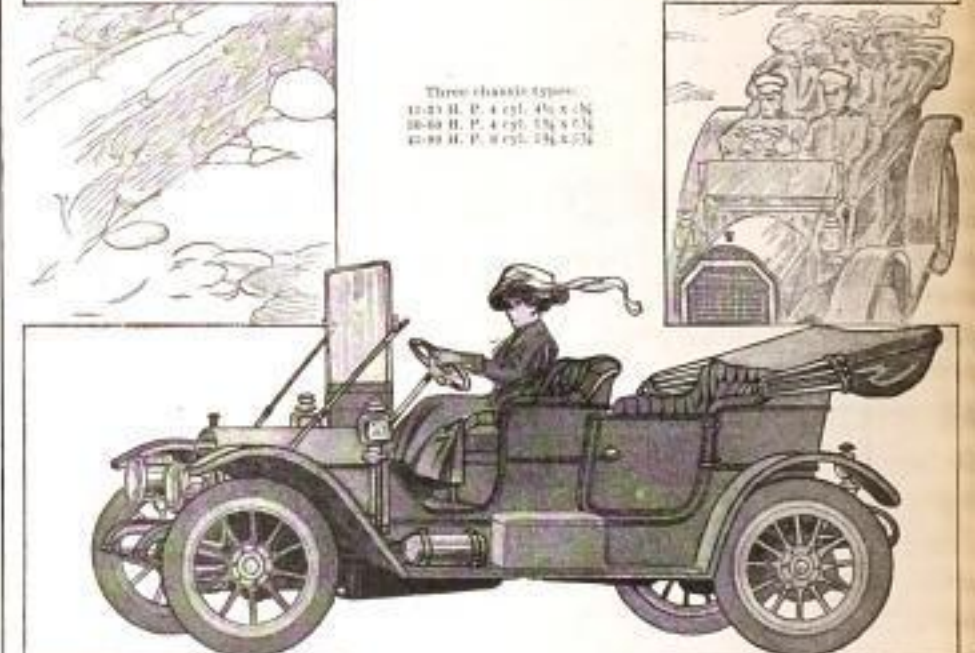
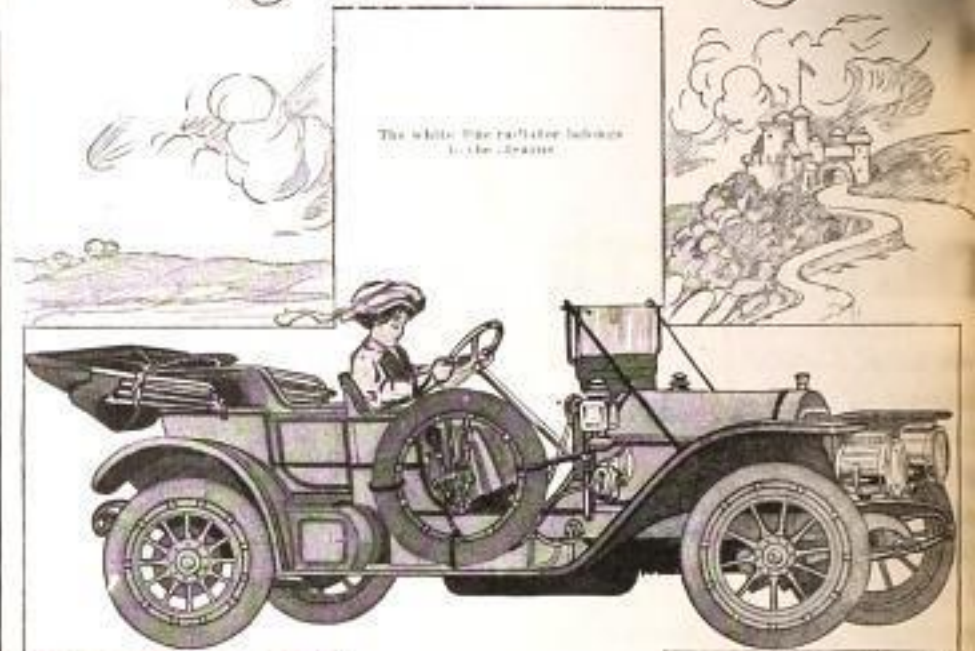
GISSY SMITH, the evangelist, has recently added four hundred "souls" to the membership of the churches in Kansas City, Missouri.

Do revivals permanently revive the prostrate church? Do the crowds and the fervor mark a real gain in righteousness for the community? A statistician in the Springfield "Republican" has made a study of the Moody revival of 1877 in Massachusetts. He gives exact figures, and then says:

"Together Baptists, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians for the whole State, and Methodists for the Boston and Lynn districts, made a net loss in the four years, 1877-1881, over the preceding five years of 4,469, or over ten per cent. It would seem to be an open question whether on the whole the revival work of 1877 was much of a success in increasing the numbers of the members of these churches permanently, and whether they would not all have been better off if the Moody meetings had not been held. An examination of the statistics of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts and Connecticut points to a similar condition following the greater revival of 1758. Ten or twelve years after the 'Great Awakening' which added three hundred to his church in Northampton in a single year, Jonathan Edwards lamented that he had not received a single member in four years. These facts tend to show a social law of reaction with grave results."

In estimating Moody and his work, it would be fair to remember the public buildings with which he strewed the land—Y. M. C. A. buildings, churches, and the like—not by gifts of money from the outside, but by rousing the community to a concrete expression of their enthusiasm. Then, too, it might fairly be argued that joyous excitement is an excellent thing for a village or city.

The two admirable schools at Northfield and Mt. Hermon, founded by Mr. Moody,



THE F. B. STEARNS CO.
EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND, O.
Member A. L. A. M.

Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo

Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Send for Catalog No. 174 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others.

Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on **easy time payments** or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save \$10 to \$20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

16 FOOT STEEL LAUNCH \$96

With 2 H.P. Engine Complete

16-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine under starts without cranking, has only 2 moving parts. Steel rowlocks, \$29.00. All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, and no heat losses. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled the day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middle-men's profits. Free Catalogue.

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 1298 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Write for a Free Sample of LEHN & FINK'S Riveris Talcum

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail to us. We will send you free a generous sample of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder that will be a revelation to you of how fine, "fluffy" and delicately perfumed a talcum powder may be made. Large glass jars as shown above are sold by all druggists at 25c.

LEHN & FINK, 119 William Street, NEW YORK

Which Price Do You Pay? \$15 or \$7.50?

This Morris Chair in quartered White Oak costs you the high price at any store—over \$15.00—unless you buy direct from our factory "in sections" ready to fasten and stain. Choice of seven finishes.



"COME-PACK"
FURNITURE

OVER ONE HUNDRED other handsome pieces in our new catalog. Write for it today.

\$7.50 with cushions.

International Mfg. Co., 513 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Water Supply for Country Houses

THE PROBLEM SOLVED
No elevated tank to freeze or leak. Tank located in cellar. Any pressure up to 60 lbs. The ideal fire protection. Best for illustration Catalogue "C".

Let our Engineers plan out your water supply.
LUNT MOSS COMPANY
43 South Market Street, Boston

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28



TASTE THE TASTE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

the smackish, piquant taste of
derwood Deviled Ham!
the delicious ham taste of
and sugar and hickory
oke, mixed with the famous
derwood Deviled Dressing
42 spices—a highly seasoned
e that arouses the keen edge
hunger.

Makes sandwiches delicate and
icious, deviled eggs, omelets,
sts, souffles, canapes, hors
uvres, croquettes, rarebits,
ads, hashes, turnovers, scal-
s—all kinds of "choice
rself" cookery. And for
ffing chicken and turkey—
t try it once.

OUR RECIPE BOOK, FREE.
Is you how to make all these
ngs in simple, easy ways.

Handy for picnicing, fishing,
nting, camping and all out-
oring. Still handier for lunch-
ts, teas, meal emergencies,
d all in-dooring.

Nothing but tender, juicy ham,
und with spices. No pre-
ervatives. Made in a white,
an, sunlit New England kit-
en—visitors always welcome.

Very economical. For example: A small
makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.
up in 15c., also 25c. cans.

If your grocer doesn't keep it, send his
ne and 15c. to WM. UNDER-
OOD CO., Dept. 1, 52 Fulton
et, Boston, Mass., and you will re-
e, by return mail, a full size can of

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

should not be forgotten by the social sci-
entists in estimating the permanence of his
activities. Still another contribution is
often made by the evangelist, reformer,
crusader, and poet. And that is the con-
veyance to other men of a certain contin-
ing fervor. Thus Mr. Moody gave Dr.
Grenfell his first and most powerful im-
pulse, which has resulted in excellent and
enduring medical and social betterment
work on the coast of Labrador. He taught
King of Boston the methods which attract
sailors in port and hold them in a
decent place instead of the river-front
brothels. Mr. Moody raised Campbell Mor-
gan from the semi-obscure of a North-of-
London suburban church to an interna-
tional fame among church-going folk.
These communications of personality, by
which the next man is raised to an en-
ergetic level, which formerly was out of his
reach, belong in any fair-minded estimate
of a man's work.

Murder by Motor-Car

THERE has been an epidemic of motor-
car murders in the last month. From
many parts of the country come re-
ports of women, old men, and children run
down and maimed or killed by speeding,
irresponsible chauffeurs. Little by little,
laws and judges are beginning to deal with
this menace to a quiet life. On April 15,
in the Supreme Court of New York State,
the jury held that the owner of a car is
responsible for the chauffeur's acts, and
must pay the damages incurred in such of
the chauffeur's bursts of speed as cripple
pedestrians.

Swinburne, the Improvisatore

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,
who for several years had been in-
disputably the world's greatest living
poet, died at the Pines in Putney, England,
on April 10. In person he was small and
fragile, five feet two inches in height. He
was a son of Admiral Swinburne, and was
born in 1837. He received his education
at Balliol College, Oxford. For all his days
he was a writer. He had early mastered
the Latin and Greek tongues. His classical
drama of "Atalanta in Calydon" in 1865,
and his "Poems and Ballads" of 1866, es-
tablished his fame, though awakening bit-
ter criticism.

By cable from London has come the fit-
ting word on his strange gifts that were so
often a puzzle to sober-hued readers and
all a wonder and a wild delight to the
ecstatic among his admirers. George
Meredith is equipped both lyrically and
critically to tell where the truth lies. He
said of the funeral on the Isle of Wight:

"Then the earth will take to her bosom
the most spontaneous singer of all her En-
glish children. As far as our language
would submit to him, he was an improvisa-
tore. Had Italy been native to him he
would have borne the renown of a poet
fired on the instant to deliver himself or-
ally."

His gift, then, was in a flow of beautiful
words, unending for a half century, that
ravish the emotions but rarely reach the
intelligence.

Certain of his moods were noble. In the
presence of the sea, he reproduced its
thunders and immensity. Always he could
convey vastness. Revolution, rebellion, the
struggle for liberty anywhere on the earth
moved him to a large vague mood, out of
which flowed rich tones and chords.

"I, last least voice of her voices,
Glee thanks that were mute in me long
To the soul in my soul that rejoices
For the song that is over my song.
Time gives what he gains for the giving,
Or takes for his tribute of me;
My dreams to the wind ever-living,
My song to the sea."

No such swift mastery over musical
words had been previously known in En-
glish literature whose artists had wrestled
and groined in beating their music out.

Of the qualities that gave him so early,
immense, and continuing a fame, these are
perhaps the dominant: In his political and
religious beliefs he was a highly talented
rebel. He recreated a sense of very pagan
Rome with its deeny, its satiety, and its
tired beauty. In his handling of the love
theme, he was daring for a North of Eu-
rope man. He had the gift of rendering
again the classical themes, and as these
possess inherently more of the stuff on
which poetry is made than any other, it
followed as the night the day that his su-
premacie easy versification would recreate
some at least of that ancient beauty.

As a critic, he was defective in cool
judgment. His brain chambers ran hot
and frenzied when either friend or foe
among the immortals was named. He
lauded and denounced like a revivalist. It
was stimulating reading, and always his
rare and splendid acquaintance with great
literature shone out—but all too little at-



Real Ventilation

Desk and ceiling fans do not ventilate,
they simply stir up the stagnant air and
make you feel a little cooler because of the
local air currents. Window ventilation is not effective unless a good breeze
is blowing. The only real ventilation is that which actually forces the vitiated
air and disease germs out of doors. There is but one way to do this effect-
ively at reasonable cost—get a

STURTEVANT Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set

This little device can be run wherever there are electric lights. Simply
screw the plug into a light socket, put the discharge pipe out a window or
other opening, and turn on the current. The average size room can be
completely ventilated in 10 to 15 minutes at a cost of 1 to 3 cents' worth
of electricity, according to the size of the Ventilating Set.

Easily carried from room to room. Noiseless in operation.
Mechanically and electrically perfect, as is evidenced by the
fact that this Ventilating Set is built to meet the specifica-
tions and severe tests of the U. S. Government, for
whom we have recently built 56 sets.

The STURTEVANT Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set
is indispensable in the up-to-date home for driving
odors and hot air from the kitchen; ventilating a
room where "that man" has been smoking; in the
cellar for forcing the draft of the heater, or ven-
tilating and drying out some damp corner.

Useful for ventilating offices, sick rooms,
toilets, photographic dark rooms, smoking
rooms, ticket offices, telephone booths, motor
boat cabins and scores of other places; for
blowing dust out of machinery, etc.

Every up-to-date home, hospital, hotel,
office and shop should have a STURTEVANT
Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set.

Write today for Bulletin No. 106-C.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., BOSTON, MASS

General Offices and Factory,
Hyde Park, Mass.

Designers and Builders of Heating and Ventilating
Apparatus; Blowers and Exhausters;
Steam Engines and Tur-
bines; Electric Motors
and Generating
Sets; Exhaus-
tories, etc.



Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickel Box—Hinged Top



The fashions in beards may
change, but the creamy, refresh-
ing lather of Williams' Shaving
Stick is always the same.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your
druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50
shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 1, Gladstone, Conn.



The Reach Base Ball

Standard with all Leagues. Adopted exclusively for
a ten year period as the Official Ball of the great
American League, making its use compulsory in
every game played by an American League Team.

The Reach Guarantee

The Reach Trade Mark guarantees perfect goods. Should
defects appear, we will replace any article, absolutely with-
out cost (except Base Balls and Bats retailing under \$1.00.)

The Reach Official Base Ball Guide for 1909—now
ready. 400 illustrations. 20 cents at dealers' or by
mail.

1909—Reach Base Ball Catalogue—Free—over 200
colored illustrations.

A. J. REACH CO., 1713 TULIP ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Northwestern Marine



Powerful Engines for high speed boats

In use by the United States Government
Laid House tenders, and the Chicago
Police Department, cases where ex-
treme speed and absolute reliability
are required. Very compact and
silent running. So carefully
built that a woman or child can
operate it. Not the cheapest,
but the best. 2 to 8 H. P. Retail
price \$40.00 and up. Wholesale
prices to boat builders and
agents. Our big illustrated cat-
alogue is worth sending for.

Northwestern Steel and Iron Works, Box 523-M, Eau Claire, Wis.



We Ship on Approval

without a cent deposit, pay the freight and
allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn
our unheard of prices and marvelous free
on highest grade 1909 model bicycles.

Factory Prices Do not buy a bicycle
anywhere at any price until you write for our
large Art Catalog and learn our wonder-
ful proposition on test sample bicycles going
to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are seeking
and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper
than any other factory.

Tires, Coaster Brakes, single
wheels, parts, repairs and supplies at half usual prices.
Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-54, CHICAGO

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



PROMOTED!

Don't worry about the boss not having his eye on you and noticing the improvement in your work. Remember he is human—he is on the look-out for good men—his own success, and the firm's depends on his ability to select the right man.

If you are a little better than the other man—if you know more about your work than he does, do you suppose the boss would pass you by and boost the other fellow?

You wish you had a better job. You wish you knew more, then you could do more and earn more. Fill in the blank form below and let us tell you how your wishes can be realized. Our advice, based upon the experiences of our successful students and graduates, will cost you nothing. It may start you right and change your whole future.

The American School of Correspondence is an educational institution. We employ no agents or collectors. Our reputation and the merit of our work makes it unnecessary. Advice regarding the work you want to take up and our complete Bulletin will be sent for the coupon. There's no obligation attached to this, so mail it to-day.

We Help Men Help Themselves

Free Information Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free Bulletin of Engineering information and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X."

Electrical Engineer
Draftsman
Civil Engineer
Mechanical Engineer
Stationary Engineer
Structural Engineer
Municipal Engineer
Railroad Engineer
Structural Draftsman

Telephone Engineer
Heating and Ventilating Engr.
Plumber
Architect
Mechanical Engineer
Textile Engr.
Steel Metal Pattern Draftsman
College Preparatory Course
Sanitary Engineer

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____

tempt was made to enter into the being of the author under examination. A page of Sainte-Beuve makes Swinburne in critical guise seem exclamatory and unvarnished, and even superficial. His attack was like that of a prairie fire, scorching and terrifying, but hardly a contribution to the harvesting of crops.

Other of his famous works are: "Songs Before Sunrise," 1871; "Songs of Two Nations," 1875; two other series of "Poems and Ballads"; "Tristram of Lyonesse," 1882; and a trilogy of Mary Stuart.

The Problem of the Hungry Stomach

(Concluded from page 25)

Europe. Of late, the western countries of South America have been going into the wheat business; with the completion of the Panama Canal, the United States may draw some of the surplus from those lands. Still another factor, remote, uncertain, enters into the future calculation. Years ago the Chinaman tasted wheat bread and liked it. The European residents of China, together with the Chinese who can afford the white man's food, have been getting most of their supply from the Pacific Coast of America. China, on her part, may raise wheat if she wills. She has, in spite of her large population, vast waste areas admirably adapted to this crop. What she lacks in virgin quality of soil she makes up in cheap labor. Lately, the Imperial Government and European entrepreneurs have been sending to the United States for samples and instructions, that they may experiment with wheat. Should North China and Manchuria ever come to the point of a wheat surplus, it will more profoundly affect the relations of China with the rest of the world than all the international agreements and treaties ever hatched. If that time of surplus ever arrives, the movement of grain trade will flow back toward the Pacific Coast; the United States in her time of need will take from China, as China now takes from the United States. That is remote and problematical; the new wheat surplus of Canada and the coming wheat surplus of the west coast of South America are present and tangible. The world's wheat supply is a unit, an industrial factor which rises above considerations of boundaries and political divisions; no nation can consider its own supply out of relation to the world's supply. Sir William Crookes prophesied fifteen years ago that the world would begin to feel a permanent wheat shortage in 1931. He was more accurate or more lucky than most prophets, it seems. The increase of populations and the spread of the bread-eating habit have gone faster than production. The permanent shortage, wheat experts believe, will arrive in the next twenty years; and by that time the United States will be an importing nation. Then America, drawn together in a solidarity of hunger with Continental Europe, must face the question which has been a keystone of British politics ever since the corn agitation of 1845—the question of the hungry stomach.

The Turk

(Continued from page 15)

nature, and life can be condensed into a single word. The word is "Kief." "Kief" means scorn of the past, indifference to the present, and unconcern about the future. If you speak to a Turk about any danger, fear, or evil presentiment, he will merely reply: "Allah kerim"—"God is great"—which is to say: "Eat, drink, and dream, and leave the rest to Kismet (destiny). Trust Allah; the thing is all settled, and as I can't change it, I won't give myself *belas* (headaches)."

War is the one thing that can rouse the Turk from his apathy. When the light is over, the Mussulman returns at once to his "Kief." Why get excited about politics, science, philosophy, and literature? Is not everything foreordained? Leave it to Allah. With a whole nation in this frame of mind, it is not strange that the Turk has neither thirst for knowledge nor any great passion. It is not strange that he has but little curiosity and no desire to travel, and that officials display such ignorance in regard to the most elementary things.

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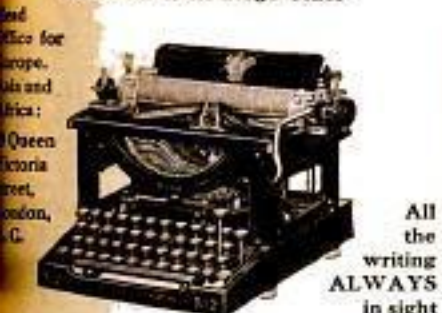
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besiege the War Office for information. Finally the Minister of Marine was ordered to send out another boat. Just as this second expedition was ready to sail they beheld on the far horizon the ship that all had believed to be lost.

After the wanderer was safely anchored, the captain presented himself at the Ministry of Marine, where he was eagerly awaited by the Minister, who inquired:

"Well, Captain, what have you been doing these months? How was it we never heard from you?"

"Ah! my Pasha, we were very unfortunate. We were surprised by a terrible tempest and driven out to sea. When it was calm again we continued on our voyage, and since we traversed the Mediterranean from one end to the other, I must tell you that Malta does not exist, for we have not found it. We discovered Crete and Corsica, but Malta, no—there is no Malta."

The Turk is no Traveler

THE Turk has no love for travel. It is natural, therefore, that he should consider the Christian traveler stark mad. Once when I was journeying with a friend of mine on the coast of Asia Minor, we stopped one night at a village where we met an old Turk, who offered us hospitality. He was a splendid-looking chap, but, try as we would, we could never make him understand why the gypsies left their own country to visit strange lands and peoples.

"Have you then no father, mother, brother, or sister?" asked Ali.

"Oh, yes," we replied.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed. "You have a family and yet you have left them to come so far, so far." And he left us with indulgent pity.

As a rule, however, the European inspires in the true Turk only a feeling of contempt. He appears to the Ottoman eye only a frivolous and conceited being. Our mighty labors of mind and body are to them trivial and childish beyond words. To our civilization they are, therefore, always hostile, for they regard it as the influence of the evil one, forever on the alert to destroy them.

To change themselves, to accommodate their customs to the character of the Christians, is an appalling abomination. Indolence, pride, religion, contempt, all oppose it.

Likeable—When Not Cutting Off Heads

WHAT I have said here of the Turk does not, of course, apply to the more progressive element, and while some of these attempt to combine the virtues of two civilizations, yet it must be confessed that often the new Turk, despising the customs and traditions of his forefathers, apes the manners, imitates the graces, and, too often, copies the vices of the Christians.

Take it all in all, the Turk, with his sense of loyalty, his domestic affections, his kindness to animals, his reverence for his ancestors and for the dead, his unfailing courtesy and inclusive hospitality, his honesty and dignity, merits our admiration. He has his faults, but these are the defects of his qualities. Of him also it might be said: "To know him, when he does not cut people's heads off, is to love him."

The Woman Who Votes


(Continued from page 23)

me they just vote like they take a notion—or like somebody talks them into voting."

THERE is a great disposition on the part of the woman voter to deny that she votes with her husband. This is no doubt the outcome of much scoffing and the frequent masculine remark that suffrage only doubles each vote. I could not see, however, why these denials should be so indignant; I should think it would be quite as pleasant to agree across the table concerning who the next mayor ought to be as concerning how much the ducks should be uncooked. But it is interesting to know that there are many independent convictions in all classes. I heard of one scrub lady who, for the sake of these convictions, faced a daily wife-beating and stood by her ballot.

"Let him bate me as much as he pleases," she said. "O'll I cast me own vote."

THERE is a general feeling, even among those who claim that women have accomplished results through the ballot, that they have not by any means taken advan-



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tage of it to the full. "But woman has been bound hand and foot for generations," a Salt Lake lawyer said. "She can't step forth into full powers all at once." In Colorado women are organized in energetic political clubs; in Salt Lake they have clubs, but less energetic; in Wyoming they have done private and personal work for certain favored candidates.

There is in Denver a very old house whose interior wood was brought across the plains by ox team. Here I found Mrs. John Pierce, who is the vice-president of the Woman's Equal Suffrage Association of Colorado.

"I came by stage in '62," she told me, "and we lived at first in a two-room wooden shack. Pioneer men had a hard time, but there wasn't a trial of pioneering the women didn't share. Seems to me," she said slowly, looking out over the bustling street that she remembered as a treeless wilderness: "seems to me, when we went through all that, side by side with the men, we ought to have the right to vote side by side with them, too."

"Do you think it unsexes women?" I asked her.

She laughed. "My dear, no more than education," she said. "Nothing can ever make us anything but women."

"But if woman is not unsexed—is still the same—what about man?" a Pennsylvania woman now transplanted to Colorado said to me one day. "Dear, dear! His bloom is off, his glamour's gone. It's right, and just, and advanced—I know all that—but alas for that fascinating veil of political mystery in which man once shrouded himself!"

Baseball

(Continued from page 15)

"baseball"—since frontier times. In 1850 some late arrivals from New York brought their own game and formed the "Atlantics," stealing the name of a club already grown famous in Brooklyn. When they picked two teams to play their first game, they were short one catcher. John O'Neil—now "Uncle John," pensioned fireman—was a mighty catcher at the old game. They explained the rules and persuaded him to try. The first man up struck out, and John dropped the third strike. In the emergency he reverted by instinct to the game he knew. He picked up the ball and "soaked" the runner in the back of the head. That unfortunate, whose name is lost to history, lay for four days between life and death. It was the life of Chicago's favorite game which hung in the balance with him; but he recovered, and the boys played on. Next year they had a rival club; and by 1858 Milwaukee had learned the game from Chicago. Until the war the two cities played home-and-home matches every year. In 1859 New York pioneers organized a club, the Eagles, in San Francisco. The Red Rovers followed; the two clubs played their first game to a tie—33 to 33. The professional gamblers who infested San Francisco in those days bet heavily on this game; and it is recorded that "interested" spectators shot off their revolvers in unison whenever the first baseman was about to take a throw. Finally New York boys and "Bendle's Dime Baseball Guide" arrived in New Orleans in 1860 and brought the craze there. The boys founded a club, "ten cents entrance fee and ten cents a week dues to buy balls." It was spreading, but slowly. It might have remained a New York game for several decades had it not been for the war.

Meantime baseball was flourishing mightily in its birthplace. In 1857 the clubs had become so many and the problem of interpretation so puzzling that the Knickerbockers, still leaders in the sport of their invention, called a convention—sixteen clubs represented. Among those which shone preeminent then, or rose to future fame, were the Knickerbockers and Eagles of New York, the Putnams of Williamsburgh, the Eckfords of Greenpoint, the Unions of Morrisania, the Atlantics of Bedford, and the Stars of South Brooklyn. The Atlantics and the Unions later became national champions, and in the Stars was worked out the principle of curve pitching. In 1859, with forty-nine clubs represented, the baseball convention became the National Association of Baseball Players.

The first convention introduced many changes; the first meeting of the association added many more and elaborated them all in a code of rules, for a perplexing thing had arisen. They did not know what to do with the pitchers. Those mere feeders of the batters were beginning to copy the cricket bowlers and find a skill of their own. Even restricted as they were to an artificial delivery, certain pitchers had be-

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gun to develop speed. That was not so bad; but others had the rudiments of puzzling delivery. Having no "called ball" rule to hamper them, they tried to work the batter by sending balls to right and left of the plate. They would trifle thus for a quarter of an hour until they had persuaded the batter to strike at a bad one. Already Harry Wright, a made-over cricketer, had mastered "change of pace"—practically the only artificial ruse the pitcher had before the curve came in. Under the rules as they stood, the first side making twenty-one points won the game. A weak team, seeing itself outclassed, could delay the game by refusing to strike at good balls until night made it a draw—no contest. They stopped this last evil by a radical amendment. They changed the system of scoring to the present one—greatest number of runs in nine innings, one inning for each man. Immediately scores bounded up to three digits.

Pitcher vs. Batter

STILL—they must have felt dimly—this was not enough. Something should be done to stop all that fiddling between pitchers and batters. Handling it gingerly, they ruled that a batter who refused good balls persistently "should be warned by the umpire, and, if he persisted, the umpire should call a strike on him as though he had hit at the ball." Indeed, it would have been impracticable to enforce strict "strike and ball" rules then, for the umpire stood on the sidelines between home and first, and was, therefore, in no position to judge at the plate. By this time, notice, the two umpires and a referee had dwindled to one umpire. It was still "a position of great dignity." He usually sat on a camp chair near the first-base line with his feet disposed comfortably on a box.

The association recognized another feature which had crept gradually into the game, and which we of this generation know not. The batter had a right to call for a "high" or a "low" ball, and the pitcher was supposed to deliver according to his request. There was as yet no way of enforcing this rule; it was custom and nothing more. This, as much as anything else, shows what a hit-and-miss affair early-day baseball was. The younger and harder delegates advocated the repeal of the "first-bound" rule, contending that it was a baby's game. The fogies, mindful of their crippled hands, rallied to preserve the good old way. Finally the two wings compromised. A fair-hit ball caught either on the fly or on first bound was out; but the base-runners could run as they pleased on a "first-bound" catch, while they must return to their original bases on a "fly" catch.

The association further reduced the size of the ball to 10 3/4 inches in circumference and 6 1/4 ounces in weight. The regulation ball of 1909 is 9 inches in circumference and weighs 5 ounces. Its composition was stated only hazily. As a matter of fact, these old balls were very lively. "If you dropped one of them from a house," says Will Rankin, oldest living baseball reporter, "it would bound back to you." Ross of Brooklyn and Van Horn of New York, shoemakers both, were the baseball manufacturers of the time. They sewed on the covers in four sections, shaped like the petals of a tulip. The seams were always splitting and "bunching"; this, the taboo on gloves, and the size and weight of the ball, made the hands of those early-day baseball players look like claws. And the New York Herald, taking lofty notice of this new game, denounced it as "barbarous and injurious."

From Bat to Gun

THEN came the Civil War, and the place of the athletic New York and Boston boys was the ranks. The number of clubs in and about New York City dwindled from sixty-two in 1860 to twenty-eight in 1863. But the enlisted players took their game with them into the camps of Virginia and Tennessee. Whenever, in summer or fall, the Federal armies rested for a week, someone was sure to take a baseball out of his haversack and start a game. They played it on the Peninsula while the army of the Potomac waited for the latest incompetent general to replace the last incompetent general. They played it before Fort Fisher, dropping one game mid-innings to fall in and run to the firing-line. They played it in Confederate prisons, where they taught it to their captors. The Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana regiments turned out to watch, and remained to learn. A young cricketer from Amsterdam, New York, who had enlisted in the ranks, saw the Eighth New York, recruited from Manhattan, playing a new game. It looked like the cricket for which his soul thirsted; he "begged into" the game. It was Nicholas Young, for a quarter of a century secretary or president of the National League. A volunteer private returned invalided to Rockford, Illinois, in 1863. He saw the boys

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The same heaven was working in the Confederate ranks. The New Orleans boys also carried baseballs in their knapsacks. A group of them found themselves in a Federal prison stockade on the Mississippi. They formed a club. Confederate prisoners from Georgia and South Carolina watched them, "got the hang of it," and organized for rivalry. In the "East and West" series which followed, the West won triumphantly by unrecorded scores.

The "Professional" Appears

SO, WHEN the Civil War was over, the whole country was playing baseball. From the "National Game of the Manhattanese," it had become the national game of these United States. It had been going on, though with reduced strength, in New York all during the war; in 1864 the association formally abolished the "first-bound" rule for fair balls, so that to catch a runner out on a fair hit the fielder must take it on the fly. When, in 1866, the association issued its call for a convention, 202 clubs, for every part of the East and Middle West, responded. The South was preparing to come in. As soon as the guns of war were clean, the same Saltzman who introduced the "New York Game" into Boston went to Charleston, South Carolina. Baseball, it appears, had but to be seen by Americans to be loved; Charleston adopted it, and Savannah followed. In 1867 Savannah came up with many rooters and a band to play Charleston for the championship of the South. That was in the "reconstruction" period of negro domination. The big, buck black men gathered on the lines and openly scorned the white man's sport. The players, dropping their game, brandished their bats and charged them. It took a company of soldiers to quell the riot and get the Savannah team to its boat alive. In 1865 Harvard, combining with the town boys of Cambridge, formed the first college team: Tufts and then Yale followed. Baseball had arrived.

Then a slow tendency which suddenly crystallized itself, and a sudden event, changed the whole history and tendency of baseball. The professional baseball player, open or masked, sprang up in every corner of the country; and a young pitcher named Arthur Cummings, in a game between the Excelsiors of Brooklyn and the "Harvards of Cambridge," pitched the first recognized, controllable curve ball. Definitely and abruptly these two factors put an end to one period of the national game.

Fact and Fancy

COLLIER'S published in the issue of March 13 an article by Will Irwin entitled "Tainted News Methods of the Larger Liquor Interests." He mentioned at length the "Modern View," a Jewish weekly published in St. Louis, from under whose wing proceeded a fake periodical used in the late prohibition campaign in Shreveport, Louisiana. We have since received the following letter, which we commend to all college instructors in logic as a model for sophistry:

"EDITOR COLLIER'S,

"Dear Sir—In explanation of the article in your issue of March 13 concerning the 'Modern View,' I desire to inform you that the anti-prohibition matter printed by us under the title of the 'Caddo Adviser' was published as a printing job by the mechanical department of the 'Modern View' Printing and Publishing Company. The only relation of the 'Modern View' as a journal to this publication was that the latter contained articles from the 'Modern View' indicating the fallacy of the prohibition movement as seen from the other side.

"We fail to see the enormity of the crime of having printed some anti-prohibition literature for those who do not coincide in the prohibition movement.

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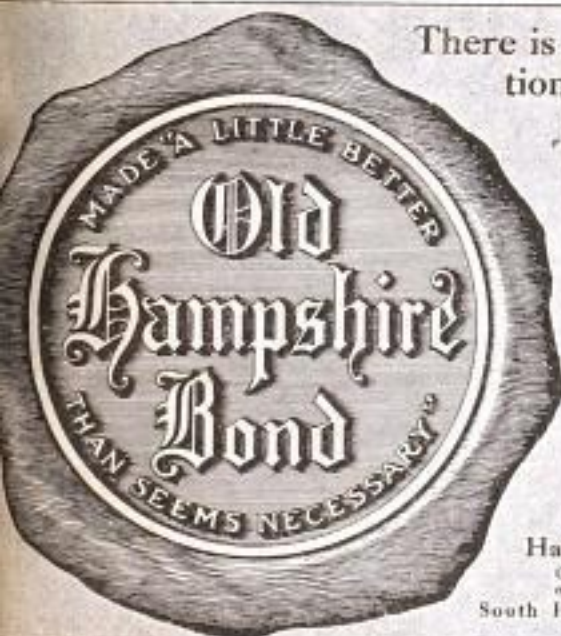
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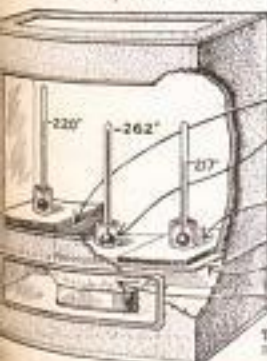
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Just the information you want to make your house warmer in winter—cooler in summer—protected against noises.

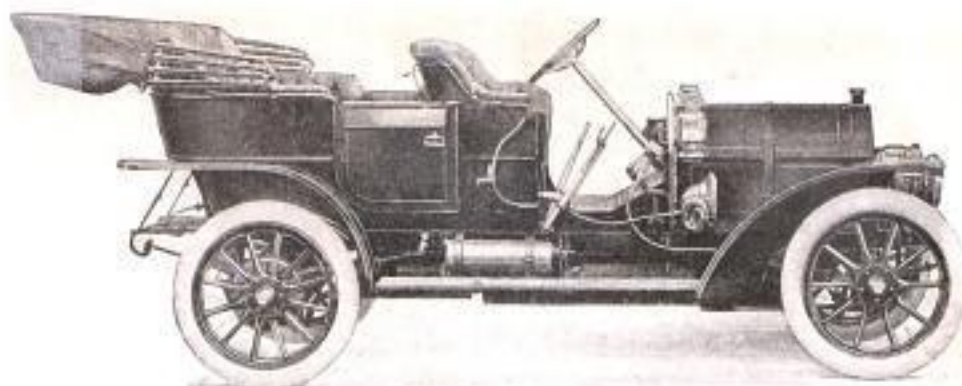
Write UNION FIBRE CO.

215 Fibre Ave. Winona, Minn.

The PHILIP CARRY COMPANY, Distributors, Cincinnati

Brochure and samples in all large cities in the U. S., Canada and Mexico

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750

Made as Touring Car, Toy Tonneau and Roadster

These Men Know

These are some of the buyers of Chalmers-Detroit cars.

They are men who investigate—men not easily deceived.

They are men whose special training, special ability, best fits them to judge a car.

They are men whose judgment other men prize on matters pertaining to mechanical things.

Each of these men, with the whole field to choose from, bought a Chalmers-Detroit car.

Mr. Geo. H. Helvey, the designer of the Corliss engine.

Mr. John B. Herreshoff, the famous designer of the several yachts which have successfully defended the America Cup.

Mr. Joseph Boyer, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., one of the ablest business men in the country.

Mr. J. G. Vincent, head of the Inventions Department of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

Mr. L. H. Perlman, president Welch Motor Car Co., New York.

Mr. N. Platt, president Baker Electric Vehicle Co.

Mr. A. R. Shattuck, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America.

Mr. John F. O'Rourke, builder of the New York Subway and the Hudson River Tunnel.

Mr. Ezra A. Fitch, of the firm which furnished most of Mr. Roosevelt's African outfit.

Dr. Lee DeForrest, of Wireless Telegraphy fame.

Here Are Others

Here are some other buyers. Men who know motor cars unusually well from the standpoint of experience.

Men to whom price is the last thing to be considered, but men whose experience enables them to know values.

Men who have owned many cars, perhaps, and who know what owners want.

Men who demand the utmost in a car, both in style and service.

Each of these men has this year bought a Chalmers-Detroit car.

Mr. John S. Huyler, the world's best-known candy maker.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the editor.

Mr. Douglas Robinson.

Mr. Percy Rockefeller.

Mr. Craig Colgate.

Mr. Wm. Sittenham.

Mr. O. J. Gude.

Mr. W. S. Banta.

Mr. W. E. Harmon.

Mr. Chas. Hathaway.

Are They Wrong?

These men of inventive genius—these experts in mechanical things—do you think they bought the wrong car?

These men of experience and men of wealth—do you think that they made a mistake?

They did not buy the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" because it is medium-priced.

They did not buy the Chalmers-Detroit "30" because it cost \$1500.

They bought them because, knowing cars as they do, they found no other cars to compare with them.

There are more than 2,000 others who have bought these cars this year.

Hundreds of them are men who know cars better than the average man.

Hundreds of others have employed engineers to investigate, and to compare them with other cars.

If you will thus go into the heart of the matter, you are bound to do as they did.

Please send us this coupon for full information, and name of nearest dealer.

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

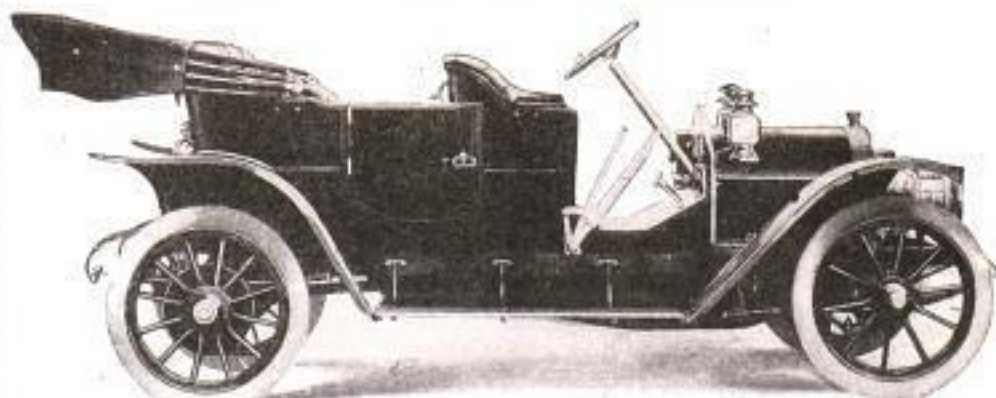
County.....

State.....

Collier's, New York

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—\$1500

Made as Touring Car, Tourabout, Roadster

You are insured against accident and positively protected with the

HOPKINS & ALLEN TRIPLE ACTION (Trade Mark) SAFETY POLICE REVOLVER

\$9.50
(Nickel Finish)



Triple Action is the only way to real revolver safety. This is the only Triple Action weapon made. After firing, the third or triple movement lifts the hammer up and above the firing pin, altogether out of the danger-zone, then keeps it against a wall of solid steel. Before you buy a revolver, have your dealer show you this one. You can see the safety-principle at a glance. If you're looking for an absolutely safe revolver—a weapon that shoots straight and hard when you want it to, and that positively cannot be discharged unless you actually pull the trigger—the Hopkins & Allen Triple Action Safety Police, is the revolver that you need.

The Walnut Army Grip gives a strong, firm hand-hold, and adds greatly to the weapon's effectiveness. 22, 32, and 38 calibre, nickel or blued. 4 inch barrel, blued, \$10.00.

At all good hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer doesn't sell it, send us price; we will supply you direct, and guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction.

Our new 1925 Gun Guide and Catalog, shows the most extensive line of high-grade, low-price firearms made—revolvers, rifles and shotguns. Send for your copy of this TODAY. It's free.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
14 Chestnut Street, Norwich, Conn.



PENNSYLVANIA CARS are made for critical buyers—people who know and appreciate real motor car worth. From start to finish, each step in construction is marked by careful, painstaking attention to details. As a result, the finished product has made the name "Pennsylvania" famous.

Pennsylvania Cars are satisfying cars, because of their extraordinary ability and unfailing dependability.

There has never been an unsuccessful Pennsylvania Model.



Type F 6 Cylinder 75 H. P.

7 passenger Touring Car or Roadster, \$4500
Guaranteed Speed 75 miles

Type D.	Roadabout	\$2000
Type D.	Touring or Baby Tonnes	\$2100
Type C.	"	\$3000
Type E.	Quincy Equipment	\$3800

Magneto and gas tank on all models

Pennsylvania Auto Motor Co.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

J. M. Quincy & Co., Newark, N. J., distributors for New York, Philadelphia and New Jersey

NOTE: If there is no "Pennsylvania" representative in your territory, we shall be pleased to supply you direct from the factory.

School Information

Free catalogues and advice of all Boarding Schools. (State whether girls' or boys')
AMERICAN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
915 Broadway, New York, or 1017 Madison Temple, Chicago

SCHOLARSHIPS One in a leading Girls' Preparatory School and a number of partial scholarships for both deserving girls and boys. School Agency, 527-41 Park Row, New York.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

the brewers.' Both the publishing and the printing departments are owned and conducted exclusively by the undersigned.

"The use of the portrait of Christ, to which reference was made, was not intended in any way as a reflection on the Christian Saviour, who was Jew as much as Christian by all the facts of history, and who is to-day regarded by the enlightened Jewish element as a great Jew who was in the completest sympathy with the highest ideals of Jewish thought and teaching.

"We are sure that it still remains the privilege of an American, be he Jew or non-Jew, to conscientiously differ from you and all good prohibition people on the logic and advisability of their arguments, efforts, and ideas.

"You have evidently been misinformed as to the standing of our journal. A closer investigation may prove to you that the 'Modern View' does represent the best thought and leading element of this community.

"Furthermore, it may be of interest to you to investigate the exact viewpoint of the rabbis and Jewish journals in the United States on the question of prohibition. You will learn that they are a unit in opposition to prohibition as a remedy for the liquor evil.

"Respectfully,

"A ROSENTHAL,
"Editor the 'Modern View.'
"St. Louis, Missouri."

+

This is what the Modern View Printing and Publishing Company did:

During the local-option campaign in Shreveport nearly every voter received something which looked like a weekly periodical. It was called the "Caddo Adviser." Caddo is the parish in which Shreveport is located. It bore in large type the acknowledgment: "Modern View Printing and Publishing Company." In type, in "makeup," in size of page, in everything, it was a twin brother to the "Modern View." Its contents were half-argument against "the folly of prohibition" and half reprinted matter from the "Modern View." Mr. Irwin was in Shreveport that night, and he met J. K. Baer in the hotel. Mr. Baer introduced himself as assistant editor of the "Modern View," and presented his card with the legend "Modern View Publishing Company." He said that his periodical, under his direction, had published the "Caddo Adviser," and he seemed rather proud of it as a piece of work. In fact, Mr. Baer was eager to have COLLIER'S publish some notice of it. Later Mr. Baer wrote us, on behalf of the "Modern View," to enclose a folder picturing and describing the hellish effects of prohibition in Kansas City, Kansas. That also bore an unduly prominent signature of the "Modern View Printing and Publishing Company." He who runs may read how deeply the repudiated Mr. Baer must have betrayed the wronged Mr. Rosenthal.

In March, 1908, two trusted agents of COLLIER'S visited Mr. Rosenthal to inquire into prices and terms of publication for a paper like the "Caddo Adviser." Naturally, since our stand on the liquor question was well known, they did not state that they came from COLLIER'S. They were inquirers simply. Mr. Rosenthal accepted responsibility for the "Caddo Adviser." He seemed eager to get orders for it; he explained that he could "tool" the word "Caddo" out of the plate and substitute the name of any town or county in which the inquirers might wish to circulate it, and wrote out a schedule of prices per thousand copies, which schedule COLLIER'S has in its possession now. Further, he handed out a circular, headed "Modern View Printing and Publishing Company," which advertised the "Caddo Adviser" and recommended it to all liquor men in danger of prohibition.

When our representatives asked about the financial responsibility of his paper, Mr. Rosenthal made in German substantially this statement: "We have the backing of the brewers and we expect soon to be much more prosperous than we are now." Perhaps Mr. Rosenthal but boasted.

As for the picture of Christ decorating a liquor pamphlet, that is a matter of taste. It was not, as the result showed, to the taste of Caddo Parish, for the opinion of newspaper men on both sides of the question was that this feature of the "Caddo Adviser" turned the election for prohibition in Shreveport.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unswartened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Borden's Peerless Milk to desired richness and use some as fresh milk or cream.—Adc.

PEOPLE IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE OF ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES

Should Wear Heels of Live Rubber on Their Shoes

This Article is Supplementary to Editorial in
THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

The Multitudes of Young and Old People

Suffering From Weak Insteps and
Flat Foot Acquired the Trouble
Wearing Leather Heel Shoes That
Run Down at the Side.

instep arch and therefore aid in curing those symptoms, some of them most obscure, that are to-day known to be caused by the giving away of that little keystone.

Consult an exact drawing or an X-ray photograph of the foot, showing the normal arch and the keystone. The arch is supported and the keystone kept in place by the strong muscles on the back and front of the leg. The moment these muscles commence to suffer from fatigue and lose their tone the first stage of trouble begins. People whose occupations are such as to cause to become fatigued are almost sure to develop some degree of falling of the arch, unless they properly support the keystone by some substance that is springy and elastic and thus prevent overfatigue of the leg muscles.

This is all accomplished by using the heels of Live Rubber. The formation of this heel is such that it exactly supports the keystone, and by making walking easy prevents fatigue of the leg muscles.

When you cannot walk as far as you used without a feeling of fatigue, or your back aches, or you have an ache at the base of your brain; or a pain in your knees, ankles, or across the top of your feet, don't commence buying some patent medicine for rheumatism, but buy a good, substantial shoe that is straight on the inside and wide enough at the toes—that comes well up into the arch of the foot—then have a pair of Live Rubber Heels put on and save yourself all the pain and trouble that are bound to accompany a case of advanced falling of the arch of the foot.

On account of piracy in advertising, this short talk applies to the heels of Live Rubber made by O'Sullivan Rubber Company of Lowell, Mass., Orthopedic Dept.

Prevention of diseases is the sublimest function of present-day medicine. Heels made of Live Rubber and of correct shape on your children's shoes will save much trouble. It is good medical opinion that heels of Live Rubber help to prevent falling of the keystone of the



The first beeled shoes children wear should be equipped with long, low heels of Live Rubber instead of leather, because they are better than leather in every way. First, they make the child's plantar

noiseless. Second, they help to support the inner or weaker side of the foot. Third, they cause the child to adult to step straight and normally.

Fourth, they prevent toeing out in walking, which is abnormal. Leather heels won't do this. If they did, young people would not be afflicted with weak insteps as they are. Hospital statistics prove that the percentage of weak ankles is greater among young people than among middle-aged people and old people.

On the first beeled shoes children wear a No. 2 thickness of heel, which is 11-32 in. thick should be used. For people of mature age the one-half inch heel of Live Rubber should be used, because it has more wear and more elasticity.

The value of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels to people in active life is now an admitted fact; as the reason why the great leading magazines recommend them is because they eliminate the jar in walking and give a noiseless, easy stride.

The great value of Heels of Live Rubber is more than this—They encourage walking, making it beautiful, fascinating and delightful.

The name "O'SULLIVAN" on rubber is like "STERLING" on silver

If your dealer can't supply you, send diagram of heel and 35c. to the makers, O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL CO., Lowell, Mass.

If you have not worn rubber heels, invest 35 cents in a pair, but be sure that you get "O'Sullivan's." They are the only kind made of Live Rubber. Substitutes are not made of Live Rubber; they are partly old ground-up rubber and partly rags. Heels of Live Rubber have the endorsement of all thoughtful people; they fit in anywhere where noise is a nuisance, where people are afflicted with weak insteps, where one has a disinclination to walk, and where the daily grind is a thing to be met and overcome.

If every bit of delicate machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball bearings, shock absorbers, and such like to lessen the wear

and tear, why should mankind place a piece of hard leather paved with iron nails beneath his heel and stamp his way along rough walks with never a thought for his own well-balanced self? To be consistent, if you put a shock absorber on your automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.

When you order Rubber Heels insist upon getting "O'Sullivan's," as they are the only heels made of Live Rubber. The price of O'Sullivan's heels is 50 cents of all dealers. Substitutes cost the same but give the dealer 8 cents more profit—that's why he tells they are just as good.

STERLING TIRES

Each Sterling tire is built as an individual job. Each layer of fabric and rubber is inspected before the next one goes on. Each tire is inspected from 8 to 12 times before it goes into stock. Each tire maker gets a premium for perfect work. Each tire is guaranteed.

STERLING BLUE TUBES

are absolutely superior to any other, and we say that, and back it, without reservation.

"Ask us why they are blue."

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO.

NEW YORK, 1691 Broadway, (cor. 53rd Street) RUTHERFORD, N. J.

\$14.60

For a \$25 Imported Field and Marine Glass



ONLY 100 at this price. Made possible through an unusually favorable purchase by our Paris house. This glass is a regular \$25 quality, with an exceptionally large field of vision and fine achromatic lenses affording perfect illumination. Adjustments easy and rapid. Large sun shades, best morocco leather, aluminum metal parts, sole leather case and straps. An unusual opportunity to secure a Fine Glass at little cost. Order to-day.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back

E. B. MEYROWITZ, 105 E. 23rd St., NEW YORK

The World's largest retail optician. Agents for Famous Carl Zeiss Binoculars

BINDER FOR COLLIER'S (Express Prepaid), \$1.25

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



COLORADO

the land of real vacations. Mountain peaks that make the Alps green with ivy. A thousand miles of trout streams—fresh air—why a few lung fulls of Colorado air are worth a hard trip across the continent.

Rocky Mountain Limited
A stenographer, valet, barber and maid make the trip easy; actually a pleasure in it. One night out from Chicago—two from the Atlantic Coast.

Several other splendid trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham.

CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO GO?
Write for our new book, which tells you how inexpensively you can spend a few weeks in the Rockies.

SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island-Frisco Lines



Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century.

Typewriters at Sacrifice Prices

We're starting a most unusual clearance sale of slightly-used typewriters, in serviceable as new. You'll Save Two-thirds by Buying Now. We're an overstock of typewriters sold to us by money-pinched owners during the past year. Among them are several hundred excellent Smith Premier, Remington and Fay-Sholes now listed. We've rebuilt them and put them in perfect condition for sale. See our list of unexcelled bargains. Machines and the approval to any point in the U. S., also listed elsewhere. **WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1014 Baldwin Bldg., CHICAGO**

MONEY MAKING CONCRETE

The great durability and handsome appearance of concrete products is now revolutionizing world wide. The Money Making plants being established everywhere. We'll pay you to investigate our proposition for a day in your locality. We furnish machines, molds and everything needed. Write for particulars. **JEFFREY JOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.**

In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

TO PREVENT DEFAULT

ONE of the saddest things in business is the failure of a bank. When we read of it in the papers, or hear of it from those involved, it impresses us very seriously. We hear of victims who have lost the saving of years, and who are left penniless in old age; we hear of sound and prosperous business enterprises going to the wall through no fault of their own. It seems very sad. But we do not hear all. We do not know or hear of the years of struggle which follow a bank failure. We forget the incident which made a prosperous man poor. We know nothing of the long heartaches, the broken hopes, and the despair which may follow the sudden loss of the savings or surplus of years of hard work.

But there is a sadder side still. It is the side of the man who has been placed in a position where the temptations are very strong, and where the suggestion of relief from personal financial pressure was daily whispered into his consciousness, and where the assurances of his detection were not made strong enough to support his moral conscience under the strain.

If it is wrong to place a man in a perilous position where he may be maimed or killed by machinery, it is even more so to place him in a position where a lax system of accounting subjects him to temptations and assures him that he will not get caught. It is the man who gets accustomed to taking chances who gets hurt by machinery, and nearly every accident can be traced to a lack of safeguards or caution. And the man who goes wrong in his accounts is always the one who takes chances—the one whose affairs are in such shape that he can conquer his fear of detection.

In the last analysis, the vital point to safeguard by a system of accounting is to be found in the time element. No man will falsify his accounts if he is reasonably certain of detection within three days. It is only when he feels secure for a long time before detection is probable that he allows himself to think of falsifying. Such operations usually begin with the idea of taking money as a temporary loan and the full expectation of paying it back by a certain date. If the assurances of detection were made certain by a system of checking up in which the time would be very short or highly uncertain, the temptation would be greatly lessened. The custom of checking accounts but once a month, and the assurance that the accounts will not be checked until a certain day, afford a margin of time sufficient to lure many a man to his downfall. Here is the point where real reform must begin in the prevention of bank failures and other kinds of defaulting. The final responsibility does not rest alone on the frail human nature that gives in under the strain, but rather on those who for the sake of economy neglect to apply such reasonable safeguards as will make detection certain and prompt. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the instances of defaulting could have been prevented by the systematic use of such safeguards as are used by well regulated concerns.

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

IT IS coming to be rather generally understood that a man may sever connection with a firm—even at the firm's suggestion—without it reflecting especially on his own capacities. Men of spirit often disagree on matters of policy. Some men feel compelled to resign to spare their self-respect—which is usually a worthy procedure when it can be properly distinguished from touchiness. Others resign by request because they refuse to conform to an unscrupulous employer's low ethical standards. Some men who stand well in business and social life may be "regular devils" to work for—so unmindful are they of an employer's feelings and self-respect. To be discharged by an impulsive autocrat in a moment of displeasure is not necessarily a man's discredit. Nearly every successful man has parted company with an employer at some time in his career—often by request. Many a man dates the beginning of his success from the time he got out

Any Steel that is good enough to Shave with is good enough to Strop

Why should you expect an unstropped razor blade to shave you twice with the same smoothness.

The barber doesn't—he strops and strops again and the shave that he gives you is like velvet.

Since stropping is an art that the average man has neither time nor patience to acquire, *real* shaving comfort would seem to lie between the barber and an

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Automatic Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

It is the *only* razor, safety or old-style, which *anyone* can strop automatically and correctly, enjoying the solid comfort of an edge that neither scrapes nor pulls.

Razor and strop are combined. No taking apart to strop or clean, and a new sharp edge for every shave.

Send for our booklet "Shaving Sense"
Free for your dealer's name

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Dept. K., 345 Fifth Ave., New York
61 New Oxford Street, London 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal

Blade Always Sharp—Lasts for Months



Standard Outfit: Self-stropping Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horse Hide Strap in Leather Case, \$5
Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial



FOR THIRTY YEARS

I've been designing and building Engines and Launches for others. I now have my own new factory and am devoting my entire attention to ONE DESIGN—ONE MODEL.

"The Leader" 16 ft. Launch

The simplest, most reliable and nearest perfect launch and engine-made. Not a rowboat with an engine, but a genuine launch, equipped with my full 24 H.P. self-starting and reversible engine, controlled with 3 levers—a child can operate it. One-third more room space than any other 16 ft. launch. Speed, 8 to 10 miles. Wheelless wheel and roller. Direct from factory to you, complete, nothing more to buy, ready to slip into water and

guaranteed to run \$99
Money back if not satisfied. Send name and address and I will tell you more.
Wm. Gile, Master Mechanic
GILE BOAT & ENGINE COMPANY
Filer St., Ludington, Mich.



Investing Under Expert Direction at 6½ to 7 Per Cent

LET us send you our circular telling just what the above means and describing the methods that have made us one of the most reliable investment houses in America.

We are now offering a well reasoned public utility bond to net the investor 6½. Financial statement and legal opinion furnished on application.

The Geiger-Jones Company

Specialists in Securities of Old, Successful Industries
207 North Market St., Canton, Ohio

H&R REVOLVERS

The Line is Complete

From the heaviest pattern for sportsmen to the light, dainty revolver for ladies—you will find the one just suited to your purpose—whether for pleasure or protection. Behind every H&R Revolver is over 36 years manufacturing experience—your guarantee of dependability, safety and accuracy.

Rather than accept substitutes, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

Our new and beautiful catalog shows our complete line. We want you to have it—write for it.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
547 Park Ave. Worcester, Mass.

Perfect Comfort for Man and Horse Whitman Saddle

Used by the best riders of all countries, invented thirty years ago and improved every year since, ideal for gentleman or lady rider and a scientific fit for the mount. Illustrated catalogue free—describing the several styles of Whitman Saddles and everything from "Saddle to Spur." **Whitman Saddle Company, 105-C Chambers Street, New York City**

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**
MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

New York Made



"Sampeck" Clothes
for
YOUNG MEN

THIRTY-THREE years of tailoring just for young men and all for young men has given "Sampeck" Clothes the premier place. They are "custom" in mode, material and making, but *uncustomary* in their dash and distinction.

Every leading clothier has them—any clothier can get them for you. We'll gladly refer you to one if you'll write us.

Demand the brand, "SAMPECK" of your clothes-shop. Our label is in every garment. The fascinating "COLLEGE ALMANAC" "B" of Dress and Sports sent free for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO. **NEW YORK CITY**



Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, deliciously flavored and possessing that smooth melting quality to be found only in the very highest class.

Look for the Capital Trade Mark inside the foil wrapper. All others are imitations.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid. Or a sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.


H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC.
Cocoa Manufacturers
235 North Third St. Philadelphia, Pa.

It Pays to Be Sure

The perfect running of your automobile or motor boat depends upon a perfect ignition current.

THE HUBER-DAYTON STORAGE BATTERY is not simply "guaranteed against defects," but guaranteed to give service—you can get more miles of running out of a Huber-Dayton Battery than any other make. It also makes the Apple Ignition System, that keeps your storage battery charged right on your boat or auto. That catalogue is different—worth writing for today—right now.

The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 121 St. Clair St., Dayton, Ohio




Solar Lamps
ARE DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

THEY are different from the "ordinary" motor lamp because they represent absolute perfection in every detail. They are built in **THE LARGEST LAMP FACTORY IN THE WORLD**, of the best material obtainable. In finish and actual quality the Solar Lamp is in a class by itself—not even approached by any other produced in the field.

Our exclusive Special, Bausch & Lomb SOLAR Lens Mirror has been proven by photometric tests to be the most powerful lens mirror made.

Write for 1909 catalog

BADGER BRASS MFG. COMPANY
Two Factories
437 11th Ave.
New York
Kenosha, Wis.



THE Remington IDEA



SOLID-BREECH, HAMMERLESS.

Put your gun under the spotlight. Does it measure up to a modern Remington? It must be Hammerless—it must have a strong Solid Steel Breech. The three Remingtons represent these most modern ideas in gun making—are in a class by themselves.

The Remington Autoloading Rifle and Shotgun load themselves by recoil. The Remington Pump Gun ejects at the bottom. Get the Remington Solid-Breech Hammerless Idea. Get a modern Remington.

Booklet R, "Remington Experiences." Write for it
THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y.
Agency: 315 Broadway, New York City

from under the influence of an unsatisfactory employer. Whichever of them spoke first has little to do with the merits of the case.

COMPOSITE MIND

WHEN a man gets discouraged about his work he is often less than half a man. A word of encouragement will brighten him up. These are common facts which every employer knows. But every employer does not know—does not stop to appreciate—that five hundred men working together come to have a sort of composite mentality, and that that composite man can get discouraged and need brightening up. He does not see how one man's discouragement reacts upon another until the actual working efficiency of the whole organization is lessened. He does not see how putting new life into one man is, by the influence of example, putting new life into many others. He does not see that steps taken to build up, encourage, and inspire the composite mentality of his organization has an advantage to his business equal in proportion to the encouragement of an individual. These are things the employer of the future will deal with, and in which he will find his chief instrument of effective action. The employer of to-day—with a few exceptions here and there—is as lacking in adequate appreciation of the possibilities of stimulating the composite mentality of his organization, as Benjamin Franklin and his contemporaries were lacking in appreciation of the possibilities of the steam-engine, telegraph, and telephone. A new order of employers is as surely destined to come as that new inventions will continue to replace the old. Meanwhile, the world waits, and gets along as best it can with the methods of the present.

OUTWARD INDICATIONS

MANUFACTURERS of office furniture have frequently pointed out in their advertisements, through picture and text, the advantages of having fine office fittings—how it impresses the other man, how it commands respect and furnishes an appropriate frame for the genius that inhabits the office. It might be well if there were some advertiser whose interest it might be to point out and reiterate the idea that the appearance of an office—even after the fine furniture is in it—is what really affords an index to the general make-up of its occupant. The way the books are arranged in the mahogany bookcase, the way the papers are piled up on the tables, the way the pigeonholes bulge with uneven papers—all these things and many others go to make up the index to the man in the office. The furniture might be the same in the next office, or it might be what remains of a former régime. But the present standard of occupancy is what makes the impression. A difference, however, should be observed between the parlor-office and the workshop office, as what is good taste in one may be bad in another. The point is not so much that of making an impression that is not deserved, as in the ability to tell from the unconscious outward form the degree of inward grace—or lack of it.

TOUCH-BUTTONS

A new idea is a new-born child that needs the utmost protection from the poisoned shafts of cynical inappreciation.

Many a great idea dies on the lips because of the bitter memory of how cruelly its predecessors were received.

Pull away from current detail long enough to consider your work as a whole, and formulate more definitely your ideas for possible improvement.

To put personal comfort before duty is to miss the victory of self-mastery without which all else is vain.

A pat on the back may give new momentum to intelligent endeavor, while a sniff throws on the gear of discouraged inactivity.

Don't grumble at necessity; it is the only motive power some people will respond to.

Men are mirrors in which we often find reflected the moods with which we approach them.

An author blesses humanity, but a big share of the credit goes to the salesman who convinces humanity that it needs the blessing.



Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

adds a piquant flavor indispensable to good chafing dish cooking.



Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

Imitated but Never equalled.

JOHN DUNCAN & SONS, Agents, N.Y.



Elkhart Buggies

are the best made, best grade and easiest riding buggies on earth for the money.

For Thirty-Six Years

we have been selling direct and are

The Largest Manufacturers in the World

selling to the consumer exclusively. We ship for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery, and also to save you money. If you are not satisfied as to style, quality and price, you are nothing out.

May We Send You Our Large Catalogue?
Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Elkhart, Indiana

BREATHE-RITE



If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health, you should wear BREATHE-RITE brace. The BREATHE-RITE brace holds the body gently but firmly erect whether walking, sitting, or standing. It corrects round shoulders, strengthens the back. Made of white, washable elastic fabric. A blessing for growing boys and girls. One size fits anybody. You Can't Breathe Wrong with BREATHE-RITE. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—One Dollar. BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 1013, 45 W. Sixth St., N.Y. Send for descriptive folder. Always look it up!

ONOTO

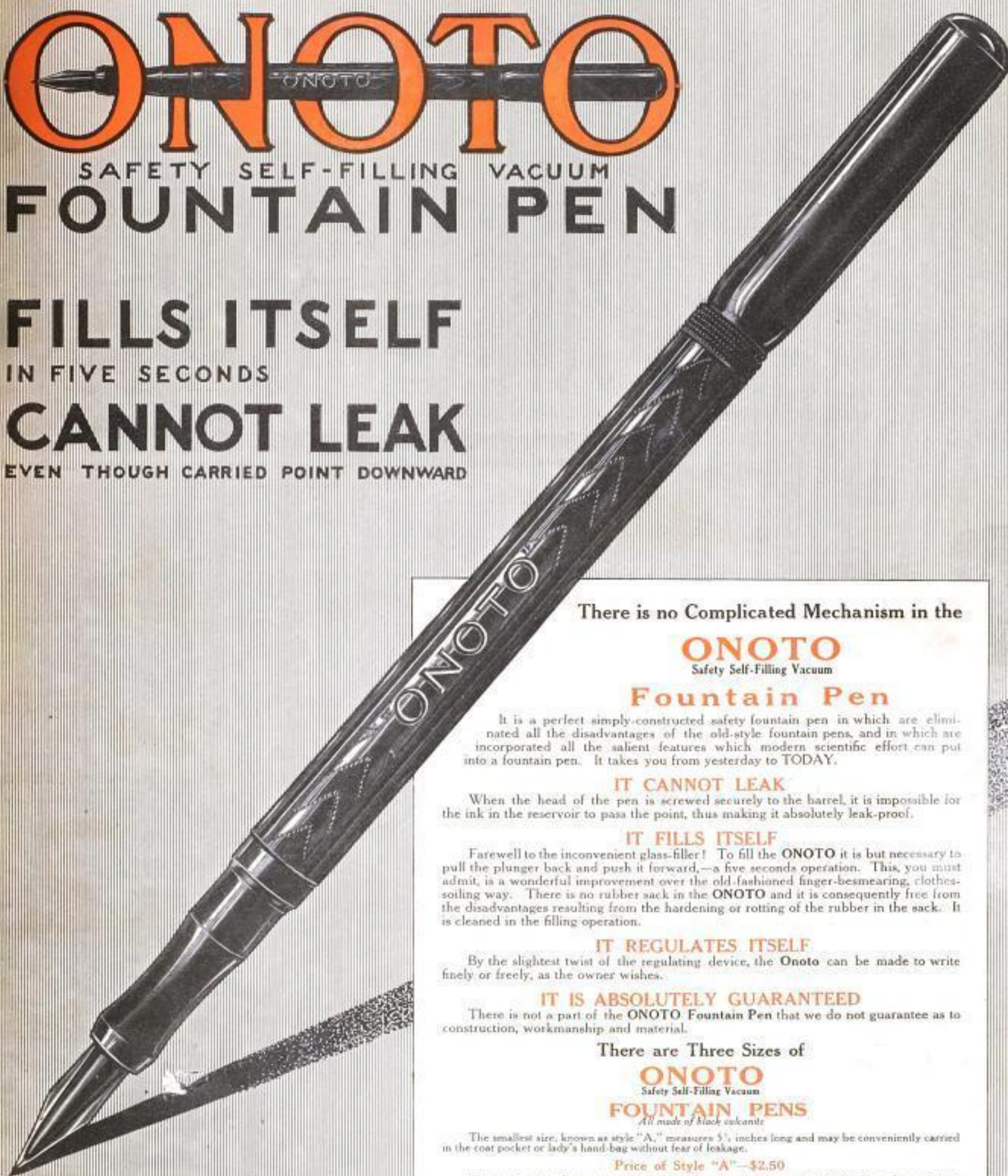
SAFETY SELF-FILLING VACUUM
FOUNTAIN PEN

FILLS ITSELF

IN FIVE SECONDS

CANNOT LEAK

EVEN THOUGH CARRIED POINT DOWNWARD



There is no Complicated Mechanism in the

ONOTO
Safety Self-Filling Vacuum

Fountain Pen

It is a perfect simply-constructed safety fountain pen in which are eliminated all the disadvantages of the old-style fountain pens, and in which are incorporated all the salient features which modern scientific effort can put into a fountain pen. It takes you from yesterday to TODAY.

IT CANNOT LEAK

When the head of the pen is screwed securely to the barrel, it is impossible for the ink in the reservoir to pass the point, thus making it absolutely leak-proof.

IT FILLS ITSELF

Farewell to the inconvenient glass-filler! To fill the ONOTO it is but necessary to pull the plunger back and push it forward,—a five seconds operation. This, you must admit, is a wonderful improvement over the old-fashioned finger-besmeared, clothes-soiling way. There is no rubber sack in the ONOTO and it is consequently free from the disadvantages resulting from the hardening or rotting of the rubber in the sack. It is cleaned in the filling operation.

IT REGULATES ITSELF

By the slightest twist of the regulating device, the Onoto can be made to write finely or freely, as the owner wishes.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

There is not a part of the ONOTO Fountain Pen that we do not guarantee as to construction, workmanship and material.

There are Three Sizes of

ONOTO
Safety Self-Filling Vacuum
FOUNTAIN PENS
All made of black vulcanite

The smallest size, known as style "A," measures 5 1/2 inches long and may be conveniently carried in the coat pocket or lady's hand-bag without fear of leakage.

Price of Style "A"—\$2.50

The medium size, known as style "N," is of the same length as style "A" but has a larger holder and nib.

Price of Style "N"—\$4.00

The largest size, known as Style "G," measures 6 1/4 inches long. It has an especially large nib, and consequently greater flexibility. Its larger reservoir makes it particularly valuable to professional men or those who find it necessary to do much manuscript work.

Price of Style "G"—\$5.00

There is much more to be told about the

ONOTO
Safety Self-Filling Vacuum
Fountain Pen

Our handsome catalogue "B" will be forwarded on request.

ONOTO PEN COMPANY, Dept. B, 261 Broadway, New York City

ONOTO PEN CO

261 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY



Gee! I Wish
They'd Hurry With
Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The Most Delicious of
all Breakfast Foods

At all grocers. Also at all hotels and restaurants and
on all dining cars in individual packages. Ask for it

LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

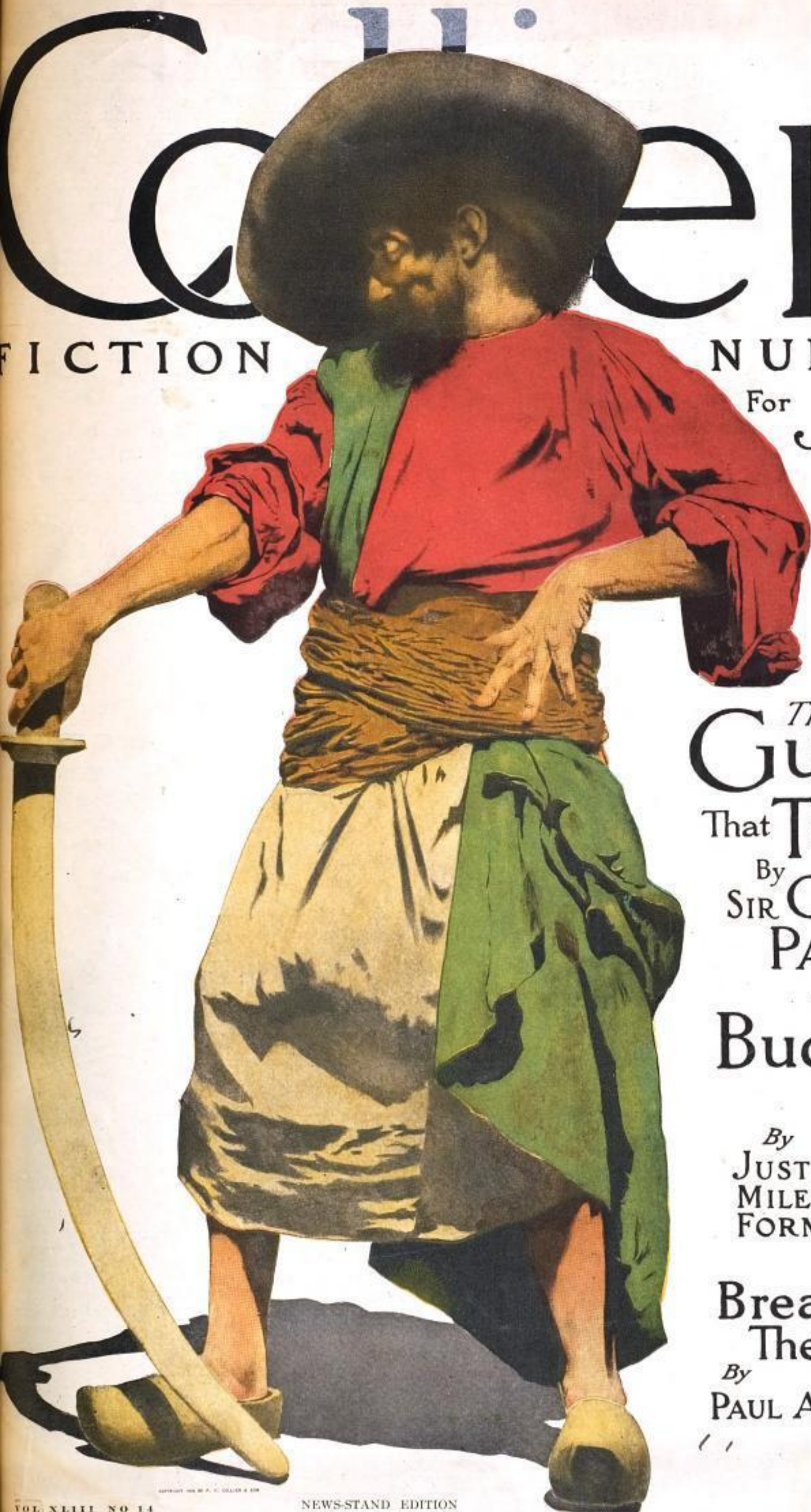
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Trade: Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.



Collier's

FICTION

NUMBER
For July



The
Guest That Tarried
By
SIR GILBERT
PARKER
a
**Buddha's
Eye**

By
JUSTUS
MILES
FORMAN
a
**Bread on
The Waters**
By
PAUL ARMSTRONG

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VOL. XLIII NO. 14

NEWS-STAND EDITION

JUNE 26 1909

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VICTOR HERBERT *and* The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



Victor Herbert will make Records exclusively for the EDISON PHONOGRAPH

AN Edison Record made by Victor Herbert's orchestra, conducted by him and playing one of his own compositions, is a masterpiece.

Mr. Herbert was one of the first to see the possibilities of the Phonograph in giving the people good music. He recognized that Edison Amberol Records reproduced instrumental music best because of their length and their purity. That is why he readily made an arrangement which makes him practically musical adviser to the Edison Record-making department.

The arrangement includes the exclusive right to reproduce for the Phonograph Mr. Herbert's own compositions.

Securing Mr. Herbert will make the Edison Records as perfect musically as they are mechanically. The best music in the world is offered by Edison Records.

Write for free booklet, "The Edison Phonograph and the Home."

It contains articles of unusual interest, profusely illustrated by eminent American artists.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records. Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—\$12.50 to \$125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



THOMAS A. EDISON

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Published in de luxe format—
The "Eliot" Edition

water-marked paper, illustrations, facsimile manuscripts, etc., on Japanese vellum, artistic bindings.

Selling plan organized on the strongest lines—Leads, personal introductions, magazine coupons, circular letters, Alumni lists, etc.

Liberal arrangements will be made with salesmen of the \$5000-a-year class for their *exclusive* services.

M. WALTER DUNNE

OF

The Book Department

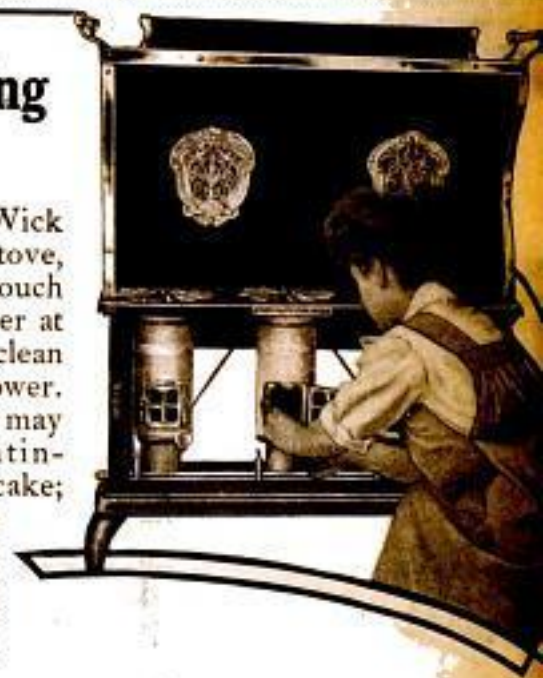
COLLIER'S

416-430 W. 13th Street, New York

A Time-Saving Stove

The New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove, thirty seconds after the touch of the match, will deliver at the stove top a strong, clean heat of great working power.

More than that, you may run it for hours continuously; bake bread and cake; prepare a meal or do the weekly ironing; and for the whole time never be conscious of undue heat because of the stove. In this respect the



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

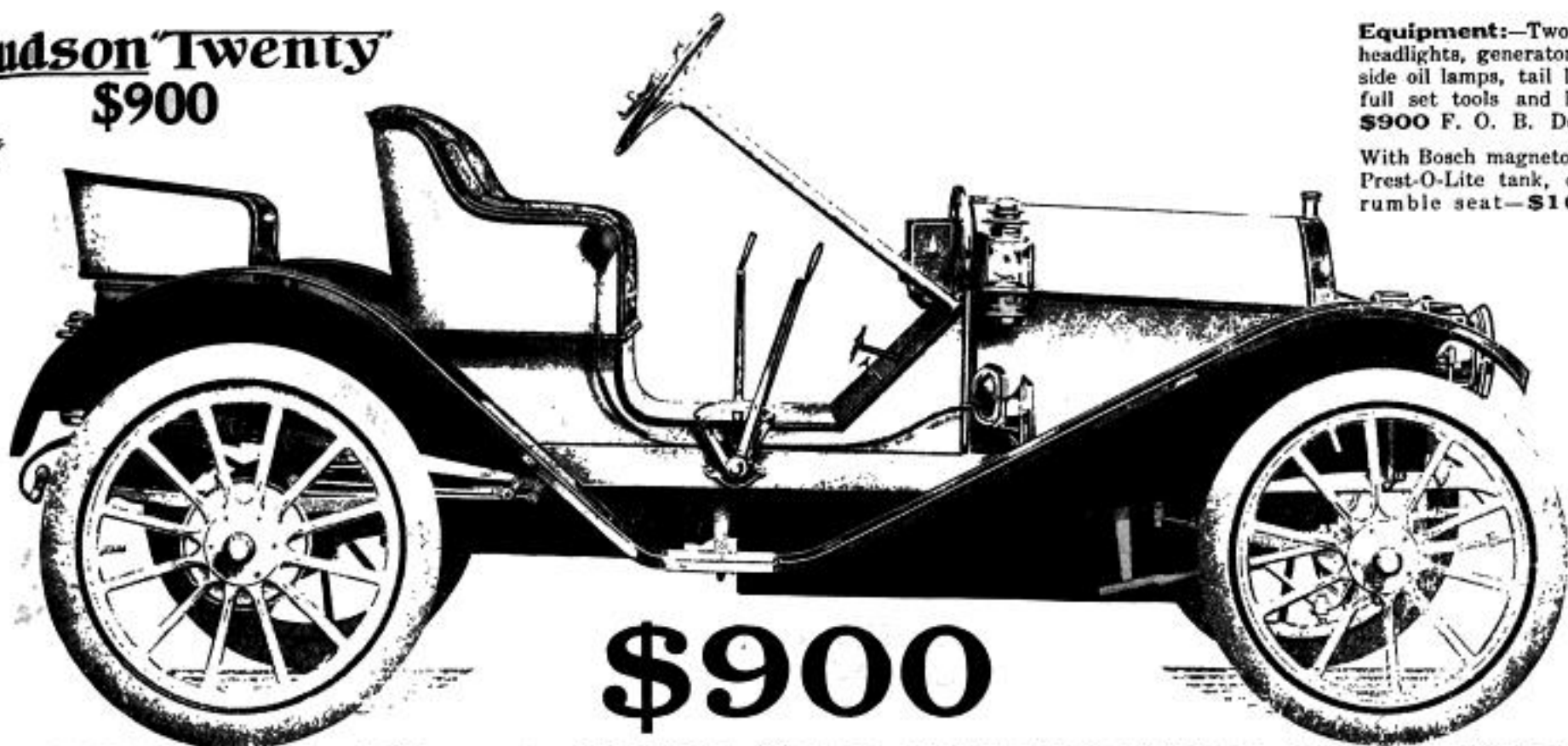
is the only sensible stove for summer. Differs from other oil stoves in its strong, handsome, useful CABINET TOP which can be used for holding dishes and for keeping meals hot. Also equipped with drop shelves on which may be placed small cooking utensils after they are removed from the blaze. Has every improvement—even to racks for towels. All told, it is a stove of convenience, comfort, safety and economy. Three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** gives a light more agreeable than the distressing flicker of gas or the blinding glare of electric bulbs. One's eyes never tire reading by the Rayo. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Hudson 'Twenty'
\$900



Equipment:—Two large headlights, generator, two side oil lamps, tail lamps, full set tools and horn—**\$900 F. O. B. Detroit.**
With Bosch magneto, top, Prest-O-Lite tank, double rumble seat—**\$1050.**

\$900

Strong—Speedy—Roomy—Stylish

There have been many low priced cars, but never one so big, strong, speedy and good looking as this one. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get the best automobile value ever offered for less than \$1000. In this car you find that something called *class*—that something which other cars at or near this price have lacked.

Most low priced cars have been too small. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get a big car. Note the long wheel base—100 inches. Note the big, strong wheels, the large radiator, big hood, staunch, clean-made frame.

This car looks a big car. It is a big car. Other cars selling under \$1000 have not been roomy. One felt cramped after riding in them. The Hudson "Twenty" has ample leg room. There is no Roadster value, regardless of price, that affords more comfort to those who ride in it. From the front seat to the dash there is a space of 31 inches.

Designers of other cars selling around the price of the Hudson "Twenty" have not seemed to realize that it is as easy to make a good low-priced car as it is to make another kind.

Here is a car that is good looking. It is big and racy looking. Note the graceful and harmonious lines. Observe the sweep of the fenders and the frame. There is no car with better lines. None from this standpoint more satisfying.

A man who can afford a half dozen cars will enjoy the Hudson "Twenty" as well as the man who can own but one.

Judged by every mechanical and engineering standard this car is thoroughly up-to-date without embodying any experimental features. It is a car that looks and acts like the more expensive. It is big, roomy, stylish, satisfying.

Some High Grade Features

The Hudson "Twenty" has a sliding transmission, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as you find on the Packard, Peerless, Pierce, and other high grade cars. Most low-priced cars do not have this type of transmission.

All the Power You Need

The motor is vertical, four cylinder, water cooled, known as the "L" type. And Renault motors are made in France.

The Hudson "Twenty" motor develops the power you can want. Any Hudson "Twenty" will do 50 miles an hour. On the Grosse Pointe race track one of them has been driven a mile a minute.

The frame of the Hudson "Twenty" is the best open hearth stock. It is 3 1/2" section, accurately and carefully welded together with hot rivets, and built against all possible strains. Our

frames are made by the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Detroit, the company which makes frames also for the high-priced Stearns cars.

Single Piece I-Beam Axle

The front axle is a one piece drop-forged I-beam section, of the best grade of open hearth steel, carefully heat treated. The Peerless, Pierce, Matheson, Lozier and other high grade cars use drop forged front axles.

The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, shaft-driven, proved out by a score of makers.

Perfect Comfort Here

There is more rake to the steering post than is found on the average car. This allows the driver a comfortable position. The generous diameter of the steering wheel makes the car easy to handle.

The springs are of special steel, semi-elliptic in front, and three-quarter-elliptic in the rear, such as you find in the Renault, Chalmers-Detroit, Pierce and others.

Lubrication is of the pump circulated, constant splash system, which has proved so satisfactory on the Oldsmobile, Chalmers-Detroit and other highly successful cars.

The body is composed of the best grade of ash, carefully placed and securely bolted to the frame. The seats are large and roomy and well upholstered.

It Pleases the Eye

In color the "Twenty" is a rich maroon, with mouldings and edges of bonnet, striped in black. Leather is blue black. Fenders, fender irons, pedals, and top irons are enameled black. The radiator, steering column, side lamp brackets, hub caps, and side control levers are of brass. Steps are aluminum.

The tires are 32"x3" in front and 32"x3 1/2" in the rear. The crank shaft has a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds; the clutch is leather faced, cone type; the clearance is 12 1/2 inches under the steering knuckles.

Worm and segment type steering gear, with extra large bearings, is used, and the control is of the accepted standard sort, shifted by lever on the right hand side.

The Hudson "Twenty" not only looks like the more expensive cars, but it acts like them too.

Fulfills Every Demand

It can go faster than most careful drivers want to ride, it can climb all of the hills, and stand up on all sorts of roads, and it will do this work on a small amount of gasoline, and at a low cost of repairs and tires.

The Hudson "Twenty" is the ideal car at the price. It leaves nothing to be desired.

Nothing experimental about it. Nothing untried.

The "Twenty" has been recognized by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. It is the only four cylinder licensed car selling for less than \$1,000.

Deliveries will begin in July, and orders will be filled in rotation as received. Please wire or write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

The Men Behind the Hudson

J. L. Hudson, President—Mr. Hudson is a leading, conservative business man and capitalist of Detroit.

Hugh Chalmers, Vice President—Mr. Chalmers is president of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. He was formerly vice-president and general manager of the National Cash Register Company.

R. B. Jackson, Treasurer and General Manager—Mr. Jackson is a mechanical engineer. He was factory manager of the Olds Motor Works from 1903 to 1907.

Geo. W. Dunham, Chief Engineer and Designer—Mr. Dunham was chief engineer of the American Motor Carriage Company from 1901 to 1904. In the latter year he became associated with the Olds Motor Works in a designing capacity. He was chief engineer of the Olds Motor Works from early in 1907 until March 1, 1909. Mr. Dunham's success in the past as a designer of high-grade motor cars that gave satisfaction to their owners is the best proof that the Hudson "Twenty" will give satisfaction.

R. D. Chapin, Secretary—Mr. Chapin is treasurer and general manager of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company.

H. E. Coffin, Vice President and Chief Engineer of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, is a member of the board of directors.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Members of A. A. M.)



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The Greatest Baseball Pictures Ever Published

25 CENTS EACH

Every baseball enthusiast wants these pictures, done by Charles Dana Gibson. The proofs are beautifully made with a richly tinted background and are printed on the finest grade of water-color sketching bristol (plate-marked), giving a particularly dainty and artistic effect, all ready for framing, or can be used without a frame. 18x14 inches in size and sell at 25 cents each, postage prepaid, 50 cents for two.

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If you will send us 15 cents in stamps, we will mail you a copy of our new Print Catalogue.



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This valuable illustrated Book will be sent you

Free on Request

It shows and explains how Men, Women and Children have regained their health through deep breathing. It tells how to expand the chest, straighten round shoulders and reduce a protruding abdomen.

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Nulife Dept. B-6
No. 13-15 W. 34th St., New York

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A Positive Relief
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all other skin troubles.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Deodorant after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.



GENUINE NAVAJO Ruby FREE

To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems, sold direct from mine to customer at 1/2 to 1/4 jeweler's prices, we will send free a genuine Navajo Ruby, uncut, and our beautiful 16 page Art Catalogue showing Gems in actual colors and sizes. Don't miss this unusual offer. Send today.

Francis E. Lester Company, Dept. C62, Mesilla Park, N. M.



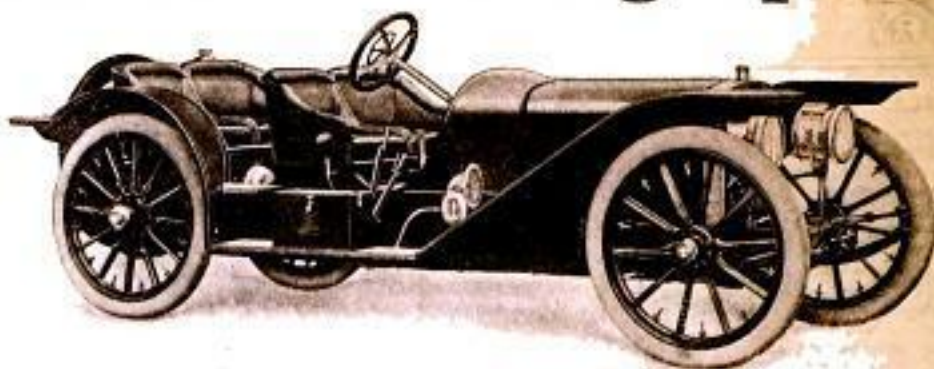
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Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press \$6. Larger \$12. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.

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First and finest of high priced cars

The Traveler - \$4,000
The Roadster - \$3,750
The Tourist - \$4,000



The Gadabout
The Wayfarer
The Limousine

THE AMERICAN A CAR FOR THE DISCRIMINATING FEW

Three years ago the name of the American Motor Car suggested little or nothing to your mind.

Now, whenever and wherever the finest and costliest cars are discussed, do you not hear its name inevitably linked with the elect?

It has come to pass that the choice of the discriminating few, who feel that they cannot afford to own cars of questionable qualities, is narrowed down to a trio or perhaps a quartette of cars. You will find that the American is unfail-

ingly considered in this select little company. The story of the development of the American since the first car was built five years ago, especially the Aladdin-like progress of the twelve months, reads almost like a romance. It is so interesting and so instructive that we have been constrained to tell this story in booklet form.

The little book which describes in detail the high honors awarded the American in 1909 and 1909 is well worth writing for.

The 175 American cars delivered this season are owned by the representative men of their communities—men who will consider none but those few fine cars which can consistently lay claim to leadership.

It will impress and interest those substantial owners in each town and city who want the very best to read the book, which describes the remarkable rise of the American in the esteem of expert buyers. They cannot fail, likewise, to be impressed with the character of ownership represented by this random list (necessarily limited by this limited space) of men who have bought American cars since the present season began:

B. L. WINCHELL, Chicago
ROBT. WOLSTENHOLME, Philadelphia
A. S. PILLSBURY, Minneapolis
GEO. H. LOUNSBURY, Duluth
FREDERICK K. BURNHAM, New York
W. H. AMES, Boston
JNO. H. AUFDERHEIDE, Indianapolis
J. P. ARTHUR, Waukegan
D. H. BAIN, Winnipeg
JULIUS H. BARNES, Duluth
DR. W. A. BROOKS, Jr., Boston

H. I. BEVERIDGE, Indianapolis
F. W. CLIFFORD, Minneapolis
D. S. CRITCHELL, Sioux City
E. W. DEMING, New York
W. H. DOBLE, Norfolk Downs, Mass.
N. A. GLADDING, Indianapolis
CHAS. A. HASKINS, Boston
M. HOLDERMAN, Fremont, O.
W. J. HOWARD, Columbia, Tenn.
C. W. HUBBARD, Jr., New York
N. W. JORDAN, Boston
C. J. LANE, Cleveland

DR. H. D. LLOYD, Boston
JOS. LORBER, New Orleans
GEO. B. MARKEL, Connersville, Ind.
W. C. FIELDS, London
F. H. GAZZOLI, Chicago
T. MCGINLEY, Pittsburg
ARCHIBALD McNEIL, Jr., Bridgeport, Conn.
L. B. MILLIKAN, Indianapolis
JAS. R. MILLIKAN, Cincinnati
C. EDWIN MURRAY, Trenton, N. J.
VINTON PERIN, Cincinnati

LIEUT. POTTS, Washington
JAMES H. PROCTOR, Topsfield, Mass.
J. E. RICHARDS, Philadelphia
WALTER SCHROEDER, Milwaukee
S. H. TRUITT, Philadelphia
A. C. VOLK, Duluth
J. D. WHEELAN, Dallas, Tex.
GEO. UHLEIN, Milwaukee
F. E. WILBUR, Boston
NAT. M. WILLS, New York
F. V. WYCKOFF, Elmira, N.Y.

American Motor Car Co., Dept. M, Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.



Prince Codadad

The Arabian Nights Prints

By Maxfield Parrish

These pictures, twelve in number, which were so greatly admired when they appeared as illustrations in Collier's, are offered to the public as fine art prints suitable for framing.

They are beautifully reproduced in all the wonderful richness of the artist's colors, size 9x11 inches, on fine art paper, on a 16x20 inch mount. The subjects to be obtained are as follows:

1. The History of the Fisherman and the Genie
2. Prince Codadad
3. The Story of the King's Son
4. Cassim in the Cave of the Forty Thieves
5. The Search for the Singing Tree
6. Sindbad Plots Against the Giant
7. The City of Brass
8. The King of the Black Isles
9. Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp
10. Queen Gulnare
11. The Valley of Diamonds
12. The Brazen Boatman

These prints can be obtained singly at a cost of \$1.50 each or the entire set in a handsome portfolio at \$15.00. If your dealer will not furnish you with these subjects, any or all, we will send to your address on receipt of price. Money will be refunded if not satisfactory. Address

Print Department, P. F. Collier & Son, 412 West 13th Street, New York City

For 15 cents in stamps to cover charges, we will send you a copy of our new Print Catalog of 175 reproductions.

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Order from any reliable art dealer in the United States or Canada. The dealers have them or they can get them. Insist upon seeing them.

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Go Beach Hotel 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride to city's theatre and shopping district—close to the lake, links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park. 50 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing and other amusements. Table always the best. Concerts add to the delights of promenades. Only 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Way Central Hotel Only N. Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
ican Hotel Absolutely fireproof. European plan. Finest hotel in heart of St. Everything new. \$1.50 up. Every room with bath.

SUMMER RESORTS

ADIRONDACKS, N. Y.
Smith's St. Regis Lake. Camp, Cottage, Casino. Hotel life. June to October. Pullmans from N. Y. via N. Y. Central.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
onte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts of the world's most attractive resort houses. place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. reservations to The Leeds Company. Always on the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

CAPE COD, MASS.

Quaint Cape Cod

Send for this Book

Cape Cod's the place where you would yourself this summer. Have a beautifully illustrated book that about the summer pleasures that you on Cape Cod—the yachting, the fishing, the social life. Before you decide where to go this summer send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free
Write A. B. Smith, G. P. A., Room 183, New Haven, Conn. New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

SARATOGA SPRINGS

New York State Mineral Springs Reservation

famous mineral springs of Saratoga, have become, through recent legislative act, the ward of the State, and operated for their therapeutic value. The Kurmal at Saratoga will soon be as renowned as the Kurmal at Carlsbad or Baden. All avenues and shaded with magnificent trees. State automobile full sized golf links. First class polo field. Magnificent. Rates from \$10 per week to from \$5 to \$6 per day. Large hotels. Saratoga Lake, with attractive views, 3 1/2 miles from Automobile Avenue or Trolley. Finest bath house in any resort. The Convention Hotel a capacity of 5,000 seats free to conventions in the finest in the United States. For information a Publicity Commission, Room 15, Arcade.

For the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage desiring the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicate the hotel which appeals to those who desire class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirtieth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, maps and if possible booklets and time table of any Railroad, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Where you want to go and we will advise you where to go and where to stop.

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New Zealand New Service via Tahiti. Delightful South Sea Tours for rest, health and pleasure. S. S. Mariposa sails from San Francisco Aug. 6, etc., connecting with Union Line for Wellington. The only passenger line from U. S. to New Zealand. Only \$260 1st class to New and back. Tahiti and back, 1st class, only \$125. UNION LINE, 679 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO

Collier's

Saturday, June 26, 1909



July Fiction Number

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Volume XLIII Number 14

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 9

WHY YOU GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH WHEN YOU BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

WHEN an advertiser uses a full page in Collier's, he pays \$1,600 for the space—more if he uses color. If he happens to be a manufacturer of clothing, for instance, consider how many suits of clothes he must sell to make a profit large enough to take care of the \$1,600 he must pay Collier's.

You will readily appreciate that the money he receives from first sales will not cover his \$1,600 expenditure. He must have reorders to make a profit.

How does all this interest you as a reader? Just this way: You will not buy an article twice that has not given complete satisfaction. The article must be good and must come up to your requirements or you will not buy it again. The manufacturer must have your second and third and fourth orders if he expects to continue business. He is therefore compelled, if for no other reason than self-protection, to put quality—with a big "Q"—into his goods. You know his goods—his trade-mark. If the goods give

satisfaction you will ask for them again; if not, you will remember to avoid them.

Advertised articles, whether they be shoes, clothing, hats, shirts, or any other commodity, are your safeguard against poor merchandise. Manufacturers of shoddy goods cannot afford to continue advertising. They soon realize that they cannot secure reorders for unworthy goods.

There are about twelve large manufacturers of boys' and men's clothing whose names are very familiar to you. They would not be in Collier's or in many other national publications if they did not have genuine merit behind their goods. Most of them have been advertising for a long time—and most of them are using Collier's. These two facts stamp them as absolutely reliable. (Of course, we do not mean to imply that all those advertisers who do not use Collier's are necessarily unreliable.)

That is why you get your money's worth when you buy advertised goods.

E. L. Oatman
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Medical Copy"

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Before exercise Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum; after exercise a good bath and again Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum.

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and prove to yourself the quality of this luxury of the toilet—its superior fineness and delightful perfume.

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Send for our free Boat Book

Do not think of buying a launch until you see our

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A PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS WHO WANT AN EDUCATION. ADDRESS,
Edwin DeMeritte, 815 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLEGE'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 26, 1909



England's Inevitable War

Armageddon is a strong, old Biblical word. It is the name of the plain where the Hebrews fought their great battles. Arthur Balfour sees England approaching an Armageddon in the North Sea which will settle the fate of the British Empire; Lord Rosebery says that Europe is drifting toward war without doubt, if without reason; Her-berth Asquith cries to the Colonies for help.

Thus the only two ex-Premiers and the present Premier, the three most responsible statesmen in England, join their trumpeting of pessimism to the clamor of press and music hall. Lord Rothschild, England's greatest financier, has been quoted privately as in favor of striking Germany now. Britain's position will never be better. She must grow weaker while Germany grows stronger. The conflict is unavoidable. Therefore, have it while the chances favor victory.

"An Empire in a Fright" will be the first of two articles by Frederick Palmer, who has just returned from England and Germany. His view is that of a detached ob-server of the facts and the humors of both sides. Two great peoples are being set against each other like fighting terriers for a mill. To say a word in favor of a German or of German civilization in England almost amounts to treason.

Pounds and sixpences inspire the shouting. The En-glishman is awaking to the fact that the Armageddon is well under way. For the first five months of 1909 British exports decreased \$69,119,405. Apprehension that a rival so successful in commerce may be equally successful in war keeps up the cry for more and more "Dreadnoughts," in which the Germans for their part join, with no disillusion in either country as to where the guns are to point.

The second article will be on "The March of the Ger-mans." They laugh at the British panic. They are confident, sarcastic, and taunting. To every German the national objective is clear, and it is one of commercial self-interest. If England is in the way of the goose-step march, then England must fight. Germany believes that she has a system of education and industrial organization which en-sures victory. It is this, as Mr. Palmer explains, which England lacks, and which every other nation must acquire if she would hold her own in the modern Armageddon.

Two Picturesque News Events

The Wright Brothers, who soared to fame after leav-ing Dayton, were heaped with honors and pelted with medals on their return. The celebration of June 17 was attended by all the noise in Ohio. It was a welcome of neighbors. The occasion will be completely pictured in Collier's next week.

The Cobe Cup Race, of the Chicago Automobile Club, last week caused a great whiz in the Middle West. A national levee of motorists gathered in to see the Cobe and Indiana Trophy cars lap the thirty-mile square—to skate the turns on one wheel, and climb through the air down the straight-a-ways.

The photographer was right where the dust was thick-est, and in our next issue there will be published snap-shots of "The Western Vanderbilt."

\$75.00 upward for THE BEST Lackawanna Motor

NEW "DOU- TYPE BALANC EXPLO INCREAS POWER

Simplest—Most Efficient—Val

One to six cylinders 2½ to 45 H.P. for all boats, manufacturing and 11 years motor experience every LACKAWANNA engine. Complete boat Write for handsome New Catalogue of the "Cylinders." Not Price Alone—Better Quality! Lackawanna Mfg. Co. 126 Liberty St., New York

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Smooth, handsome and effective. Send for free samples in four sizes.

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MAKE MONEY FROM OTHERS' FUN



Owners of our Merry-Go-Round quickly make \$8,000 to \$10,000. It is a big, pa- healthful business the thing for who can't stand work, or is not heavy work so

some money to invest in a money-maker make everything in the Riding Gallery into a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the grade Carouselles. They are simple in con- struction and require no special knowledge to Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
183 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda,

Rider Agents Wan

In each town to ride and exhibit 1909 model. Write for Special Agent. 1909 Model... \$10 to 1908 Model... \$7 to 1907 & 1906 Models all of best makes \$500 SECOND-HAND WE All makes and models, good as new... \$3 to Green Factory Clearing Sale. On Approval without a cent down (cash and allow TEN DAYS TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, per, accessories, half retail prices. Do not miss our catalogue and offer. Write to HEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-54, CH

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Mated pair, billing, or kissing. From eggs to squabs 4 weeks. Write for our hand- Free Book, telling make money breeding. We were first, the orig- Cloth-bound book 200 pages, 114 illus. \$1.00. PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 225 Howard St., Melr

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(STEEL AND IRON combines the strength of a stone the beauty of a hedge. More de- wrought iron and erected at mod Ask for Catalogue B. Write to SLEETH MFG. CO., 264 Cortland St., Bellville

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AGENTS—BIG MON

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Free report on Patentability. Illustrate Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, at EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington

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The recognition of good work is universal—it extends to amateur as well as to professional. The amateur *must* have good tools—the professional demands them. Anyone can blame poor tools for poor work, but the wise man will not buy them. A good tool is an aid to good work. For amateur joinery, doweling, bracing and fitting—a set of Irwin Bits is absolutely necessary. For Irwin Auger Bits are perfect. Scientifically designed and made to the standard of perfection.

From the time the special quality of tool steel is tested for temper taking quality through the operations performed by 50 hands, there is but one end sought in the making of Irwin Auger Bits; that is—highest quality.

Drop-forged under a thousand pounds pressure, the metal in Irwin Auger Bits is solidified and strengthened, tempered in molten tin, oil and brine, a secret process exact in its results. Every Irwin Bit is lathe-turned by hand to the thousandth of an inch, heads and cutters are finished and sharpened by hand filing, polished from tip to tip. The Irwin Auger Bit in every detail is perfect.

When each Irwin Bit has received the finishing touches from the polishers, it is tested for boring capacity in the hardest of highly seasoned woods, such as lignum-vitae—a wood that will ruin most wood-working tools. Then each bit passes into other hands for final testing which detects any defects in the slightest particu-



lar. If these expert inspectors find the slightest imperfection, the bit is condemned to the scrap pile.

But every bit that passes this final test is stamped with the name "Irwin." That is your guarantee of quality. Remember, that if the bit is not branded "Irwin," it is not the genuine Irwin Bit.

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Largest in the World

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The Peach Basket

Drawn by

CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

June 26, 1909

A Matter of Personal Integrity

IN THIS COLUMN two weeks ago were printed the words, the places, and the days of those speeches in which WILLIAM H. TAFT, speaking to the people face to face, and asking them to vote for him, promised that if he were elected the tariff would be lowered. Those promises were surrounded with words of good faith, of personal assurance, of confidence solicited. Mr. TAFT, by his simplicity, the atmosphere of rugged forthrightness which his person radiates, led the situation to a plane where the promisee relies not only upon words of his contract, but also on his faith in the honesty of men. In the same column we printed those declarations made during the few weeks by the three men most powerful in the Republican machine, which indicate their determination *not* to revise the tariff downward. These three men speak for the Senate; their majority been secure on every vote; what they have determined has been done. To those three declarations we add herewith one more, which says in, on behalf of the Republican Senate majority, that the tariff is to be revised downward; and adds to that declaration unconcealed contempt for President TAFT and his promises. These words were uttered by Senator WILLIAM B. HEYBURN on the floor of the Senate June 8 (Congressional Record, page 2950):

"This talk of being under obligations to revise the tariff downward came from nowhere; I do not know from where; from some political, I was going to say camp, like a miasma. . . . It was a concession, a sop, thrown by those lacking confidence to the voters whose support they thought they had to have. . . . There was nothing in the platform of the Republican Party which requires us, as suggested by the Senator from Iowa, to make any concession, because some one or many may have promised a revision downward."

Senator HEYBURN's use of the plural pronoun is a slight concession to the amenities. By "those" he means WILLIAM H. TAFT.

We would not willingly seem to enumerate, as one reason why President TAFT should veto the tariff bill, personal resentment of the Senate's flouting of him and his promises. The situation involves human qualities of a far higher order. *Mr. Taft can make his promises good.*

Credit President Taft With This

A SINGLE GOOD APPOINTMENT is one thing; a permanent moral advance is another. To President TAFT and to Secretary NAGEL, the credit of accomplishing both these effects in one act. Selecting WILLIAM WILLIAMS to be Commissioner of Immigration at New York City, as successor of the admirable humanitarian administration of ROBERT WATCHORN, and making this appointment against the protests of the Republican organization which demanded the job as one of perquisites, marks the raising of that post to the class of offices which are to be filled, like the higher judgeships and a few other places, on a non-partisan basis, with an eye single to finding the man of maximum character and efficiency, willing to accept. We think that President TAFT, as he goes on, will increase the number of government positions of this kind, especially among the judgeships. Only a careless President, one with conspicuously defective ideals, will ever lose the moral ground thus gained.

Lawyers and Courts

IF ALL THE COMMENT printed on this page none comes back with so large a harvest of indignation as what we say about courts. Lawyers and courts have, concerning themselves, something of the feeling that the medieval church had and that RICHELIEU expressed: "Around her form I draw the awful circle." And yet the deeper we go the deeper strikes the conviction that among a buzzing multitude of clamorous duties, good will best be served if first choice be made of the business of putting courts and judicial systems in the light. With this introduction we print a story:

FRED. WARNER was a notorious boodling alderman in St. Louis. Mayor WELLS heard of his soliciting bribes, laid a trap for him with marked one-hundred-dollar bills, and caught him, with two others. It happened the night of October 18, 1907. The two others have had various adventures in the courts—we are interested in the fortunes of WARNER. He was tried once, and the result was a hung jury. He was tried again and convicted. His lawyer appealed the case to the Missouri Supreme Court. The result of that appeal we transcribe from a report printed in the Kansas City "Times" of May 18:

"The closing part of the indictment against WARNER reads: 'Contrary to the provisions of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and

dignity of — State.' The word 'the' was left out of this last sentence, and the Supreme Court held, through an opinion filed by Judge GANTT and concurred in by the other members of the division, that the omission was fatal and at variance with the express provisions of the Constitution. As a consequence, the judgment of the trial court was reversed and the cause remanded for a new trial. This was the sole point in the case."

Our criticism, in this case is of the system, not the individual judges. As a St. Louis lawyer says: "One naturally feels like condemning the members of the Court for such slavish adherence to precedent, but, after all, they acted conscientiously, if not liberally. The Constitution is explicit in its definition of a sound indictment. It requires the indictment to contain the words, 'against the peace and dignity of the State.'" We content ourselves with stating the facts; and pass to the courts of another State.

California and the Southern Pacific

FOR CALIFORNIA, no remedy may be expected from the courts. That question has already been tested. The Southern Pacific dictates the nominations of the judges for the California Supreme bench, and, wherever it can, dictates as well the nominations of the local judges. The Southern Pacific Senators, FLINT and PERKINS, are in control of all Washington judicial appointments in which California is interested. Years ago California adopted a Constitution which had many popular provisions, but they have been reduced to a nullity by court decisions. One provision was this:

"Whenever a railroad corporation shall, for the purpose of competing with any other common carrier, lower its rates for transportation of passengers or freight from one point to another, such reduced rates shall not be again raised or increased from such standard without the consent of the governmental authority in which shall be vested the power to regulate fares and freights."

This is not the sort of thing that ought to be put in a Constitution, which should deal rather with general principles. But it was a pathetic attempt of the people to erect a permanent barrier against monopoly and provide against the seduction of future Legislatures by the railroads. But observe that, like the prescribed language for an indictment in the preceding editorial, it *was* in the Constitution. What happened? The San Joaquin Valley Railroad made a first-class passenger rate from San Francisco to Fresno of \$3.75. The Southern Pacific rate was \$5.90, but it met the San Joaquin Valley rate. Afterward, when the competition had ceased, the Southern Pacific went back to its old rate of \$5.90. Suit was brought to prevent this, and Judge BAHRS of San Francisco decided against the railroad company. The Supreme Court reversed Judge BAHRS. The Southern Pacific political machine failed to renominate Judge BAHRS, and when Judge KERRIGAN tried the case the second time he in his wisdom decided it in favor of the railroad company. The Supreme Court sustained Judge KERRIGAN. They read out of the constitutional provision the very power which the people, in clear, direct language, had sought to put into it—and the decision was written by Judge BEATTY, the Chief Justice. The court decided that the San Joaquin Valley Railroad had no right to reduce its passenger rate, or at least no business, but that, having done it, the Southern Pacific simply did a praiseworthy act in protecting itself by lowering its rate to meet the unjust competition; that is to say, the Supreme Court invoked the doctrine of justifiable self-defense in favor of the Southern Pacific, and to do it wholly destroyed a constitutional provision. Its decision is an amazing reading, as can well be imagined.

Women and Enthusiasms

BETTER THAN SOCIAL WORKER, though her work is lasting, better than militant reformer, though her shrill crusade is often unuseful, are ways and works of the quiet-voiced unknown women. May their days be long in the land. These women go softly all their years, and only the census-taker hears their names. High are the virtues of the simple woman who is able to be glad when a new book by KIPLING is brought home, to find a keen pleasure in an afternoon's trolley excursion, one who is willing to go miles to hear a new lecturer, preacher, play. There is something momentarily attractive in the attitude of a man or woman who has tasted of so much experience as to be slightly tired and always aware of the next move. But live with one of them, and you will be inundated with fatigue and sadness. Each year men

like a little better in their friends a freshness of emotional life, a capacity for new enthusiasms, an unwearied and zestful approach to to-morrow and the next day. To reach life at many points of contact—all of them unfatigued and unsullied—that is more wonderful than to take cities or capture votes.

The Undergraduate and the "Grind"

THE NEW PRESIDENT of Harvard, in a recent article in the "Atlantic Monthly," points out some very interesting differences between the undergraduate attitude toward scholarship in English universities and in our own. When the English discovered the low state of scholarship among their students a hundred years ago, they resorted to frank competition. An elaborate system of honors and prizes grew up, and they succeeded in making honors not only a goal of ambition, but an object of general respect. Of course, there were protests that the Muses ought to be wooed for worthier motives, but, as President LOWELL observes, it is not our province to insist on an innate love of learning, but to make the most of human nature as it is and of young men as they are. And "Oxford and Cambridge men are firmly persuaded that success at the bar, in public life, and in other fields is closely connected with high honors at graduation, and the contest for them is correspondingly keen. The prizes and honors are made widely known. They are remembered throughout a man's life, referred to even in brief notices of him—much as his athletic feats are here—and they certainly do help him powerfully to get a start in his career. The result is that by the Isis and the Cam there is probably more work done in subjects not of a professional character than in any other universities in the world." In this country the undergraduate seems to feel that distinctions won in scholarship are a test of industry rather than of superior intellectual power. The term "grind" is applied with great impartiality to all high scholars instead of being reserved, as Dr. LOWELL thinks it was formerly—and as it certainly should be—"to a certain kind of laborious mediocrity." And this complicates the difficulty of stimulating scholarship by a mere resort to honors and prizes.

Altruism and Athletics

COMPETITION IN SCHOLARSHIP has, indeed, almost disappeared from our colleges because of the elective system, because final examinations measure diligence rather than intellectual power, and, interestingly enough, because "the corporate nature of self-interest in these latter times," as President LOWELL describes it, makes work for high scholarship seem mere striving for personal distinction. That is to say, the football man, risking his limbs in a glorious cause, placing his courage and devotion freely at the service of his Alma Mater, becomes an undergraduate hero; the honor man an egoistic "grind." Altruism is replacing the extreme individualism of our fathers. The successful half-back's glamour is not the mere glorifying of physical strength. The half-back "serves," and every one knows how much men are weighed in these days by their service—to city, State, and so on. Nor does Dr. LOWELL accept the vulgar judgment that young men naturally love ease and self-indulgence and will not work unless driven to it. As he ingeniously points out, if his students were told that two regiments were recruiting, one of which would be comfortably housed at Fortress Monroe, while the other would march through fire and pestilence, not a man would volunteer for the first, but the second would be quickly filled. The need, then, is to hit the undergraduate imagination; to convince the listless college boy that the intellectual power which he may acquire during his academic years is quite as important, if somewhat more subtle a thing, than the use of the tools of his trade which he learns afterward in a professional school. Just how this is to be done, Dr. LOWELL does not state in detail, but apparently implies that for the natural stimuli which operate so powerfully in the professional schools, some sort of external stimulus must be substituted in the college.

The Brewers

THE BREWERS HAVE MET in annual convention and pledged themselves to another year of the higher morality. Again they have pounded that prostrate wicked partner, the saloon-keeper. Forgetting the ties that bind him to them—the rent collector, the beer collector, and the brewery driver—they have delivered a few more well-aimed kicks at his bruised carcass. Shocked by his guilty performances, they make fists, they slap upon the wrist him whose license-money they advance, whose rent and profits they pocket, whose obscure life they worry and hound. Too well-bred to sneer, they have yet indulged in many a merry gibe at the stern figure of the anti-salooner, who lacks their jolly sense of life's lighter side. Then home, well-pleased, they turn. And yet to the perspicacious eye, behind all that open-mindedness and broad-gauge human manner of theirs, they move, a chastened lot, to a diminishing heritage. They are deferential where once they were masterful. They chat amiable nothings with a public whom aforetime they damned with no faint oaths.

Getting the Other Man's Point of View

WHILE NOT EXACTLY suffering from indigestion, the dove of peace yet finds many crumbs of comfort in these brotherly days. The recent "annual" of the college Cosmopolitan Clubs, published at the University of Wisconsin, is a fresh illustration of the popularity of

international neighborliness. There are Cosmopolitan Clubs now most of the American universities and larger colleges, with an act membership of nearly one thousand undergraduates. They come from everywhere. Over fifty countries were represented. In this "annual" certainly one of the most interesting of innumerable books of the sort which sprout at Commencement time, are reports of the year's play at work. The Cornell Club describes its members "sitting in a great circle with a basket of apples in the centre, each one speaking from three to five minutes on such subjects as 'the greatest man of my country,' 'international boycott,' etc. They are about to build a \$25,000 clubhouse which will contain an auditorium, a dining-room, a dormitories for about thirty-six students. The Michigan chapter reports many interesting "national nights" at each of which the characteristics of the country chosen were discussed and illustrated. The make-up of the Wisconsin chapter is typical. Of the seventy-five members the list are: From Argentina 1, Armenia 1, Brazil 1, Canada 1, China 7, Cuba 1, England 2, Germany 2, Hawaii 1, Holland 1, Jamaica 1, Japan 1, Mexico 7, Norway 2, Panama 1, Peru 1, Philippine Islands 8, Porto Rico 1, Rumania 1, Russia 4, Sweden 1, United States 25, Wales 1. It is broadening experience for all these young men to get acquainted with each other. Is it too much to expect that out of that association something really practical may be accomplished for the cause of universal peace of which they write and talk with such ingenuous enthusiasm?

This Month

JUNE—WHEN THE FLITTING oriole draws a curve of gold among the trees, when wedding-bells peal, and school and college graduates front the world undaunted! In this month it seems as if all the immortal secrets of existence come closest to self-revelation. Life pervades everything. There is peculiar pathos in the fact that a great soul which has just passed beyond mortality should have expressed in words the thrill and mystery at which our halting pen is trying to hint. In the first meeting of a certain youth and maid MEREDITH writes:

"Overhead solitary morning unfolded itself, from blossom to bud, from bud to flower; still delicious changes of light and color to whose influences he was heedless as he shot under willows and aspens, and across sheets of river reaches, pure merriness to the upper glory, himself the sole tenant of the stream. Somewhere at the fountains of the world lay the land he was rowing toward; something of its shadow lights might be discerned here and there. It was not a dream, now he knew. This was a secret abroad. The woods were full of it; the waters rolled with it, and the winds. . . . So it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark was up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a lone winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped toward her containing a dreamy youth. . . . To-morrow this place will have a memory—the river at the meadow, and the white falling weir; his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high-priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-crowned chorister."

In such lyric prose speaks the great student of human nature, and symbolizes much of life in this picture of Lucy and Richard Feverel beside the weir. It all points to the same truth; that love and youth are two of the forces most potent in molding whatever is good and beautiful in this troublous life.

Firecrackers

THERE WAS SOMETHING alluring in the tightly packed Chinese parcel with its unintelligible characters in gold. As the package was opened the loose powder, black and red, spilled out. You wondered whether this loss would affect the intonation of the crackers. You unbraid them so that the stems would not pull out was a task, and was here frequently that a girl came in handy. The punk was lighted, and the pungent odor somehow got into one's blood. In their dull-red coats, suggestive of festivity, they were like soldiers. They were like little grenadiers marching to war. They were like Chinese grenadiers with long, rat-like eues. They were marching away to be killed in a horribly torn on the field of battle. Firecrackers are selfish enjoyments. If it is true that there are moments when one wants to be alone, Four of July morning is one of them. It is no fun when others shoot them off. Girls like to see you shoot them off, but not boys. Girls are afraid to shoot them off. They touch the punk to the tip-end of the fuse, and with a little scream fling the firecracker as far away from them as they can. It generally lands in the tall grass, and hardly ever goes off. It is only good then for a sizzler. The king, in his green coat, is supposed to explode the loudest. This must be a popular fallacy, for it most often happens that he is only a sizzler. The small boy has no use for sizzlers. They are like ill-humored cats spitting fire at you from the fence. They are like little green snakes spitting fire, hissing, and coughing out flames and sparks. The queens—they are the yellow ones—and, by the way, why are all firecracker monarchs polygamists?—generally go off with a bang. They snap as if they would like to take your head off. They are like a school-teacher who she is cross; an unpopular aunt with jumpy nerves. Of firecrackers which have lost their stems or otherwise proved disappointing you make sizzlers. It is best in doing this to arrange a cat-and-dog fight. Then they burn little holes in the front porch; little V-shaped black holes that can not be rubbed out. Others you fire off in guns or under the eaves. You tie three or four together by their eues and let them go. It is quite a debauch, though, to set off the entire bunch at once. The fun is over in a minute. It is most extravagant, but it gives you a thrill. One must have a good many bunches of firecrackers to do this.

Before the New Comet Came

Some Observations Concerning Its Preliminary Movements and Some Predictions as to Its Appearance and Conduct

JUNE 15, 1909.

By EDWIN FAIRFAX NAULTY

Phenomena That May Be Observed During the Passage of the Comet Across the Heavens

THE explosion of great powder works, chemical laboratories, gas tanks, and naphtha tanks, from unexplainable causes.

Heavy rains and fogs, followed by clear bright weather, such as occurred in the early days of June.

Plural shadows of human beings and all dense objects.

Plural perception of all bodies and objects.

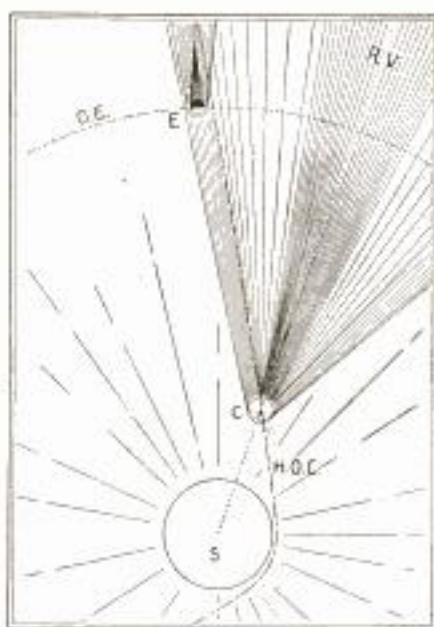
Prismatic fogs in which buildings will appear to be in flames.

Vertigous shadows, which will flicker and waver.

Mirages of all magnitudes. Earth tremors.

Prismatic illumination of either the earth's umbra or penumbra, or both, in which case great rainbow rays appear to rise from the horizon to the atmospheric nadir point by day. Auroras at every point of the compass.

An unsettled state of weather, when the barometer does not agree with the apparent cloudiness.



Effect of Comalight on the Earth

S is the Sun, showing solar radiance in all directions. C is the new comet having passed around the sun, now on its journey away from the sun. H. O. C. is hyperbolic orbit of comet. R. V. is radius vector, or line joining center of comet to center of sun. O. E. is earth's orbit. E is the earth, showing lighted hemisphere, dark hemisphere, umbra or shadow, and penumbra or almost a shadow. Although H. O. C. appears to pass close to the earth, the orbit of comet and earth's orbit are at angles, and do not lie in same plane. The left angle of comalight surrounds the earth, penetrating the penumbra, but not strong enough to penetrate the umbra. The comet is moving toward the earth now, but the earth is also moving in its orbit at 68,000 miles an hour.

A Strange Comet-like Object Observed in the Eastern Sky

By WILLIAM R. BROOKS,

Professor of Astronomy, Hobart College

ON THE early morning of May 25 I observed a very strange object in the eastern morning sky. It had the appearance of a gigantic naked-eye comet, and was so bright as to illumine the atmosphere. The time of observation was from two to three o'clock. When first discovered the object was in the middle of the great square of Pegasus, a conspicuous constellation at this time of year in the eastern morning sky. The square is formed by the well-known stars Beta, Markab, Algenib, and Alpheratz, the latter star really being in the constellation Andromeda.

The tail of the object stood parallel with the eastern and western sides of the great square, and hence at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. The rounded head of the object was of great size, while the tail stretched upward toward the north celestial pole, reaching at one time to the chair of Cassiopeia. A remarkable feature was the uniform and rapid motion of the object, which was nearly eastward or toward the sun. Shortly after two o'clock it occupied the middle of the square of Pegasus. A quarter of an hour later the head enveloped the star Algenib, giving the appearance of a stellar nucleus. By three o'clock, the head had reached the eastern horizon, and the great tail was soon lost to view in the rapidly advancing dawn.

While this strange celestial visitor bore some resemblance to an auroral streamer, it, however, differed from it in many respects. The form was in just the reverse position of a streamer from the aurora, and the fluctuation of both light and position was lacking, and, besides, no other auroral effects were in evidence in any part of the sky. The object maintained its form throughout the entire apparition, and its steady eastward motion was most impressive. If the object was really a comet it must have passed very near to the earth. I consider the reappearance of the object very uncertain.

JUNE 12, 1909.

A NEW comet has made its appearance in the heavens. It is a large one, and is, at the time this article is written, between the earth and sun, traveling toward the earth in an orbit at an angle with the orbit of the earth. The first report of the head of the comet was made by Dr. William Brooks of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, who saw it in the northeast line with the constellation of Pegasus, between two and three o'clock Monday morning, May 24.

The "tail," so-called, I had previously noted on May 24 at 11.30 P. M. It was then perceptible as a faint "flicker" of several stars, almost in a line north of the center of the bowl of the Great Dipper. Since the comet of its first observation, this new comet has completed its perihelion journey around the sun, and is now traveling between the earth and sun, and very nearly in a line with the earth at its present place in its orbit. On June 14, at sunset, an observation in New York, made 40° north, disclosed the radiant point or head of the new comet 25° south of west and between 20° and 30° above the horizon. A later observation, made at 10 A. M., June 15, showed the head of the comet at a time to be positioned between the triangle formed by the head of Orion, the great star Sirius, and the constellation Columba. Both observations showed that the rays extending eastward were straight, while those extending westward had a pronounced curve, the whole bearing a striking resemblance to the head-dress of the Indian on a cent piece. Without doubt the rays of the new comet will be startlingly visible at the time of total eclipse on Thursday, June 17, and it is more than likely, if the weather be clear, that the head itself will be visible. From the way the rays lie, the probable path of the comet across the sky will be a line running from its present situation (on June 15) northerly through the heavens.

On May 27, at 12.15 A. M., I saw a great ray of coma light pierce the heavens through 120° of arc, which proves that the comet at that time began its actual journey around the sun, or its heliocentric climax.

For two years prior to the appearance of this comet I had devoted special attention to the phenomena of comets. In April I became convinced that I had discovered their true nature. The discovery was completely made, reduced to writing, and actually formulated, the results being arrived at by pure reason, before May 23. This discovery may be reduced to these axioms:

What Is a Comet?

COMETS are generally spherical bodies, of gaseous constituency, orbiting the sun at all angles and from all directions. They revolve in axial revolution as well as orbital revolution, and are densest at center and most diffuse at circumference.

Comets act as great globular lenses, collecting, condensing, transmitting, deflecting, and reflecting sunlight, or the force that is parent as sunlight.

This force we see only because between our eyes and the comet is interposed the atmosphere of the earth, which acts as another lens, and causes visualization of that energy which is apparent to us as sunlight.

Beyond the earth's atmosphere there is no vision for human eyes; since light, or the energy that is expressed as light, is invisible at direct speed and only becomes visible when its speed is retarded by deflection.

The major axis of a comet's "tail" always agrees with a visible continuation of its radius vectors.

On May 24 I bought some spheres and arcs of circles, to demonstrate the truth, which I had previously perceived. Going to the roof of my house, I made some experiments with these globes and arcs, and looking toward the west to ascertain the exact position of the sun, which was hidden by the roof of an adjoining building, I saw great streaks of light, whose radiant point, or place from where they seemed to come, was not coincident with the sun's position.

My first thought was that here was a comet, but it seemed too intensely dramatic that a comet should appear at this time in the sky, so I called my son and asked him what he saw. Without knowing what I meant, he described the very "streaks" in the sky that I had seen. That night I went to the roof of my house again to trace the comalight of this new comet to its source, but I could not see the head of the comet itself, which, at that time, was rapidly approaching the sun.

Every day and night since then, until the time of writing this, I have followed the great rays of comalight through the heavens, sometimes very faint, at the limit of perception, and sometimes strongly marked and easily seen.

Early Evidences of the Comet

ON MONDAY, June 7, in New York, from a point east-northeast, appeared a great cone of comalight, very much like an open fan, the ends of which spread at an angle of 120°, or two-thirds the visible heavens. The central rays of light extended across the zenith. This appearance was noted also by Drs. Hood and Frank, two opticians, by Mr. Sarver, the editor of a New York newspaper, and by Mr. Armstrong, the lust from a point in the Singer Building tower.

During the week of June 14 I noted many appearances of the comalight from the new Brooks comet by day and night.

There will be no doubt about the presence of the comet on Thursday, June 17, when, at sunset, it will occur an eclipse of the sun.

On the night of the eclipse of the moon, June 3, I

observed most unusual light effects, not, as I had anticipated, through the shadow or the umbra of the earth, but on the penumbra of the earth, after the moon had emerged from the umbra, or shadow, and the eclipse was over. At the extreme limit of vision (and what I mean by the extreme limit of vision is the perception required by a sharp-eyed person to see, with the naked eye, a star of the seventh magnitude many extraordinary manifestations of the presence of the comalight entirely around the earth were apparent.

On the morning of June 4, when Mars rose, instead of being its usual ruddy color, it was a very faint bluish-white, and looked more like the star Vega than Mars. This was due to the fact that the comalight from the comet extended from the head of the comet at that time beyond the earth and to Mars, then over sixty millions of miles away from the earth.

Relying upon my study and experience, I pointed out certain phenomena that should follow the appearance of the new comet. Two sets of light rays—one radiating from the sun, and the other, deflected sunlight, radiating from the gaseous head of a comet—meeting at angles varying from acute to obtuse are bound to produce results. The most obvious is an unsettled state of the weather. Prismatic effects, plural shadows, mirages, and the multiplication and intensification of auroral and zodiacal lights are logical consequences. Other things—unaccounted-for explosions, for instance—may follow. It must be remembered that the heads of comets are gaseous bodies, which are, in effect, huge celestial lenses. They condense, transmit, refract, deflect, and reflect the radiance of the sun's light. The earth's atmosphere tremendously affects the results, refractions, reflections, and other phenomena.

Comets' "tails," "heads," and "wings" have always been a great puzzle, but the explanation of these various appearances is, after all, very simple. The heads of comets are generally spherical bodies of gaseous constituency. Any one of these gaseous globes, traveling in space in an orbit around the sun, acts as a great lens, and the "tails" of comets are really long shafts of transmitted, or slightly deflected, sunlight, passing through the outer and more diffuse parts of a comet.

The Heads and Tails of Comets

THE "envelopes" of comets are really the meridian lines of high illumination, by the sun, of the outer portion of the comet. Where more than one "envelope" is observed, this is due to variation in density of the gas in the head of the comet. Sometimes the gas lies in strata, and each strata reflects light of itself. If the comet's path is in line with the earth, or if their orbits agree, the "envelope" of a comet will appear, not as a half-circle, but as an elongated ellipse. A dime first held at right angles with the eye, and then turned until it is almost flat with the eye, will show this clearly, the milled edge of the dime representing the meridian line of light, which, in so far as the comet or any body in the solar system is concerned, always agrees with the equatorial line of high illumination on the sun.

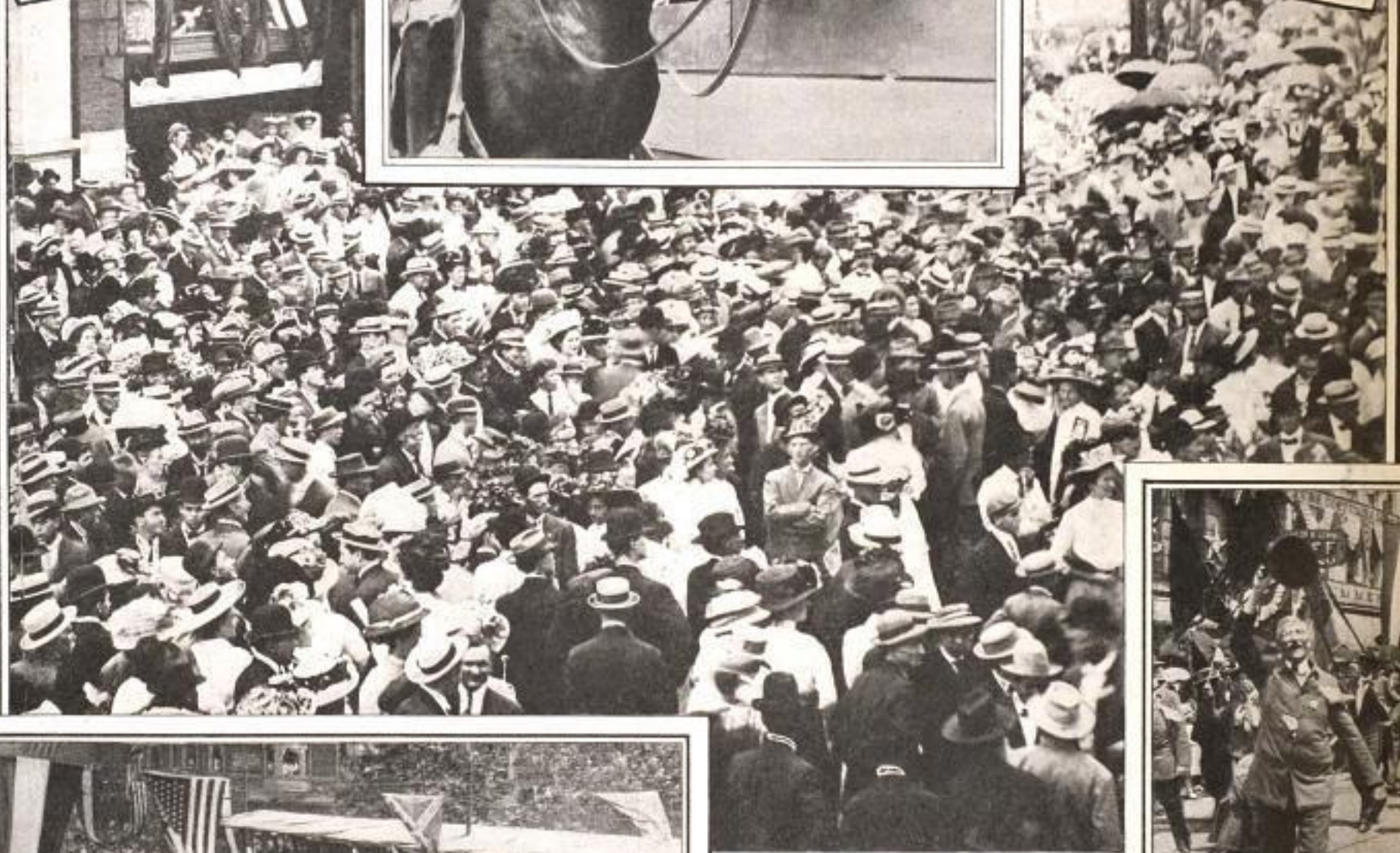
The "heads" of comets, so-called, are, really, light reflected back to the sun from the illuminated hemisphere of the comet. The "wings" are really rays of light deflected from the sphere of the comet at the same angle at which they enter. The curved "tails" of comets are explained by the fact that we see these "tails" through the globular shell of atmosphere surrounding the earth, but only through 120 degrees, so that the atmosphere becomes a convex lens. You take a convex lens, place it in front of your eye, and look through it at a straight line; that straight line follows the curve of the lens and appears to be a curve equal to that of the lens. Where comets' "tails" appear curved, it is due to the fact that they lie along the lens, or with their axes in the same direction as the chord of the arc, but when straight lie obliquely, so that you look along the line instead of across it, and the light or line appears straight.

The new comet is a good example of this, for its comalight comes to us, as I am writing this, at such an angle that its lines of light appear perfectly straight. When the new comet's head appears above the horizon the comalight will appear fan-shaped, but with straight rays, later probably changing to curved rays. The larger the comasphere, or head, of the comet is, the more diffuse will be the light reflected by it; the smaller the comet, the sharper will be the pencil of light, modified in appearance in both cases, by the orbit of the comet, and its distance from the earth at the time we see it.

Analogy of a Comet's Tail

LET me explain in this way. Suppose a great searchlight were mounted on the Capitol at Washington and you stood at the White House, and the searchlight were turned at right angles; if it were a powerful condensing searchlight, you would see a great shaft of light stretching straight away in the heavens. If, on the other hand, you were standing half-way down Pennsylvania Avenue, the pencil of light would become a great cone-shaped ray, and if you again moved your position, so that you were close to the searchlight, it would then appear as a wider cone, because you would only see a portion of the light. Variations of this will readily explain variations in comalight from comets.

In considering all effects of light, it must be remembered that light is visible only because its speed is increased by deflection in our atmosphere. Without the atmosphere we could not see. The outer circumference of our atmosphere is globular; therefore, any section of it must be convex, thus affecting our vision of celestial objects. Stars and planets, being points and disks, are not affected, long rays of comalight are.



Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn., June 7-10

A picturesque and striking incident of the parade of June 10 occurred when General Clement A. Evans, commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, rode out of line as he came to the grand stand and shook hands with General Frederick Dent Grant, U.S.A., who was reviewing the procession. Thousands of people packed the city to watch the military and civic parade, in which were many decorated cars filled with pretty Southern girls—One of the larger pictures shows the unveiling of the Southern Cross at the Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, June 6



They drive the finest horses in the Far West

The Guest That Tarried

The Vagabond and Dreamer, Who Heard the Call of Manhood

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Illustrated by
MAYNARD DIXON

*She's the darlin' of the parish, she's the pride of Inniskillen;
killen;
Would make your heart leap up to see her trippin'
down the glen;
ere's not a lad of life and fame that couldn't take
her shillin',
And inist inside her service: did ye hear her laughin'
then?*

*Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that
Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so
green!
And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest
that tarried—
An hour plucked from Paradise: come back to me,
Rosleen!*

*Across the seas, beyond the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
The regiment come marchin'—I hear the call once more:
Hure, a woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's
shillin',
For the pride o' me was hurted: shall I never see her
more?*

*He turned her face away from me, and black as night
the land became.
Her eyes were jewels of the sky, the finest ever seen;
he left me for another lad, he was a lad of life and
fame,
And the heart of me was hurted: but there's none
that's like Rosleen!*

A SOFT rain was falling, but, seated on the stump of a maple which had furnished part of the late winter's firewood, the singer took no notice. His leather jacket, made for him by one whose eyes were not so bright as those of Rosleen of Inniskillen, had resisted many a heavier storm than this, and his face as turned to the south, whence the spring seemed to come—the smell and the sweet sting of it making the top of life flow eagerly in the veins of the winter-folk, stirring the flood of old memories, turning the soles of his dreams. Even the eyes of this incorrigible idler, a land of buoyant activities had warmed to the vibrant life which was pouring its desire into the womb of May. They shone with the potential power of unused and ample manhood. His voice, as he sang, had the pulse of a regiment marching—a phenomenon with one to whom the world was but a poorhouse, supported by those foolish multitudes who toiled from dawn till eve for bread or fame. He had got bread and good deal else without labor, and he had achieved the, too—as the most useless white man from the forty-fifth parallel to the magnetic pole.

As he steeped himself in the luxury of vocal sentimentality, his face was turned away from the small house on the knoll above the little maple and poplar wood, toward the prairie breaking into green over a score of miles to the south. Who could have thought from his careless air and his still more careless song that—or was there, then, his tragedy in the song: a manhood not strong enough to take the adverse fate which had attended the life of his emotions? The careless lilt of the song had, however, a wealth of melody and sweetness which betokened something underneath, if perhaps that something was only a touch of temperament in the body of a vagabond, and the song itself only a luxury of that temperament. But who could have thought from the careless air and the apparently careless song that there was dark trouble, maybe deep tragedy, in the little house behind him, and that he was aware of it? As he finished the song, repeating the last verse twice—

And the heart of me was hurted: but there's none that's like Rosleen!

The face of a man, a young, bearded, keen-eyed man, appeared at the window of the house behind him. It was the Young Doctor who had lately come to Askatoon. "How many years, you say?" he asked of a woman standing beside him, and nodding toward the singer.

"Fifteen years, doctor."

"He's no relation?"

"None. He's Irish and we're Irish, that's all."

"How did he come to plant himself on you?"

"Well, you see, doctor, it was pourin' wet, that day, fifteen years ago, an' he just stepped in out o' the rain!"

The Young Doctor turned and looked at her closely, reflectively. Was she mocking him, trying to be humorous, with this dismal tragedy behind them in a darkened room where two people lay stricken and beaten—flotsam of fate left to the sport of the monstrous sea of pain and helplessness? But he was Irish, too, this son of Esculapius, and the years he had spent in this new land had not dimmed or smothered that flickering fire, that fantastic glow of wit and humor, that quivering presence, like an unmaterialized spirit, which turns real life into the paradoxical and the grotesque in the Emerald Isle. As her words fell on his ear, and he looked at her, he was back again by Inniskillen, among the cabin folk, the barefooted, barelegged girls, with the flying hair, the creamy cheeks, and the wild glances of the eye. He was back among all the elements of superstition and poverty and tradition, where heart and head were in constant contradiction; where the heart seemed spontaneous and was only calculating; where the head seemed deliberate and tyrannical and was only spontaneous; where the pity and beauty and falsehood and disloyalty and comradeship and clanship, with treachery and bad faith went hand in hand; where love, chastity, and a sweet bodily morality were linked with drink and boycott and cattle-driving and the murder of landlords; where political immorality went cheek by jowl with financial good faith and reliability; where men cried out like martyrs for a free Ireland, and called settlers from the next county foreigners—he knew it all. And he had left it all, because the old estate was long since sacrificed, with scarce enough remaining to keep above the poverty-line his sister and mother and a futile uncle, whose only use had been to keep the peasants and the small farmers in good-humor by his dry wit and homely humor, saving his people from evil treatment when other landlords barricaded their households and never ventured forth without a firearm. Yes, he knew it all, and this woman's unintended, arid humor threw him back again into that land which has given more exiles to the world than she has people starving in her homes or lying in her churchyards.

"Oh, he just stepped in out of the rain, did he, fifteen years ago?" he rejoined meditatively to the woman. "That's a long time. But it's been dry since!"

"'Twas the luck o' heaven that whinever he wint out to take the road again, it began to rain—there, 'tis rainin' hard now, and him out in it, couxin' death onto him!"

The Young Doctor's face suddenly twitched with a laughter which seemed uncontrollable. Then he recovered himself. It would not have been seemly to guffaw, with that tragedy in the dark behind; and, besides, it would have offended and shocked greatly the woman whose face was drawn with trouble and clouded by anxiety; though, as she spoke now, a light came over it which seemed stolen from a world with which she could have no part.

"How old are you?" the Young Doctor asked curiously, but with his face turned toward the bedroom where a woman's voice was sobbing softly and a man's voice was speaking in gentle wheedling tones.

"I'm thirty-one," she said with a toss of her head; and by that the Young Doctor knew beyond peradventure that she loved the man outside, for she was forty-one, if she was a day.

"And what for d'ye ask? Couldn't ye tell by lookin' at me teeth?" she added maliciously.

She showed her teeth not unpleasantly, and she could have no reason to regret doing it, for they were her best feature, as fine and even and white and beautiful a set of teeth as ever woman had.

"The teeth are twenty-one," he answered gallantly.

Something like a smile played at her lips, and lakes of light suddenly flooded her eyes. How far can not a woman go, and what hard roads can she not travel with a word of flattery in her ears and a little bread of praise in her wallet! The Young Doctor suddenly had a revelation on this matter. He had known it somewhat in

definitely in the past, but now the lesson was set down on the everlasting tablets of life.

"Now is a lie like mine any better than a lie like hers?" he asked himself. "And yet, my little lie will stiffen her back to the heavy task she has before her; and if I say it often enough, she'll die with a smile on her lips, breaking down 'neath the load of it all. Seein' the weakness of human nature, isn't lyin' a virtue of an exalted kind betimes?"

Suddenly his face grew very grave, and he looked at her fixedly and very sorrowfully, for skilful as he was his skill had not so far blinded him to that which could not be healed or helped by skill.

"What for d'ye look so sharp at me?" she asked a little flutteringly, as though he was repenting what he had said to her about her teeth, and the thought of it made her weak at the knees.

"You have the teeth of twenty-one," he answered slowly, "and the light in your face is that of a girl steppin' home along the road down by Tralee—steppin' home from school. Faith, I hope your heart is as young, for there's stiff work before you—bitter stiff work to your hand." He glanced toward the bedroom door, through which came only the man's voice now, pleading and kind.

A flush of pride stole over her face. The lines in it softened, and some of them stole away altogether. Never did liar reap so fine a crop of honest flowers from the seeds of false weed sown. Then a look of firmness and resolve came into her face, and courage seemed to make sacred the pride and vanity of it.

"There's a dark road ahead, I know," she said. "But 'tis me own that I'll work for, and that must be cared for; and, God's love! but the back will not break nor the hand go palsy."

The Doctor's eyes rested for a moment on the man without, whose voice still told the rain and the world of spring of Rosleen of Inniskillen, then they turned gently and inquiringly upon the woman.

"Your father may get well perhaps, but it will be slow, and he can't help himself much"—he nodded toward the other room—"but 'tis a kind man, and—"

"'Tis the kindest iver was—wid no whisky in the house. Wid the book of Isaiah and 'Burke of Ours' and the other tales of Mr. Lever he's content. He was a schoolmaster in Ireland, at Malahide, it was. The kindest iver was and the best—without the drink."

"Well, he will make it as easy for you as he can; but she—your mother—can't make it easy, no matter how she tries. She can only move one arm, and even that may go with the rest—but, there, we'll hope for the best. She has to be lifted often and often, and you can't do it alone. Besides, it's a night and day business. Is there no sister, or aunt, or cousin—?"

"There's no one at all, at all, of women folk. We were five—father and mother, the two b'ys, and meself. Terry, he's gone this fifteen year. Left us one day after a shindy—father'd been drinkin', an' he laid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off like a colt with the bars down. Did ye iver see a horse gone mad and wild, and runnin' over the long road from Connemara to Galway maybe? Shure, that was Terry. All temper and spunk and divilry, an' could do annything wid his hands or his head. Nothin' was too hard for him. Many and many a time he used to help the schoolmasters out with the algebray and the gaymometry—as aisy as flyin' to a bird, it was to Terry. But he wint; and he niver looked back, or sint word, or give a sign. Ah, Lord, Lord, he was the pick o' the posy, wild as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin', for him and her"—a hand lunged toward the bedroom door—"was niver the same after Terry wint."

Her eyes filled with tears, which she dashed away, and her face turned to the man without. "'Twas a week after Terry wint, he came. He'd seen Terry down by the new railway, and they'd been drinkin' together, and when he stepped in out o' the rain, 'twas like a link with Terry, for he'd seen him since we had, and—"

Suddenly she opened the front door and put her head out.

"Come in out o' the rain, Nolan," she said sharply.

"'Tis growin' weather," said Nolan over his shoulder at her, but not looking toward her.

"You've got your growth—come in," she urged.

"When the doctor's gone, I'll come," he answered, and went on humming to himself:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?"

Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!

And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest that tarried—

An hour plucked from Paradise: come back to me, Rosleen!"

The Young Doctor intervened. He touched her arm peremptorily. "Come in," he said. "What's your name?" he added, as she shut the door with a sigh.

"Me name's Miss Brennan," was the stiff reply. Who was he to command her and to question her?

"That's a woman's name. What's yours as they call you, girl?" . . . Girl! Oh, deceitful human nature—the black hypocrite! Yet, he had lived in the snakeless land of the broken harp and the shattered oath, and he knew—he knew!

"Norah's me name," she answered him softly, for he had got into the softest corner of her nature. Surely there was no trouble too big to be borne, even with the stricken ones yonder, and poverty so deep, and Terry gone, and—

"You've told me about Terry, but what of the other?"

"Shannon's carting over against Askatoon. He'll be back to-night. Ah, that's a man for all the year, is Shannon, drivin', drivin', drivin'—at four dollars a day."

"Why isn't he a farmer, with land so cheap and plenty?" He waved an arm round the circle of the horizon.

"That's how we started—farmin'; but after Terry levanted everything wint wrong, and then the land wint by and by, and only the horses and the two wagons was left, a hay-wagon wid a rack and a grain-wagon wid a box."

"It's a struggle to live then?"

"There's only Shannon's four dollars a day and the garden. Father had a job on the new railway—away all week and back on Saturdays, two dollars a day it was. But that's over now." Her face turned sympathetically toward the bedroom.

"And him—Nolan—what else—?"

"Nolan Doyle's his name."

"And Nolan Doyle—what does he do?" He knew well what he did not do, for the fellow's discreditable fame needed no special revelation. It was common knowledge: he was a loafer, a vagrant, and a pauper in a land of work and action.

"Shure, there's the garden stuff to be pulled, and there's food to be got in the city"—a village of one thousand people is a "city" in the West—"and there's prairie-hens to be shot, and fish to be caught, and—all that, doctor dear."

"Four dollars a day won't be enough." He glanced toward the bedroom door again. "You'll need help for the sick-room and for the housework, and help out here is expensive."

"I'll do it meself, or die," she responded stubbornly.

"It'd be hard on the sick ones if you should die," he rejoined pointedly. "There's no glory or gain in that. 'What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widow!' they say on the prairies, and they're right. It's an expensive business, Norah, girl."

Her eyes contracted and expanded, expanded and contracted. Was he anxious about being paid then? But he had called her "Norah, girl!" and she grew younger every minute, braver and younger and stronger.

They heard a noise behind them, and turned quickly. The old schoolmaster stood in the door, his gray hair tumbled, his body bent almost double, but his eyes bright, feverishly bright. He had heard something of what they had been saying.

"The Lord will provide," he said tremblingly. "He sent the ravens to feed Elijah. There was manna in the desert. The widow's cruse of oil did not fail—oh, ye of little faith! . . . ah, doctor dear—!"

They were beside him now, lifting him back to his bed. "Lave Nolan alone," he whimpered. "Tell him to step in out of the rain, Norah darlin'."

As they laid him down, he murmured the name of the boy who had fled from his hand and his fury fifteen years ago. "Terry—Terry—Terry!" he said pleadingly, as it were to God above, for Terry had been the apple of his eye, in spite of all.

A few moments later the Young Doctor was out in the rain, now diminishing to a fine mist, making his way to Nolan Doyle. Still the voice kept dreaming of Inniskillen far away and all that was done and left undone by Rosleen—

"Across the seas, beyond the hills, by lovely Inniskillen, The regiment come marchin'—I hear the call once more:

A woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's shillin'.

For the pride o' me was hurt; shall I never see her more?"

"Why not go back to Inniskillen, where you'd have a chance of seein' her? Do you expect her to come to you?" said the Young Doctor.

There was cold irony in his tone, and Nolan, who had begun the next verse, stopped short. For an instant he did not move or turn his head or make reply. His senses seemed arrested. His eyes half-closed, as though

in sulky meditation—or was it an effort at memory, for the Young Doctor's voice had struck strangely on his ear. They had never met or seen each other since the Young Doctor came to Askatoon.

"Inniskillen's the place for you, my man. You'd not be a *rara avis* there. Here you are a *rara avis*, and you're not popular."

"I'd be what I was before, and it wasn't a *rara avis* ayther," said Nolan, still without looking up, though the Young Doctor now stood almost in front of him.

"And what were you before then?" asked the Young Doctor.

"As good a man as anny—barrin' one, an' he was a lad of life and fame."

"What did you do for a living?"

"What does anny one do for a living in Ireland?"

"Why don't you do it here?"



"Me name's Miss Brennan," was the stiff reply. Who was he to question her?

"Where's the peat to cut here?"

"There's land to plow, man."

"Where'd I be larnin' to plow?"

"How did you learn to cut peat?"

"That's born wid ye; ye don't learn it."

"I heard you singing, as I came out, about a lad that took the Sergeant's shillin'. It's a pity you're not young enough to do the same, and make a man of yourself."

"Well, why didn't it make a man o' me—if it didn't; an' by the sour speech of ye, ye're thinkin' it didn't?"

"You took the shillin'? You were in the army?"

Suddenly Nolan got to his feet, for the first time looked the Young Doctor in the eyes, and saluted. "I was helpin' hold the pass beyand Peshawur whin you was ridin' the gray mare barebacked round the Bantrim Ridges. There was work doin' then beyand Peshawur. You're a doctor now, savin' a man or two here and there; I was a soldier then helpin' save the English pride—and that's life or death to millions from Rosslare to Gravesend."

The Young Doctor's eyes opened wide, and he stood astonished and inquiring. "You came from Inniskillen then—the song you sang . . . !"

"Oh, the song—well, can't the truth be told in a song annyhow?"

"It is your song—your words—you made it?"

"Shure, it's aysier than cuttin' peat or stalkin' Afghins."

"And who was Rosleen—ah, was it then Rosleen Dennis from under Calladen Hill?"

The eyes of the vagrant grew brighter, and he threw his head back, as though his thick waving hair was in his eyes—as he had been wont to do as a boy when he wore no hat or cap, and his hair was the pride of his life.

"The same, sir. And I saw her kiss you once. You was but twelve years old then, and she was 'most a woman grown. 'Twas hard by Calladen Wood, where the red cross stands."

"But your name—Nolan Doyle?"

"Me name then was Phelan Fane."

"Phelan Fane—ah, now I remember! You joined the Devil's Own, and went to India with Lord Harry Nolan as your colonel?"

"And Captain Doyle was adjutant, sir."

"Why did you change your name?" He looked at the other suspiciously.

"I deserted."

"A deserter, too! Why did you desert? How many years had you put in?"

"Six and a half—sivin was me time. I deserted, because I had a friend in the same regiment, and he killed a man—oh, a damned villain he was, that man! And I'd rather desert than swear false upon the Book before the Judge. For, God help me, I saw the man killed wid me own eyes, and I was the only one that did, and if I'd spoke the truth . . . !"

"And your friend?"

"Shure, how could they hang him, whin the evidence was gone away into the wide world—flyin' and flyin', and flyin' twinty thousand miles away?"

"Aren't you afraid to tell me this? . . . The arm the law is long; years do not count when crime's been done. The law goes on and on and on, no matter how you be flyin'."

"Hush! Arrah—hush! I'd never be thinkin' that from Inniskillen would betray me. D'ye mind the d' twenty-two years ago I filled y'r basket with fish didn't catch y'rself? And 'twas not aisy fishin' yand Betray me! Shure, wan that's been kissed by Rosleen—is it that y'd have me think?"

"Rosleen Dennis!" The Young Doctor looked at him queerly, hesitated a moment, and then added: "Have you heard of Rosleen since then—how many years ago?"

"Oh, twenty-one years, and niver word of her. Shure she wint with Michael Kelly, a lad of life and fame, wint to the altar wid him. But the day that Clancy was married I—"

As though oblivious of the other's presence he began to sing again:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?" . . .

His eyes were fixed on the eastern horizon, where the light of the sun was breaking through the gray sky, a soft joyous radiance and, overhead, a great rainbow drew its band of gorgeous ribbon athwart the heavens.

"Dreamer—sentimentalist! But there's something in him somewhere," murmured the Young Doctor to himself. "Poor devil, him have his memory. I'll not tell him what happened to Rosleen. . . . And a damn clever song, too, as good as Tom Moore might have written! Oh, there is something in him. He deserted to save a friend. He's gallant and generous, too. He speaks of Michael Kelly as a lad of life and fame—the dirty dog of buccaneer! Well, we'll see if what's left is good as what once was, as far as it goes."

As Nolan Doyle ceased singing, breaking abruptly, and sank back upon the stump, whispering to himself, the Young Doctor came close to him and put a hand upon his shoulder.

"You needn't have any fear, man, though Lord Harry Nolan was my uncle, and is still alive; and Adjutant Doyle is now commanding the troops in Canada—he was only fifty miles from here last week. I'll not give you away. But in return—"

"Must there be a bargain? Can't ye do for its own sake—or for the sake of Inniskillen?"

"Quite right, quite right, Phelan."

The man started up. "Phelan! Is that the way you'll be kapin' me secret? Need I have told you? Didn't I trust you? Oh, wurra, wurra!"

"And quite right again, Nolan Doyle. 'Tis a good name you've taken; of two unwilling godfathers, as folk men as ever gave glory to Ireland. 'Tis a better name than you've sluffed. Now, here then. We've been paladin' of Inniskillen and of you that's of no account—Fane is a man of any account that lives on bread he doesn't earn, and doesn't own?" His voice grew stern. "I'm ashamed of you, Nolan Doyle. I thought you a fine fellow over beyond the seas, when you filled my basket with fish, and when you beat them all, tossin' the stone in William Conner's yard."

"Oh, you remember that—the stone-throwin'! Shure now, I recall ye sittin' on the gray mare watchin' us. She could take a fence in her day, the gray mare—"

"Never mind about the gray mare. You've lived Larry Brennan and his family ever since you stepped out of the rain fifteen years ago."

"And there's been a dale of rain since—and the dew that makes rain."

"Oh, have done, you idle gossoon! You're no better than a leech. As fine and handsome a fellow as you—Doyle spat upon the ground. "That for me looks!" said "Michael Kelly—"

"Damn Michael Kelly! Have done with all that. Me it's over twenty years, and nothing's the same as y left it yonder. All's changed, and your song can't set right. Have done with it. We're here to-day on the prairies in another life. You've been livin' in a dream come out of it. You've moved from eighteen to nearly forty years of age since you joined the Devil's Own. There's no going back. There's sorrow here in the little house. There's terrible sickness. Mrs. Brennan is paralyzed, and the poor old man—"

"I know. Shure, I know."

"Then what you are going to do—?"

"Shure, I came out here in the rain to think it over. You're not to be trusted in the rain. 'Tis your habit to take shelter, and food, and bed, and frien ship, and all the heart a woman can give—"

Doyle stood up and put out a hand. "If the plan had been mine, and Terry Brennan or Shannon had stepped in, they could have stayed and welcome. But that's no matter. I—"

"I want to know what you mean to do, Doyle," the Young Doctor interrupted. Then he hastily drew a picture of the dark days ahead; of the misery and trouble and awful hardship, and the sickening burden which must fall upon the shoulders of Norah Brennan; of the killing expense, and only Shannon's four dollars a day to meet it. There must be help for Norah. There must be some one to nurse and some one to help in the house and all—a tale which grew more somber as it went on. Once or twice Doyle closed his eyes for a minute, though to shut out the picture. When, at last, the Young Doctor had finished, and stood with a look of inquiry on his face, the clear eyes of the vagabond looked into his own with all the turbid emotions, and vague, useless dreams, and fifteen years' stagnation gone from them, and the deserter from the Devil's Own as slowly:

"I'm goin' to help."

"What are you going to do?"
 "Nurse them—in there," he answered.
 "Nurse?"
 "Could I earn as much as two hospital nurses'd want for? What can I do—a peat-cutter and a soldier? I can nurse. Didn't I nurse a dozen b'ys that was wid fever in Injy? Have I a gift? Shure I will be two nurses yander—night and day. She's a mother to me—Mrs. Brennan, an' the old man says sayin', 'The Lord will provide,' and believin' in nanna, and Elijah's ravens, and the widow's cruse, and all the rest. I lost me own mother when I was nine, and she's been like a mother to me. God save me, but I'll wait on her like a son."
 "Here's things a man can't do—nursing." The Young Doctor could scarcely take it in. It was unlike what he had expected.
 "There's nothing a man can't do for his mother."
 "Here's Miss Brennan, a young woman— You alone her in the house! Do you think—?"
 Nolan Doyle's face flushed. "God forgive ye!" he said. "And you an Irishman, an' from Inniskillen! Cabins are small in Ireland, and there's a dale o' inquiry bewhiles, for poverty makes small rooms, there's many slape in one room, but Irishwomen Irishmen—!"
 The Young Doctor suddenly caught the vagabond's arm. "That's all right, Doyle. Say no more. I apologize. If you mean it—"
 "I'm going to pay for the last fifteen years' bed and board," he said.
 "Are you sure they'll—?"
 "Lave it to me. Mrs. Brennan's glad to have me by. She says it kapes her from frettin' too much about Terry."
 "And I suppose Terry was a waster?"
 "Terry? Terry was a man, ivry inch of him. He was good as you an' two of you. Wid a head—ah, sure had a head!"
 "Very well. Settle it in your own way. But if you're going to nurse these old people—I warn you 'twill be a heavy job, a dismal and weary task!—then listen to me, Nolan Doyle, and hearken hard to what I say, take note of what's to be done, and how it's to be done, and—"

II

AND it was so. As he said he would, Nolan Doyle laid himself out to pay for the bed and board he had had over fifteen years. The summer came, and the autumn, the former and the latter rain, falling the just and the unjust, the snows of winter, the innumerable frost, with all the outhouse tasks—the good to cut and carry, the wet to fetch, the wet to be hung out on a line and brought in frozen stiff, the hundred trying chores to be done, at all the time, day and night, the man-nurse, with the fine gentleness of a woman and his strong arms and coaxing voice, contested inch by inch the advance of disease and death, ceaselessly vigilant, automatically precise, concentrated, self-forgetful, comprehensive, thinking of everything, and living all with a smile and a humorous word.
 His long, idle life lived in the open air, without excess of any kind—for he drank nothing, smoked little, and had never been a big eater—had given him a store of energy and a reservoir of strength on which he now drew, steadily diminishing the supply. The Young Doctor watched him almost as closely as he watched the two sick people whom he was drawing slowly away from the brink and setting them in high, safe places. There was talk, of course, at Askatoon at first—ugly, untold talk; for there were days and days when Shanahan was away with his sleigh for his wagon, and Nolan Doyle and Norah Brennan were alone in the house, save for the two bedridden people—and Another; and the talk became a scandal, which at least materialized in the definite proposal of tar-and-feathers for Nolan Doyle.
 It was then that the Young Doctor, who had a gift for acting at the right time—not by any means a rare thing in his race—went out upon the warpath. First he went to the Rev. Ebenezer Groom, the Methodist minister in whose "parlor" much sanctimonious scandal had been brewed, and insisted that he should come out to the house of shame and learn the truth.
 They came to the door of the shaded sick room at a moment when Nolan Doyle was holding the paralyzed woman in his arms like a child—and a very heavy child at that—and Norah was freshening the pillows. The young sky-pilot saw the woman put gently back on her

bed, whispering blessings on the head of "Nolan, dear," heard the whimsical replies of the man-nurse, saw the face—how thin and worn it had become!—met the dark eyes with the soft slumbering fires, saw the girl on the other side of the bed with that look of single purpose which sick-bed watching, more than anything else, gives to the faces of those who fight death and decay for others, and into his lean soul there entered a new understanding of human nature, the first glimpse of a real revelation of humanity.

"My dear friends, I would offer up a prayer at the throne of grace," he said unctuously to them all at last. "Verily, pain is the bowl into which God's mercy flows."

The old paralytic woman turned indignant eyes upon him, for she was a Catholic, though her husband was a Protestant of the Church of Ireland, and her daughter and Nolan Doyle were Catholics also. It was the old man who settled the question, however. He raised himself on his elbow, and a flush spread over his face, where undeveloped intellect did not wholly submerge the contour of the peasant—distinction and the commonplace in conflict—and he said in a low, reproving voice:

"The bowl will be no fuller for one prayer more. Shure, in this house we catch the drip of mercy at matins and evensong, and betune whiles—betune whiles. 'Tis not a Pagan place, and the only haythens here are those who come from beyond and away. Lave us be—lave us be wid the praying, but thank ye kindly for steppin' in with the Doctor. Ah, that's a man—the best that ever grew by Inniskillen! Shure, if it wasn't for him and Nolan—and Nolan the boy, the silver cord would be loosed and the golden bowl be broken—not the bowl of pain, as you say, but the bowl of life. Well, good-day to you, for 'tis time for us to be shlapin'—'tis time, isn't it, Mary, darlin'?" he called across to his wife.

"'Tis long past the time," she answered peevishly. Then with a faint flash of her eyes she drew a rosary from beneath her pillow with her one strong hand, and repeated a prayer over and over: "*Salve, Regina, Mater . . . Mater clementissima . . . Ora pro nobis . . .*" with a look out of the corner of her eye at the preacher.

"You see we're papists here—most of us," said Norah as they all left the room, "and so we'll not be forgetting to remember where's help to be had when needed."

In the other room Nolan Doyle said to the bewildered preacher: "I've had letters—from some of your flock, I'm thinkin'. Here's wan of them—read it. It come this mornin'."

The preacher read a letter of a dozen lines which

Doctor said to himself as Norah brought from a cupboard a jar of preserves and a cake, and poured a cup of coffee for the preacher. This softened the shock of the reproof the man had had from Larry Brennan, and he ate and drank with an appreciation which only those know who find that stimulant in food which others find in spirits. His heart grew warmer and warmer, and, by accident, his visit left behind it a seed of pleasure which flourished exceedingly in Norah Brennan's broken heart. As he was leaving, he said with oracular sympathy and pompous kindness to Norah:

"Ah, to be young—young at the start of life, like you, and so to have opportunities for devotion and sacrifice and the Master's service! To be young, lassie, to be young like you! The coffee excellent—excellent, and the cake. Well, good-by. Good-by. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—to the lamb. Farewell and farewell—excellent coffee, excellent! Soon it will be spring again. Be patient and hopeful, lassie. '*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He feedeth me beside the still waters.*' The wind is tempered to the lamb, lassie."

After his fashion he kept his word. The Sunday following, having judiciously set the rumor flying that he would preach a special sermon, on a special subject of local importance, he found a congregation that filled the church to the doors; and when he stood up to preach, it was so still that only the roaring of the fire in the huge stove could be heard—typical of the flame of the spirit, as he very obviously said, when he gave out his text, which was: "*Judge not, that ye be not judged.*" He did not delicately veil his allusions, and, at the last, after ruthlessly condemning judgment by appearances, and asking if none of them had hidden sins and unrepented misdeeds, without mentioning a name, he drew a picture of an apparently worthless, useless being winning his way back to self-respect and manhood by service to the afflicted, such as few could sustain and probably no man had ever to the same degree, and in like delicate circumstances, done before. He repudiated the slanders brewed in his own parlor, though he did not say they were brewed there, and he called upon them all to put forth the hands of succor and charity, and help to lift the burden carried heroically by two people whose lives were being eaten away by self-devotion—"shredded of vigor and youth and strength," he said.

The sermon was very fully reported in the local papers, and the story he had told was of such an unusual nature that the sensational parts of it were copied in paper after paper till they appeared in cities on the Mississippi and ports in the Bay of Fundy.

And the people of Askatoon, if not all wholly convinced, strove to make amends for slander and suspicion; though they not inaptly said that people should not fly into the teeth of decent custom, and should not give cause for suspicion by strange conduct, which the world said was beyond the bounds of convention. Their kindness came too late, however. They had practically boycotted the house of Brennan, they had ostracized Nolan and Norah, and—worse still—had let the effect of their ostracism and boycott fall on two helpless, bedridden people fighting with death. They had so frightened the few timid, if true, souls, and the charitable-hearted, and those women who might have helped in the sick-room or in the household work, that the people of the house of Brennan were on an island in the sea of Christendom, into whose harbors, to whose shores, no ship came, no boat brought freight of human sympathy, no corn and wine and oil of friendship—save that shallop of the Young Doctor which touched the sands now and then, and was gone all too soon, for he, too, was overworked, and medicines could do little in the house of Brennan. Nursing and nursing only with ceaseless care, could bring back to the height of land, where people lived in safety, these two falterers on the brink. Sometimes he asked himself, did the Young Doctor, if it was well that the lives should be saved at such a awful toll of the health and vigor of youth, for the vital forces of Nolan Doyle and Norah



"Terry—Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms

brought the blood of shame to his fat face. He was not wholly a hypocrite; he had a good heart and an ill-used conscience. He had had forced into his Cornish mind, prone as it was to believe evil, that this house was saintly with self-sacrifice, and free from all impurity. He had been in hundreds of sick-rooms, and this he knew was shadowed by no umbrageous growth of sin or shame. He handed the letter back.

"A cowardly attack—a cruel slander," he said. "I will try to put things right. I should like to shake hands with you, Mr. Doyle."

"It was an inspiration fetchin' him here," the Young

Brennan were being worn away, and what would come if either broke down, he shuddered to think. Yet it had made a man of Nolan Doyle—or had he always been really the same man, waiting his opportunity, reserved for this strange experience, this terrible test of patience, strength, human love, and sympathy? The hospital? It was in a town far away, and the house of Brennan had opposed it from the first. That might come; it would have to come if Norah or Nolan fell in the struggle. But what was the end to be, and was it worth all the sacrifice?

People from Askatoon came to offer help, but Nolan

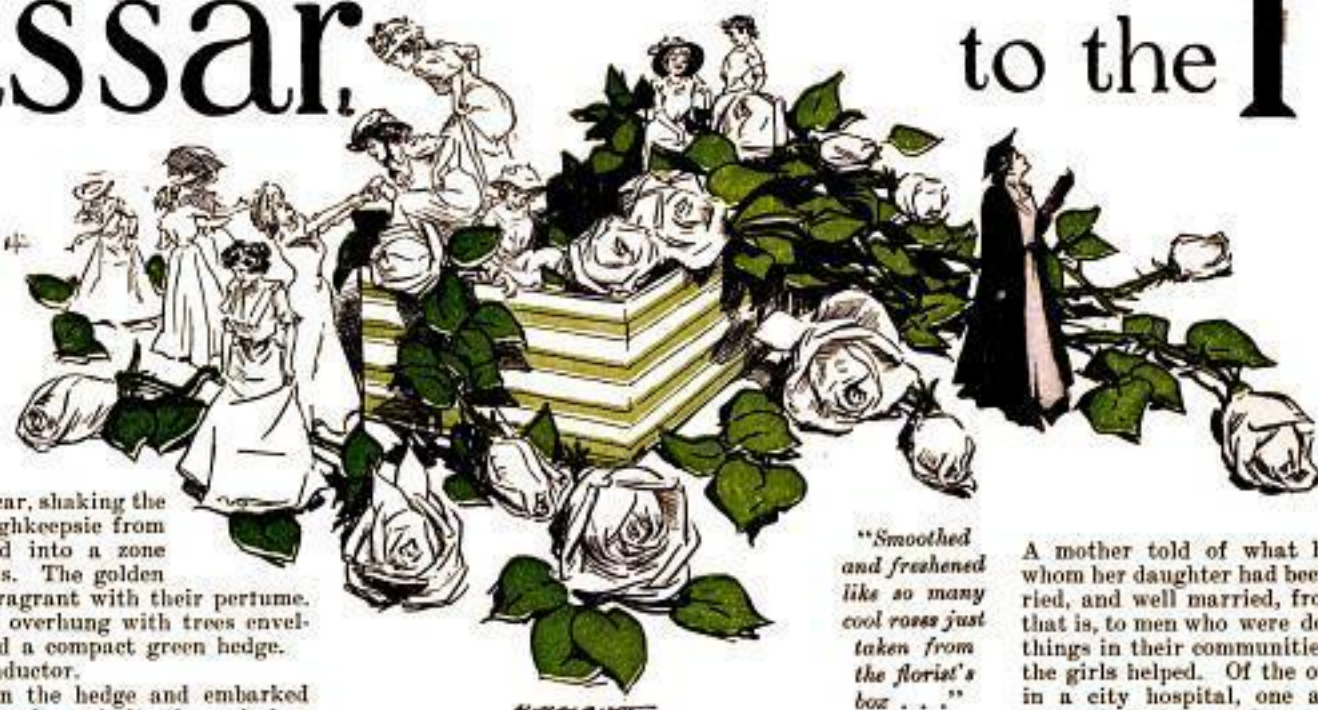
(Concluded on page 26)

From Vassar

to the Hill

By
**ARTHUR
RUHL**

Illustrated by
HENRY RALEIGH



"Smoothed
and freshened
like so many
cool roses just
taken from
the florist's
box . . ."

*A Somewhat
Sentimental Journey
of Exploration
From Poughkeepsie
to Wisconsin*

THE open trolley-car, shaking the hot dust of Poughkeepsie from its feet, whirled into a zone of apple-blossoms. The golden afternoon was fragrant with their perfume. A shady avenue overhung with trees enveloped us—on the left stretched a compact green hedge.

"North Gate!" said the conductor. I stepped through a slit in the hedge and embarked on an empty asphalt walk—soft asphalt, the noiseless sinking of one's feet into which conveyed vaguely the notion that it was something to bite rather than step on. Across a level, spacious lawn rose dormitories and college buildings.

High in an upper story of one a girl was drying her hair. She sat in the open window, with her back to the sun, and the hair fell loose to her waist and glowed in the sunlight. The silence being pricked by the sound of a boot striking a harder bit of asphalt, the girl turned and looked down over her shoulder. She looked long and searchingly, as a deer might lift its head at the first sight of man in its primeval forest; exactly, indeed, to venture a more familiar simile, as cows lift their heads when a stranger climbs over the fence into their sunny meadow. Satisfied that the intruder was harmless, or uninteresting, she gave the hair a toss and again turned her back to the sun.

For perhaps fifty yards the silence of the desert. On the top step of North, almost articulate in the bright sunlight, lay a hairpin. In the teeming silence it seemed symbolical of something, one couldn't tell what. Without waiting for the visitor's name, the little hall-boy and little maid at once and smilingly volunteered in chorus: "She said to tell you she wouldn't be home till four o'clock." With some archness I asked if they were sure that I was the one. Embarrassed by such levity, the two little servants exchanged deprecating looks and vouchsafed no reply.

I continued my walk. All about were tall, quiet dormitories and the level green of a park; beyond, trees and grass, still more park-like. Groups of girls—sometimes one alone—were reading under the trees. In the distance figures moved across the grass—white, pink, blue against the green—silent as dreams.

Behind a circular hedge dresses flashed and there were occasional voices. The voices sounded light and strangely far away. They were playing tennis and basketball over there. Near the hedge, but outside of it, a girl dozing in the grass, with her body twisted half-round as if she were a mermaid who had come up to sun herself on the shelving sand, suddenly sat erect and brushed the hair from her eyes. One had a curious sensation of walking uninvited into a picture.

Three figures emerged from the hedge and proceeded down the path. One, a lithe, well-built girl in a white dress, loosened at the neck, seemed the leader and the admiration of the other two. Unaware of strange observers, she wound her skirt about her and struck an attitude, elin in air. Then, stretching both hands high above her head, she brought her arms down with a motion of swimming. And swimming leisurely thus with the upper part of her body, she continued to walk, and back across the silent, sun-drenched lawn came her song:

*"Ev—ery little bit
Added—to what you got
Makes a lit—tle bit more. . ."*

We dined at six in one of the dormitories—one man among a great many girls, all smoothed and freshened for the evening like so many cool roses just taken from the florist's box—and then they gathered on the steps outside to sing. The Seniors sang to the Sophomores from the steps of one building, the Juniors to the Freshmen from the steps of another, and the underclassmen stood at a respectful distance, and after each song applauded politely, as I was told they do each evening, with unabated enthusiasm from the first day they can sit out of doors in the spring until snow flies in the fall.

From where we stood I could not hear the words, but I was told that the Juniors were probably telling the Freshmen how nice they were or singing about debating. Vassar students take a great deal of interest in questions of the day—they were much more excited over Governor Hughes's agitation for direct primaries than the rest of Poughkeepsie—and the inter-society debate is one of the great events of the year. Every Senior or Junior is a member of her class debating club and is obliged to attend its meetings. Last year the subject of debate was municipal regulation of the liquor traffic, and this year it was direct primaries, and both these fascinating topics were celebrated in their songs. I had heard many songs about bright college years, brown October ale, steins and alma mater, but I had never heard undergraduates sing

about debates. And until you are used to it it is a distinctly odd experience to hear that frail soprano chorus pipe across the grass and know that they are riming "mention" with "convention" and "Tammany" with "me" and telling what happened in the committee on credentials or what the weary truckman will do when the municipality abolishes the saloon.

Thunder clouds rolled up from behind the Hudson hills, and just as the singing and sunlight were ending the warm rain came. There was a general scramble for umbrellas, and the customary march across the lawn to chapel became a hurried scamper. Twilight was deepening as we emerged from evening service—the girls filing out, two by two by classes, Seniors first—and strolled across to the old main building between grass carpets washed and fragrant with rain. The dusk shut in closer, lights came out, and one understood the remark of the young teacher that it was now, when evening began to shut them in, that she felt more strongly the life of the place—the place that meant so much to them all.

One could scarcely be insensible to it: the quiet beauty, the decorous, well-ordered existence, the chance—unhindered and undismayed by the world's feverish necessities and forced surrenders—to contemplate and prepare for some ideal future life. And I do not mean by this a pallid, cloister-like seclusion. In talking with those interested in Vassar one becomes conscious of the frequent use of such words as "sane," "good citizenship," "lack of sentimentality," "service." When Mr. H. G. Wells was inspecting America he was troubled by the sight of Wellesley's art students making copies of antiques. From floor to ceiling of the room were drawers full of photographs—enough, Mr. Wells thought, to contain pictures of all the antiques in existence. And he lamented what seemed the pale and rarefied atmosphere in which these young women were preparing for the world in which they would be jostled as soon as they left college. One shudders at the kind of training and the kind of young women that would be found in Mr. Wells's ideal world, and yet, without in any sense referring to the sister college, I imagine that Vassar would object to a pallid aestheticism almost as vigorously as he.

To do this, however, does not imply that she would have her undergraduates shouting for votes for women, rushing into settlements, or gulping down socialism. One gets the notion that there is an objection to the girls mixing up too precociously in things to which semi-political names are attached. As President Taylor put it in a recent address to the alumnae: "Vassar affirms its belief in the home and the old-fashioned idea of marriage and children and the splendid service of society wrought through these quiet and unradical means. It cries out against the tendency to put the tag of social service only on a service which has a committee and a board and public meetings and newspapers behind it."

I once knew a Vassar girl who admitted, on emerging into an inferior world, that the only man whom she could consider as a prospective husband would be a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. That was ten years ago, and her ideal is still, apparently, as unshaken as Gibraltar. For girls of a certain vigorous, unsentimental, and highly ethical trend, there may be a slight danger in shutting oneself up in a quiet park for four years and thinking acutely even of good citizenship.

And if You Don't Belong to the City Club—?

GOOD men-citizens, no less than good women-citizens, exist without the support of "committees and public meetings." Some of them, doubtless, run steam laundries or grocery stores, and would be very much improved by marrying somebody from Vassar. If the lady who had the Chief-Justice notion had tried to make a hit in musical comedy, endeavored to point her feet "to ten minutes to six and smile while you're doing it," as the Chorus Lady said; if she had chosen so astonishing a course as this and failed dismally and acquired a little humility and sense of humor, it might have been almost as good for her as Vassar. The objection to coeducation is, I believe, that it hardens girls' manners. There is also something to be said against hardening girls' hearts.

This was an aspect of the matter which we did not discuss as we strolled across the campus to Main that night.

A mother told of what had become of the girls with whom her daughter had been graduated. Seven were married, and well married, from the Vassar point of view—that is, to men who were doing important and worth-while things in their communities, in which, in their own ways, the girls helped. Of the other three, one was head nurse in a city hospital, one at the head of athletics in a woman's college, and one a teacher of domestic science.

By grace of a Senior's permission we ascended to the Senior room. Each Senior class furnishes it completely, and after graduation the room is dismantled and each girl takes her things home. Here the Seniors can sit by themselves in undisturbed dignity, and here each class can express its idea of what a home-like living-room should be. As we came in, two girls were talking on a seat at one side, several reading under shaded lamps, and at the grand piano sat two, one with her arm about the other's waist, playing a low accompaniment and humming as they played. It was a pleasant room, and it seemed a specially gracious courtesy—and expressive of the atmosphere which the place was planned to represent—that all went on with what they were doing, exactly as if they were at home and we were members of the family. Quite without self-consciousness the girls at the piano continued their low duet notwithstanding our audible comments and our active discussion of their college and themselves.

The Busy Shores of Lake Mendota

WHAT, I wonder, would they have thought could they have read through their guest's inside coat pocket to the letter burning there—a note from a Wisconsin man to the boys of his fraternity, genially urging them to take me out on the campus and show me "the skirts as they go by"? And what would have been their emotions could they have sat on the grass at the top of the Hill at Madison as I did a few days later and seen that army of men and girls—lawyers, engineers, farmers, and school-teachers-to-be, fussers, women-haters, man-eaters and girls just like themselves, pouring up and down the crowded walks and into lecture halls?

No cloistered park this—a city rather, a Middle-Western city, at once intensely practical and enthusiastically idealistic, crowded with young men and women, most of whom were driving at some specific tangible thing. Boys do not go to Wisconsin because their fathers went there—their fathers, generally, never saw the inside of a college—nor because they find there clothes, manners, and accents which suit their own esthetic tastes. They—and the girls too—go because they are hungry for "culture," a better standard of living, because they want something that will help them in their business. I don't imagine they think very much about sanity or sentimentality or service. They are thinking of how to make themselves engineers, lawyers, farmers, school-teachers. They're too busy getting the thing to spend much time over their attitude toward it—but this is not beginning at the beginning.

I was proceeding down Langdon Street toward the university, curiously scanning the horizon for the first signs of co-education. Spring was in the air here, too. They were plowing, harrowing, and planting corn all over the country through which we had ridden that morning, and the dry, sweet prairie wind blew into the car window across wide stretches of newly turned black earth and the vivid green of young wheat. Elms in their new foliage overhung the street, comfortable frame houses, each with its green front yard, were on either side; below, to the right at each cross street, was a view of Lake Mendota.

A boy and girl, sitting on the steps of a house across the street, came over to my side of the street and walked on in front of me. The boy was coatless and bareheaded; his sleeves were rolled up and his trousers turned into a broad cuff. He had tan bulldog shoes and a Bull Durham tag swung from his hip pocket. Possibly he was a Freshman, inasmuch as they are required at Madison always to have the "makings." The girl was also bareheaded, and she carried a lecture notebook. I was just trying to decide whether they were brother and sister or only acted so, when all at once, from a porch a short distance down the side street, came the wiry zing-a-zing of mandolins and guitars.

*"Don't—take me home (zing-a-zing, plump-plump!)
Please don't take me home (zing-a-zing, pop-pop!)
What did I ever do to you (BING!)
Oo-oo-oo-oo— Have a little pity, I'm—"*

The contemplative pace and judicial calm became not altogether easy to preserve. A few steps farther ap-

red, close to the sidewalk, a front porch crowded with exuberant young men humming, whistling, and singing the Wisconsin blue laws by rolling their own cigarettes. Evidently a fraternity house. Directly ahead arose the sober, columnar facade of a library; beyond, other buildings and a grassy hill surmounted by a domed structure resembling a state-house. In the immediate foreground, in front of the sober library, was a baseball game. A crowd—hundreds—surrounded it, the men three deep from home to first base, the girls mostly behind the fielders in the shade of the library. A big farmer-looking youth, with a great bush of fuzzy brown hair, started away for the library. I asked him who was playing. "Laws an' the Agrics!" and as he galloped off he lazily volunteered that everybody hoped the Laws would get soaked because they made such a noise about whenever they won.

Adventure with a Man-Enter

ASCENDED the Hill—almost a mountain for this prairie country—a furlong stretch of lawn climbing up to the main building, and bounded on either side by trees and walks. Classes were in session and the benches were empty. In the shade of a building on the right an evanescent instructor had taken his small class. They sat on the grass, tailor fashion, all but one, intent on their book. This one was a girl in a tan-colored dress that might have been pongee, and a big pink mushroom hat with one stiff rakish black feather. She sat erect, leisurely surveying the world. Some vague emanation that promptly flashed across the intervening distance convinced one that the alpine peaks abstract thought were not those toward which her eyes were irrevocably set. Of course, some co-eds come to have a good time. We gazed at each other fixedly until the building came between. When, a moment later, having passed the building, this same penetrating and analytical inspection was continued from another angle, was conscious of a sudden and delightful exhilaration, as if a lamb might feel galloping gaily around a nagerie tent in front of the caged lions and tigers. With exaggerated slowness I proceeded onward up the hill, looking back now and then at the studious class sitting over their books, and the lone figure sitting very erect and staring—not anxiously nor even curiously, but with a certain air of resignation, as if to say: "You may think this is funny, young man. It's all very well for you. But some day—"

I walked on over the hill and along the lake to the Agricultural School. Another class, all men, sat on the grass in front of the stock pavilion. The lecturer was discussing in-breeding, and the men played mumblety-peg as they listened. Every now and then a cow thrust her head through the fence behind the lecturer and, as approving or protesting, emitted a loud "Moo!" At a very close distance a flock of sheep nibbled grass, and from time to time added to the perfection of this bucolic picture by lifting their heads in a quivering "Ba-a-a!"

Returning past an orchard where more Agrics, one a young man in a blue gingham dress and wide straw hat, were learning horticulture, I passed the game and crossed over to the boat-house. The nearby shore was lined with the boat-houses of fraternity-houses, the launches filled with girls put out by a man and a girl put out from one of the boats in a canoe.

With a delicious skid-jerk I jumped down the float, swung my shell over their heads, and set it lightly on the water. At the same moment two girls came down the wharf next door and climbed into their canoe. One paid any more attention to the co-eds than as if they were butterflies, and the girls showed no more interest in the eight Greek letters than as if they were all members of a family at their own cottage at one of the Wisconsin lakes. After dinner at one of the fraternities we strolled over to one of the girls' sorority houses, chatted on the steps a few moments, just as people were doing all over the Middle West at that hour, and then, two by two, in the fading daylight, drifted up to a concert by the college band on the hill. In the middle of that long stretch of grass stood the band, and all about were men and girls sitting on the grass like some vast picnic party. At the end, when the band struck up the college tune, the whole regiment rose and stood till it was done. Then—things never seem to stop at Wisconsin—we moved to one of the buildings nearby, where another concert began—a piano and violin recital, given as part of their course by two members of a class in music. A young man played a violin; a slender, shy-looking young girl in a pale blue dress—especially frail and delicate—looked beside the great concert grand—played the piano. Her co-ed friends weren't sure that they cared for classical music, but she would feel it if they didn't care, and so they all went and applauded each number till they were worth. She came from a little Wisconsin village through which my train had passed that morning—one of those little stations with a grain elevator, a few stores, and a tobacco warehouse, whence the wicked Wisconsin leaf is made into cigars named after actors—even good actors. The picture of it kept flashing across the concert program with its foreign names—Bach, Saint-Saëns, Gounod.

Many of the Wisconsin co-eds come from just such places, some to be teachers, some because it's cheaper than the usual "finishing" school, some who would go to women's colleges in the East were their State uni-

versity not so highly thought of. Many, like the one I had read about in the last number of the Wisconsin "Lit" that afternoon, came up straight from the farm:

"A solitary wagon was wending its way along a deserted road to the junction. The father was driving; the mother was imparting the usual parting advice. Mamie Doe, pretty, plain, artless Mamie Doe, was dreaming. 'Toot! toot!' went the engine; 'Good-by, little girl,' said the father; 'Write often and study hard,' said the mother; 'I will,' replied Mamie Doe."

Mamie roomed with Winifred Lillian, who owned a motor-car, and she accumulated a Chicago veneer.

"And you, Mamie Doe," continued the undergraduate philosopher, "how do you feel when you get back to the junction? You ought to help with the housekeeping. No more bridge whist after luncheon. At the junction they do not have luncheon; they have breakfast, dinner, and supper."

"No more dances! No more fussers! No more theaters! Everything is changed, is it not? Of course, you like father and mother as well as ever, but they have not been steeped in the quickening atmosphere, and you have just taken a four years' plunge into an inciting whirlpool and your spots have changed."

"And in the warm summer evenings, when you take your solitary walks through the golden cornfields just as the setting sun is washing the parental roof with colors never to be attained by sordid pot-boilers, what are you thinking about? Mind you, you have just dried the dishes. You are yearning for something; you are unhappy; all is not well with the world. Why should not you strive for a higher standard of living? Ambition is, of course, commendable, but often it can not find expression, and then—"

I do not believe that this is at all typical of the effect of university experience on the average sensible, plucky Middle-Western girl, but it is worth quoting, found in an undergraduate paper, and the half-real, half-whimsical objections to girls put forward by the clever young man who wrote it made his college seem a specially interesting place as we walked back that night to my hotel.

"Cows and Co-eds"

WHATEVER its other qualities, it is certainly not a rarefied air the Wisconsin co-eds breathe. The keynote of the place is the accomplishment of practical results. Wholly dependent on the State Legislature, it has had to show that it could give such results. And the Legislature of a Middle-Western agricultural State is not going to spend money on highfalutin bric-a-brac. The work of the agricultural school has, perhaps, been sufficiently celebrated. The undergraduates of the academic wing rear up on their hind legs at the very mention of it—"People think we haven't anything here but cows and co-eds!"

An article in the same paper from which I have already quoted, on "Why is the English Department?" charm-

A managing editor or a producing magazine man can advance you more in an evening's talk than the whole English dept in a semester."

The co-ed is here not only because such an arrangement is a natural sequence to the boy-and-girl high schools, but because it is cheaper for the State to teach both sexes in one place. As the girls said in their recent number of the "Sphinx": "Wisconsin being established for men and women on terms of perfect equality, any discussion of the status quo seems a little beside the mark. The men and women of the State have spoken through properly accredited representatives, and it remains for us respectively to make the best of it and the most of it."

Determinism and Dutch Necks

AND this they generally seem to do with a good sense and good humor which is part of their experience in the grammar and high schools. The girls are subject to few special regulations. Several hundred live in a dormitory with a woman dean, a hundred or so others live in sorority houses with a chaperone of their own; the rest of the one thousand live in boarding-houses. Formerly, men and girls might live in the same boarding-house, but this is now practically discontinued. They can go canoeing and driving and picnicking with each other, just as if they were at home, and there is no bother about chaperones. When a large and rather formal affair is arranged, however, a chaperone is ingeniously thought necessary. The reasoning seems to be that a chaperone is something dressed up and Eastern—very much as you "dine" when you have guests and merely "eat dinner" when alone. Calls on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings are considered legitimate "fussing," but boys who are forever mooning about the sorority houses are rather looked down on as "candy-kids."

The boys assert, and with much reason, that the overwhelming preponderance of girls in, for instance, popular literature classes tends to drive men away and that it often prevents perfect freedom of discussion. With the intention of observing this at close range, I dropped in at a nine o'clock philosophy class the next morning.

The subject was determinism, and the instructor was giving a very interesting criticism of Professor James's ideas of free-will. From where I sat, his head emerged above a large black mushroom hat trimmed with lilies of the valley and pink flowering almonds, and in the same line of vision were various engaging coiffures and backs of necks. It was a delightful May morning. On a branch just outside the open window a robin was amusing himself with his liquid chirp, and the fragrance of fresh grass and leaves that drifted in from the campus mingled with more artificial and disturbing perfumes. I am afraid that my own "sphere of determinism" would have been unprofitably circumscribed by flowering hats and Dutch necks. But that, of course, was as good

an argument for co-education as against it, for the young men who sat about me paid no more attention to these phenomena than to the plaster on the wall. And they drew pictures in their note-books and went to sleep quite like any undergraduates.

In the Shakespeare class, into which I next went, the power of the co-ed to destroy the opposite species was more evident. It was notoriously a "snap" course and almost monopolized by girls. The instructor, a charming old gentleman quite saturated in his subject and removed from the modern world, maintained a fatherly and rather drowsy monologue, answering most of his own questions and every now and then letting fly little whimsical and humorous sparks, which fell quite helplessly against the

opaque perceptions of most of the class. He would have been a charming companion in front of a wood fire on a winter's evening, but he was scarcely the one to compel cerebration in a crowd of indifferent girls.

Having called the roll and carefully marked as "present" those who were there and those for whom some other girl, suddenly remembering instructions and almost popping out of her seat, shrieked "Here!" he opened his "Hamlet" and wondered if Miss Jones knew what "cicatrice" meant. As Miss Jones was quite too bored to reply, he went right on with: "Probably she uses the word 'scab' instead. It is simpler." Miss Jones sighed, and, turning to the girl next to her, rested her elbow on the chair arm and her head on her hand, as if saying: "What a bore the old gentleman is; isn't he, girls?"

"Well, let's continue. When was it that the Danes invaded England?" Could Miss Smith tell that?

"Oh, about a thousand years ago."

Yes, but couldn't she get a little nearer? Was it nine hundred and something or ten hundred and something? What? Did Miss Smith say nine hundred? Because if she did she would be sorry—really, it was ten hundred. And he dreamily wondered if Miss Smith had an English history in her room or did she have to go over to the library for it? She ought to have it on the shelf in her room, because if she was going to be a teacher—however. Now what did Hamlet mean about Laertes and the French bet? (No answer.) Why, Laertes was a sort of dude, wasn't he? (Unsuccessfully suppressed yawns.) He'd been spending his time in Paris, standing down there at the corner of the Boulevard San Michel and the Boulevard San Germain, where they are so terribly dissipated, eh? The old gentleman looked up with a whimsical smile, which met



"Like members of a family at their own cottage on one of the Wisconsin lakes..."

ingly illustrates, however, this same avid hunger for "results" in what is generally a far more dilettante field. The italics are mine:

"When your theme makes a bit, you want to know why it hit, so as to repeat the performance. You want to know the principles of vivid phrasing, the possibilities of plot variation, the trick-work of suspense, the essentials of climax. . . . When a student is making his first fumbling attempts at literature, what he values are crude, concrete, constructive, lunches on the tricks of the trade. What he gets is abstract—a comparison of Arnold's and Pater's theories of style or a line of talk on the Ultimate Motive of True Art. . . . Every literary student has ideals somewhere in his system. . . . There intervene, however, several years during which he will typewrite hackwork to live while he is mastering the craft. It would be ample for his present simple needs to be able to make good with a short story in 'Hampton's.' He wants to know how to swing a surprise ending; how long to make his introduction. Is it a good scheme to make Basil Baskerville look dully out into the wind-swept streets for a few paragraphs or ought Basil to shout 'Marked cards!' at the start of paragraph one? . . . A timely hunch from a man who has been through the mill saves you months of this, but you get few of them from the English dept."

no response from the placid faces of the maidens in front of him. The only thrust that seemed at all to stir them was a remark about Barbary horses. The professor asked if these were not Arabian horses—the kind the young ladies had seen now and then in circuses. This one of the young women disputed with great vigor and stubbornness, declaring that they couldn't have Arabian horses in circuses because they were "too expensive."

It is classes like this, doubtless, of which the vivacious young man whom I have already quoted was thinking when he complained in the "Lit" that the "feathered hordes" were weakening Wisconsin's pristine virility. "The recitation is a function, and the flannel shirt and the unshaven face evoke a stare, the 'hang-over' expression, a suspicion. As you enter the classroom, which is permeated with a delicate perfume, you do not walk, but tread to your seat with a stately, serious mien, and in the next fifty minutes you emulate the reticent clam. The loud outburst, the crude phrase, are arch sins; a voluntary remark is a misdemeanor. The

tone of the classroom is artificial and contaminated. By whom?"

"We are perfectly willing," the girls promptly replied in their issue of the "Sphinx," "to take the blame for those faults which are ours. We are not perfect. But we decline with thanks to be responsible for the idiosyncrasies of the 'bunch' or the follies of the fusser. We don't ask to be worshiped. We have no use in the business of daily life for an aureole or pedestal. They are both troublesome to tote around. We would rather at any time be first-rate human beings than any poor second-rate goddesses. But, for goodness sake, try to be a little human yourselves and remember we can't help being co-eds, and if there are traits in our exceedingly complex characters which seem to you to need nitroglycerine blasts in order to clear them away, at all events be a little jolly about it."

Able, evidently—these young women—to speak for themselves, and in arguments like this generally to get the better of it. After all, by very reason of her comparative maturity, doesn't the co-ed often rather have

the better of it all along the line? The night before I left Madison I went to a reception given to some of the Faculty at one of the sorority houses. It was, perhaps, as representative a group of Wisconsin girls as could have been gathered—girls quite able to take care of their older guests and to meet the social demands of the occasion as gracefully as the girls had met theirs in the Senior room a few nights before at Vassar.

They were ready to step from their own reception-room into almost any social position; ready, were he to appear to-morrow, to invite the Fairy Prince to rise and despair no more. But the boys at whose house I dropped in a moment later to say good-by were in quite another case. They were "bucking" under hot student-lamps, trying to get work to tide over the empty summer, worrying about what they were going to do in the world. Nominally, they met on equal terms the girls with whom they had worked and played during their undergraduate years, but it would be a long time before they could pose as Fairy Princes or, even in the same sense in which the girls were women, could call themselves men.

BUDDHA'S EYE

Its Evil Activity, Its Malevolent Influence Over the Borrold Family, and the Part it Took in the Fate of Milly the Dancer

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS



"The two of 'em compared it with Buddha's Eye"

"I'M AFRAID you've got to die, Lord Bray," says that old blighter from Harley Street.

"Then get out and let me die!" says I. "I don't want to die with you about." And so out goes old Meacham on tippy-toes, looking more than ever like an elderly sheep, and walking like a cat in papers.

Got to die? I'm rather a young one to die! Two-and-twenty.

"Well, I won't deny I've been a bad lot. We've had blood in us, we Borrolds—rotten bad. And I can't say that I've tried very hard to go against the Borrold blood.

Got to die, eh? Well, that'll give young Jerry a chance when the governor shuffles off, and young Jerry's a good lad.

He takes after the mater, bless her! We may not end so awful after all.

Got to die? I don't know as I care. Milly's gone, poor girl! Milly's gone, and, after all, now that I look back at it, it was Milly made things worth while.

Young Jerry'll grow up healthy and straight and decent, and marry some nice pink girl, and the old family'll take a fresh start—now that the curse is off it—Buddha's Eye gone back where it came from.

It was the Eye did for us all, you know.

So I dessay I don't mind dying very much. I should have missed Milly.

How d'you tell a story? Begin at the beginning. I dessay.

Well, this story begins a long way back, but I'll cut it short. Make a quick jump of it.

You see, it begins in a pleasant, jovial way with my great-grandfather looting a temple out in India when he was a young man. That is to say, he helped to loot it. He carried off Buddha's Eye, anyhow. It was during the Mahratta Rebellion.

My great-grandfather fought in that and got a wound at Nahidpore. So he was invalided home, and he and a pal of his called Staines. It seems this chap Staines, while they were on their way down country, heard tell of a temple in a little village that had something special in the way of a statue of Buddha in it. So off he goes, Staines and my great-grandfather with him, to see the Buddha. They were halting that night in the village, you understand.

It wasn't much in the way of a temple, my great-grandfather said, in the account he wrote of the affair later on—the governor let me read it once when he was tight and incautious. It wasn't much in the way of a temple. He'd seen a dozen finer ones. And it was almost deserted—all the country-side was, to be sure—no priests on view, and only a half-dozen filthy, maimed beggars outside the gate. They made their way in and found the place half dark and empty, and smelly the way temples are. But, my great-grandfather said, when their eyes got accustomed to the dark, there was a most tremendous statue of Buddha reared up in front of them, with his head among the rafters. It was the standing-up Buddha, you know, not the squatting down one—the Amida Buddha with his right hand up before him and his left one down—first finger and thumb pinched together—you know. My great-grandfather said the statue must have stood twenty feet high. The two of them came not much above its knees. It was made out of wood, painted and lacquered and gilded, but very old and smoky.

Well, those two chaps stood there for a long time staring up through the half dark at that tremendous Buddha, and finally Staines says:

"What's that on the Johnnie's forehead? What's that on its forehead?" says Staines.

So they stared a while longer, and Staines moved about where he could see better. There was a bit more

light up there near the roof and it struck down across the statue's face.

"By Gad!" says Staines, in a sort of whisper, you understand. "By Gad, that's either a lump of red glass as big as a walnut or it's a ruby worth half of India." And he began to breathe hard.

I dessay you know that those "eyes"—only they ain't eyes at all, they're a head-jewel set in the middle of the forehead—I dessay you know they're often valuable stones—diamonds, rubies, almost anything. They're held to be rather uncommon sacred, and all that, by the native Johnnies.

Well, my great-grandfather said that this Staines chap couldn't take his eyes off the red head jewel on that tremendous Amida Buddha. He went all queer—quite daffy about the thing. He wanted it, you see. There was the most wonderful ruby he'd ever clapped eyes on—or any one else had ever clapped eyes on. There it was twenty feet above him, stuck on the face of a heathen god in a deserted temple. It was a fortune, I dessay, to this Staines man. It seems to have got in his blood all in a minute. He wanted it. My great-grandfather tried to drag him away, but Staines wouldn't go, and so presently my great-grandfather left him there.

When he came back, after an hour, he found the chap where he'd left him, head back, staring up at Buddha. Staines says:

"Jim, there's a way up there. You give me a shoulder," he says, "and I can climb the rest of the distance along the drapery folds. I'm going up."

My great-grandfather didn't like the idea and told Staines not to be a fool, but the man was mad. It had got into his blood, you see.

Jewels are like that, the big ones. There's something damnable about them all.

Well, of course it ended in my great-grandfather after they'd had a look about, giving his shoulder to this Staines chap. Then it seems he went back a few paces to watch.

It was half dark in the place, you remember—black shadows on all sides, and ugly, squatted demigods grinning out of the shadows. A fearful spooky place, you can believe! No place for me. The spookiness began to take hold on my great-grandfather, but he stepped back away and stood there and looked on while his pal climbed up Buddha's arm and then along the horizontal folds of drapery across the body.

"Either the light is very bad," says my great-grandfather, "or that statue ain't steady on its pins, Bill. It appears to me to be wobbling."

Staines looked down once, it seems, but didn't answer—just climbed on. And again my great-grandfather thought the whole tremendous great statue swayed a little on its feet, as if the man's weight was unbalancing it.

Those Buddhas wear their clothes very décolleté, you remember—very much so. Staines got his feet on the décolletage of the statue and held himself by his left arm round the neck. He had a heavy clasp-knife open in his teeth, and he took it in his right hand and reached up and began to hack at the great ruby on Buddha's forehead.

"Look out, Bill!" calls my great-grandfather on more. "It's swaying on its feet." Staines didn't answer.

He was fair mad, you see. He kept on hacking with the clasp-knife.

Then all at once he stopped and was still, his arms down beside him.

It seemed to my great-grandfather that the place was getting darker—especially up high there where Staines was clinging.

Then quite suddenly Staines gave a most terrible

blood-curdling shriek, and after a moment another one. My great-grandfather wrote that each of those horrible shrieks seemed to strike him in the pit of the stomach, and well-nigh paralyzed him. But for all that he ran back farther yet, away from the statue, and turned again to look. He was shivering.

Staines clung up there holding on by Buddha's neck, stiff and rigid, with his head strained back.

"It's alive!" he screamed out. "Oh, my God, its eyes are alive!" And he screamed once more for help, but my great-grandfather was frozen where he stood. You know how you are when you're frightened. Frozen, he was. Paralyzed. He stared up, and it seemed to him that the big eyes beyond Staines's head were glowing as if there might be fire behind 'em—but that may have been the queer light. He never knew.

The next thing he realized was that he was shouting: "Come down! Come down!" But he knew it was too late, for the statue had begun to fall over forward. Staines must have moved suddenly or leaned out too far. Or else—Yes, of course, it must have been Staines that did it.

He never made a sound afterward. He let go with his arms, but his feet stuck where they were, and the man and the statue came over together. My great-grandfather says that after they had begun to fall they seemed to hang there in the air for hours, just poised and still. Then they came with a rush, there was a most infernal roar and splinters of wood flying about and a cloud of dust.

Out of it all something rolled across the floor to my great-grandfather's feet, and what dim light there was in that dark place found it out, so that he said it was like a little stream of bright red blood. But it wasn't blood. It was the ruby—Buddha's Eye. And my great-grandfather picked it up and put it in his pocket. And at that instant the beggars and all came rushing in.

And they found some rags that had been Staines's, and buried 'em.

So that's how Buddha's Eye came into the Borrold family—and some rotten curse came with it that has poisoned the lot of us.

My great-grandfather was already married and had two sons when he went out to India. He lived ten years longer after he returned, you see, and had six sons more. Then he died, raving mad. His wife killed herself a few years later, and then the eight sons began to go—all violent deaths, beginning with the eldest and going straight down the line, so that it was always the head of the family that went—the earl. Seven of 'em died in twenty years without issue until only the youngest was left—my grandfather—and he lived and married, had three sons and two daughters, and then was smashed in the hunting field.

My father was the youngest of that lot, and he had married and I was half-grown before he came into the title. One of the elder brothers was drowned, the other one killed himself just in time to hush up a scandal. The less said about my two aunts the better. I fancy they're still living, somewhere on the Continent, but no one wants to know just where.

Yes, of course. You'll ask why we didn't get rid of that cursed ruby. Well, in the first place, we couldn't, because my great-grandfather had it put into the entail—or whatever the phrase is. So it was family property like the Castle or Denforth House. And, in the second place, it seems never to have occurred to any one for a long time that the ruby had anything to do with our bad luck. The heir was usually told of how the stone came into the family, but nobody else knew. You see, the thing has always been our *cachet*, as you might say. The Borrolds have been famous for the Denforth ruby. There's nothing like it anywhere, and the Countess has to wear it whenever there's a show—balls and big parties and all that. My great-grandmother wore it as a pendant, and she was a big dark woman, half Spanish, so it must have become her very much. But the fourteenth Countess (my mother's the sixteenth) began wearing it, set in the middle of a sort of big pair of diamond wings, as a corsage ornament. So my mother does, too. A fair Saxon type of woman couldn't wear a ruby half the size of a golf ball swinging from her neck. She'd look ridiculous.

I remember very well how my father began to change after he came into the title. By George, I wish I didn't remember so well! You see, we'd lived quite quietly down in Gloucestershire, with not too much money, but enough to come up to town for a month of the season, and go to Switzerland in August. And it was a far cry from all that to Denforth House and the Castle and the big income. My father didn't stand it well. He'd been, before, one of the finest old chaps I ever saw. Yes, by George, the very finest! But he began to drink more than was good for him, and his temper turned sour, and when he was in his cups he was rather a beast.

It was the curse, I'll swear to that.

The mater was broken-hearted. She did all she could, but it was no use. She lost her hold on him. They kept up a sort of pretense before people, went out to parties and all that. When I was at home I'd see them going off, my mother, with that cursed ruby at her breast, and the governor scowling.

He and I didn't get on any too well either. You see, there was some sort of a row at Eton and I had to get out. And then, after a couple of years, I was sent down from Oxford. Rank injustice, that was! And the governor turned on me. Once, when he wasn't quite sober, he called me a lying, epileptic little cad, and I never forgive him. Liar himself! I wasn't epileptic. It's just fainting spells. I've never been very strong, but he always expected me to do the things strong people can do. He never understood me, the governor didn't. He was always unjust to me.

I'd have cut my throat long ago but for the good old mater. God bless her!

Oh, well, I dessay he ain't to be blamed for it all. It was that ruby. None of us ever had a chance—no Borrold of the lot.

Except young Jerry. He's got a chance now, and he's a good clean little lad. He'll ride straight, I promise you.

Then Milly came in.

I dessay you'll have seen Milly at the Palace in those Greek dances of hers, what? She wore a little nightie and waved her arms and skipped about—like Maud Allan and Isadora Duncan, only not so good. I've heard people call Milly a bad lot, but that wasn't true. Milly was as cold as a fish and as hard as nails, and as ambitious as what's-his-name?—Napoleon, but she was too clever not to keep straight. She knew her value, Milly did.

When I first met her she was in the chorus at the Duke of York's, and no visible chance of ever getting any higher; but I made her take dancing lessons—no good to bother about singing, she'd a voice like a crow—and she worked hard, and, after a bit, we got her a small engagement at a cheap hall. That was how she started the nightie dances.

You see—well, I'm afraid I can't tell you very much about Milly, after all. I thought I could, but—The poor old girl's gone now, and when I think of what a hand I had in it, and all that—it comes hard to talk about Milly. I'll cut it short.

She was ambitious, you see. She was playing for high stakes, and at first the stakes were me. Yes, me—heir to earldom and all that rot. Milly'd got the fever for strawberry leaves. She worked hard, played her game all she knew, and, for a time—for a time, mind you!—I was about ready to give in. I don't deny I was fonder of Milly than I've ever been of anybody else. But I got to thinking about the family—and I couldn't quite do it. We've been a rotten lot, some of us, but we've never yet picked our wives out of the chorus, and I couldn't begin it.

Some rumors got to the mater, and she talked to me and mothered me and wept a bit, and—oh, well. I couldn't do it. I dessay it was the mater, God bless her! more than anything else.

Milly was furious, of course, and wouldn't see me for a month. I dunno just how I got through that month. But she liked to have me about. I didn't bore her, you see. And so, after a time, we went on again. I had a habit of dropping into her flat in the afternoon, and I fancy Milly missed me. So I was allowed to come back.

That wasn't her last try. Not by a good deal! There was young Horsham—silly little ass!—She almost had Horsham, but his people found it out and packed him off to the Riviera. I heard it said they bought Milly off, and maybe they did. I don't know. She came out in some extra fine black pearls just about then. She had a passion for jewelry—the only passion she owned.

Then Milly and the governor fell in with each other.

The silly old goat!

I could have poisoned him. Not on Milly's account. I wasn't afraid there. Milly was far too wise to encourage married men. It was the mater I was thinking of.

Still, who's to blame the poor old beggar? He wasn't himself, in those days.

It hit him hard, you know. It was the first time, so far as I ever heard, that he'd looked away from the mater—and Milly was a kind of new world to him. She took him off his feet.

Why she let him hang about her I never knew. That was a mystery. But she did—more or less. Just enough to drive him crazy. He talked to me about it once or twice. It turned me sick. The poor mad old beggar!

And the worst of it was that the mater found out. She'd got used to his bad temper and his drink and all, but this was one too much. It nearly broke her heart. She got thin and white, and I wanted more than ever to poison him.

We had a jaw about it, the mater and I. I tried to smooth her down—told her just what sort Milly was, and that she'd never let it come to anything serious—too clever by half for that. But of course the mater wouldn't believe me. You see, odd as it sounds, she'd never got over being in love with her husband, and I gathered that she didn't believe it possible for any woman to resist him. I could have laughed if it hadn't been too pathetic.

Just when Buddha's Eye came on to the carpet I never knew. If I remember right, I heard of it first from the governor in a maudlin sort of talk we had. He'd been raving on, thirteen to the dozen, about how miserable he was, and this and that. I didn't listen very close, but all at once I pricked up my ears because he was talking about the ruby.

He wanted to give it to Milly!

Of course he was quite mad, but even madmen can do a lot of harm. I talked to him like a Dutch uncle—called him hard names, I dessay, and he called me a few names back.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. The man was serious!

When I found out that he really meant what he said, I wasted no more time on him; I went straight to Milly's flat, and we had it out.

Well, she was mad, too. At first she laughed and denied it, then got red, and, when I put the thing to her straight off, she stood up and defied me.

She actually meant to have Buddha's Eye!

I told her that the governor had no more right to give her the ruby—or sell it or dispose of it in any way—than he had to dispose of the jewels in the Tower of London. It wasn't his. It was Denforth property—entailed. Well, I might as well have talked to the wall. You know how women are. If they set their hearts on a thing, they can't see that the law has anything to do with it.

Quite mad, she was! Her eyes, you know—all different from usual—bright and shining. Milly'd met her match at last—found her one real passion and gone



"On 'er knees before that Thing, with 'er 'ands over 'er face"

down before it. She'd have sold her soul—if she had one—for Buddha's Eye.

It seems she saw the cursed thing first one gala night at the opera, where she'd got some man to take her. My mother was there with the ruby on, and Milly spent the evening staring at it through a glass.

She seems to have been hit like that chap Staines—bowed over absolutely. She went home and lay awake thinking about it. You know how they are, women! And always, after that time, she thought about it, night and day—couldn't think of anything else—couldn't sleep. It began to seem to be the only thing in the world, and after a bit she began on the poor old governor about it.

There must have been a queer streak in Milly all the time.

No, I hit it before when I said she had just one passion, and that for jewelry. All the other passions, human ones, that she ought to have had, and didn't have, had got twisted into that one direction.

I told her that if the governor ever came to be fool enough and criminal enough to give her the Denforth ruby, I'd go straight to the police. Milly looked me in the eye and dared me to do it. She knew she had me there. She knew I wouldn't risk the scandal on the mater's account.

Then, a few days later, the governor had an inspiration. It was a nasty, contemptible one, and I hate to tell it of him, but you must remember that the poor old chap wasn't himself. I blame no Borrold for anything.

We never had a chance, any of us. I came on him one morning in his study, sitting over a table with a little foxy foreign party, and on the table between 'em was a heap of rubies and a jeweler's scale.

The governor looked flustered when I came in and then angry. Then the little foxy man went away, and I heard what it was all about. It seems there's a new way of manufacturing rubies. You take a lot of little ones—chips and all that—and fuse 'em, and make a big one out of the mess. So the thing's a real ruby—color right—weight right—deceive anybody, even dealers. Only the experts can tell. There's a name for the things, but I forget it.

The governor was having an imitation of Buddha's Eye made to trick Milly with.

I gasped a bit, and I didn't like it. I told him so, straight out. I told him it was too dashed low, but—well, he was a madman. You couldn't do anything with him. He didn't see the hundreds of difficulties in the way. He only saw what he wanted.

A fortnight later the stone came. The little foxy foreigner brought it, and the two of 'em compared it with Buddha's Eye, and weighed it and pawed it over. The little man got his check for a thousand pounds (these things ain't cheap, you see), and went away. Then the governor's secretary called him out of the room and I was left there alone.

It came to me in a sort of a flash—all in a quick flash.

The two rubies were lying on a square of cotton wool together, for they'd taken Buddha's Eye out of its setting to compare 'em, you see. The wrong stone had a bit of white paper stuck on one side to mark it from the other. And the settings were there beside—the double wing thing for Buddha's Eye and a queer band for the new one, because it seems Milly wanted to wear it on her forehead, set in a band of gold.

All in a flash it came to me, and the room went round for a bit.

It seemed to me that I looked backward and saw all the horrors that miserable stone had brought to the Boreld family—all the fine, clean, decent men it had smashed, all the women it had brought sorrow to—or worse. And I looked forward and saw more of it—generations to come ruined by a curse.

And the way out was as easy as turning over your hand.

It was like one of the inspirations these Johnnies have who write poetry or music.

You see the point, don't you? Nobody'd ever know. Before this imitation stone was made, the thing was insane—impossible. If the governor had given away Buddha's Eye then, it couldn't have been kept dark for a fortnight. There'd have been a most frightful smash-up. But now, who'd ever know? The mater would go about wearing the new stone, and the women of the family after her to the end of time. Who'd ever think of testing the Denforth ruby to see if it was genuine?

As for Milly with her new ornament, people would laugh and call it glass.

I'd lectured the poor governor about doing a dirty trick. This one of mine was dirtier still, but I found I didn't care. The only thing I could think of was that maybe now the curse could go from off the Borelds, and I could be the one to send it.

I found it had to be done and I did it. It was so easy! I wet the little bit of white paper, loosed it, and stuck it on Buddha's Eye.

And the back of my head felt cold and I wanted a drink.

Then presently the governor came back, and with him the little ruby-maker's assistant, who was to put the stones in their settings, and I got away.

No, I'm not sorry I did it. In spite of everything, I'm glad, though now I come to the part of all this that's hardest to tell. It ain't easy to tell it, but I'll get on—and be quick.

That was on Thursday, late in the afternoon, and we'd a dinner party, political, at Denforth House in the evening. The next morning rather early I was turning into Piccadilly out of St. James Street. I was going to old Lord's in the Arcade to look at some ties and things, but at the corner a newsboy scuttled past, shouting out about an "orrible murder," and I caught a name. I had a glimpse of the yellow bill he was holding, and the name was there, right enough.

Things went black about me.

I don't remember getting into a taxicab, but I found I was in one and half way to the circus when I came to. So I must have given the address. You see, Milly had moved out of her flat a couple of months before and into some rather queer lodgings in Soho, because she said she wanted more space. She wanted a large room to practise her dances in, and she got it, and had one wall covered with tall mirrors so that she could see what she was about.

There was a little knot of people before the door of the house—just standing there idle and gaping, but I pushed through them and went in. A pair of police officers on guard at the foot of the stair stopped me, and I had to tell them who I was. Then they were very civil and made no trouble for me. I ran up the stairs. Milly's door was ajar, and the old hag who kept the place—her name was Mink—sat just inside it, rocking herself back and forth in a chair and sniveling. And she reeked to high heaven of gin.

I caught her by the arm, and she blinked up at me

and her mouth fell open. I shook her and cried out: "Where is she? Where have they put her?" or something like that.

I could hardly speak.

The hag told me that they'd taken her away, and told me where. I was for rushing off, but the woman held me. She was weeping aloud. I made out that there was some horrible reason why I shouldn't see what was left of poor Milly.

And then that shaking, sniveling, gin-soaked old woman told me the most incredible tale. I don't expect you to believe it. I don't know whether I believe it or not. She told it all feet-foremost, heels-over-head, weeping and crying out and repeating herself. And I sat in a chair with my head between my hands, and tried to think I'd gone mad. I dessey one of us had—one or both.

In the first place—to put it more or less in order—it seems the governor had come there between twelve and

"And the smell! A queer smoky smell—like shootin' crackers. Maybe you smell it when you come in, me lord? It's 'ere still."

I began to shiver a little.

"Get on!" says I.

"It was bigger, the room was—and 'igher—like as if the roof 'ad been took off. Only there was a roof, away up, because I could see the rafters. And all the candles was out. I couldn't see them nowheres. And the plice was dark—not black dark, but dim.

"And up in the middle of it, across from the door, was a *Grite Thing!*—a figger of a woman, like, as 'igh as a 'ouse, with its 'ead away up amongst the rafters. The woman 'ad short 'air all in little reg'lar knots—like a sort of cap, and a yellow fice, dirty gold color, and slanting eyes, like Chinese eyes, and ears with the lobes of them pulled down long. And she 'ad on a kind of dressing-gown, like it might 'ave been a bath-robe, me lord, 'anging in folds, and open down on 'er breast.

"And there was a wound just in the middle of 'er forred."

I fancy I cried out, there, and hid my face. And I know that I was cold all through and shaking. I wanted to stop the hag and have done with it all—and I wanted to get away, because I was afraid. But I couldn't stir. And she went on in her scared whisper, speaking as if she saw what she told about before her. I think I could have screamed.

"There it stood, this 'ere *Grite Thing*—woman or wotever it was—a tower-ing up in the 'alf dark quite still, only its eyes were alive—like there was fire in them.

"And I couldn't move 'and or foot. "At first I 'adn't seen Miss Montmorency at all. I thought she'd gone along with the rest of the room. But after a minute I saw 'er—just a w'ite wisp on 'er knees before that *Thing*, with 'er 'ands over 'er fice.

"And once more she cried out—try-ing-like to scream, but it wasn't a scream. She couldn't.

"And the *Thing* bent over forward, and its eyes burnt red, and it stretched out one grite 'and, and caught 'er up in it. It caught up Miss Montmorency in its 'and like she was a little doll, and 'eld 'er in the air.

"She dangled there up over my 'ead, quite still and limp.

"And the *Thing* put out its other 'and—and— Oh, my Gawd! I can't—it was like—"

I called on her to stop. I felt that I couldn't bear any more, but the hag seemed to be under some sort of a spell. She didn't seem to hear me.

"And then it dropped 'er! From away up 'igh it dropped 'er on the ground, and she lay there without moving—just like a little twisted w'ite rag. And I saw the rooby shining red on the *Thing's* forred where the wound 'ad been.

"And then I found I could stir at last, and I ran out on the stair, screaming, and the door banged be'ind me.

"People came. And finally the police."

There was a lot more of it. The old woman went driveling on as if she couldn't stop. But it was mostly repetition, and calling God to witness that she'd told the truth, and what the police said, and what she'd said to them. It seems she'd had the sense not to tell them what she'd told me. I wonder just what tale she did give 'em? I fancy I didn't pay much attention. I was seeing horrors just then.

I asked her if she could find me a drink of something, and she brought me brandy in a glass-and-silver decanter I'd once given Milly. I drank a stiff peg of it, but it couldn't warm me. I rather think I've never been warm since.

I heard voices outside on the stair, and one of the policemen opened the door and the governor came in. He'd seen a newspaper, too, at his club, and his face was ghastly.

I couldn't talk, but the old woman went over her incredible tale again. Her sort seem to revel in horrors. And the poor old governor covered his face with his hands and heard her through. Only once, when Mrs. Mink began to describe the "*Grite Thing*," the woman "as 'igh as an 'ouse," he looked up and caught my eye, and I saw him go yellow and limp. He seemed to shrivel quite literally.

We got out of the place, leaving our names with the police officers, in case we should be wanted later, and I put the governor into a cab and took him home. I was bad enough, God knows! but the governor was worse. He was like a little bewildered child. I almost had to carry him into the cab, and, at Denforth House, out of it.

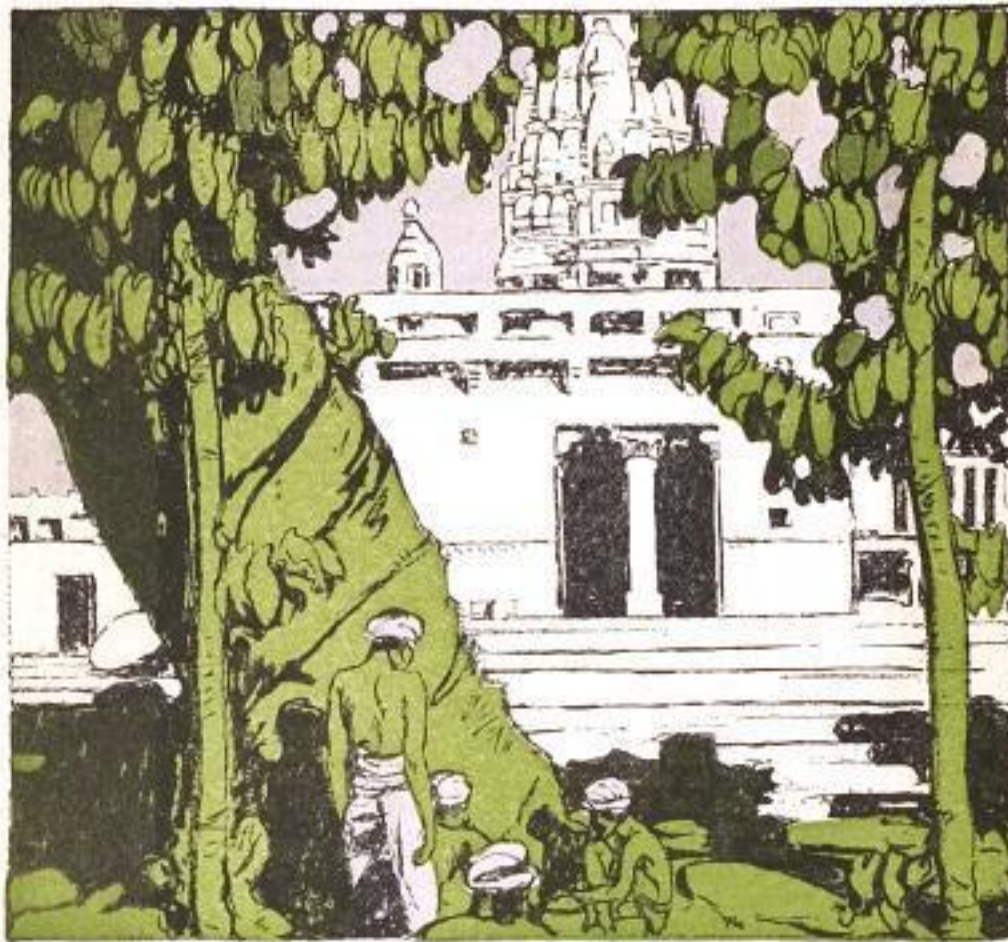
I got him to bed, and he stayed there for two days. We told the mater he'd had some sort of a stroke in his club.

Well, that's about all there was of it. The governor got up after two days, and he was like a man who'd been mad, but was sane again. But it had taken something out of him, you know. He was older. His bounce was gone.

We talked it over together in his study, quite open and frank. We didn't keep anything back. And I remember that, all at once, the governor gave a cry and said:

"Good God, Charlie! d'you realize what happened? He got the wrong stone. He made a mistake. What if He finds out and comes back?" And the poor old chap began to tremble. But I shook my head.

"No, he didn't, governor," says I. "He got the right one." And I told him what I'd done.



In the shabby village Buddha's Eye abides once more in the dark old Temple

one the night before. The woman let him in, but didn't know who he was.

"A tall, thin gentleman, me lord, with gry 'air and a gry mustache and an eyeglass. I let 'im in. It's no business o' mine 'oo comes 'ere—nor yet at w'ot 'our. But 'e didn't stop no more than five minutes!

"I look 'im 'arf wy up the stair and pointed out Miss Montmorency's door. She might a been expecting 'im, for she'd 'ad a message early in the evenink.

"The gentleman says:

"I've brought it, Milly! It's 'ere.' An' she gives a little glad kind of ery, and the door shut to be'ind them.

"Then in five minutes, or less, the gentleman comes down the stair agyne, an' I let 'im out. 'E gave me 'alf a quid. An' his eyes was very bright. 'E looked 'appy.

"It might a been a quarter of a nour later, Miss Montmorency called to me, and I went up. She was in 'er w'ite dancin' dress with bare arms an' legs. I was fair ashamed to look at 'er. An' on 'er forred she 'ad a grite red jewel—as big as an 'alf crown—or bigger yet. Fastened there by a gold band, it was. And she'd lit a lot of candles and stuck them about the plice, and the light of them struck on that red stone—she said it was a rooby—an' it looked like fresh blood.

"She was 'alf wild. An' no wonder.

"She stood in front of the lookin' glasses with 'er arms up, and took some dance steps, and that red rooby flashed like a—like a red signal light on the riley line.

"She says that she's going away to-morrow—meaning to-dy, me lord—for a week. An' then she's coming back to dance at the Palace agyne, wearin' 'er red rooby.

"So I went out and down the stair. She never even knew I went. She was staring at 'erself in the glass.

"Maybe it was a nour later. Maybe 'alf a nour. I'd dozed off in me chair—awaitin' up for Mink. There came a most 'orrible long scream. A sort of screech, it was. And then another. 'Orrible!

"I says to meself, 'She's been and set 'erself afire with them candles!' And got upstairs as quick as I could run. The third floor back 'e stuck 'is 'ead out and says:

"'For Gawd's sake, 'oo's killed? Call the p'lice!' But I didn't answer 'im. I opened 'er door an' went in."

The woman's face turned quite yellow there, and she began to whimper and shake. She went on, whispering:

"It was all chinged. The room was all chinged. It wasn't the sime room at all."

I stared at the old harridan, thinking she might be drunk. But she wasn't. She was frightened half to death, but she wasn't drunk.

"What the deuce d'you mean?" says I. "How was the room changed?" And she began to whimper again, wringing her hands.

"All chinged it was," she said in her scared whisper.

"It was like—opening a door and going quite unexpected into another 'ouse—that you 'adn't never seen before.

for a minute, you know, a touch of his old temper back and he got fierce and red. Then he sat still a long time, and at last stuck out one hand with- looking up. And I took it. "It's gone," says the governor. "Praise God! the is gone. Maybe we shall have a chance now, we olds." The mater came into the room, and when she saw started to back out again, saying: "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know any one was here."



A youth who wanted a job

WILLARD, the city editor of the best daily paper in Chicago, became conscious of some one standing at his elbow. Growing impatient at last, he looked up. But it was no member of the staff, nor a boy with a alley proof, nor a grouchy printer, nor, in fact, any one who had any business to be there. Instead, a youth who wanted a job. Four times in two weeks he had been told there was no chance. Yet here he was again—and this time he had "broken in." The city editor turned fairly about to tell that youth a few things. He knew what the would-be reporter had to say. He had heard it all at least twice. He had worked on four daily papers in Michigan. He could get a story if anybody else could. He knew Chicago well enough not to get lost. And so on and so on. The usual talk of a man hunting for a job. It sounded right, but the fact was that the city editor had about one hundred too many, and there was really no chance. This he was about to impress on the applicant in his own inimitable ice-cold way, when the youth spoke. "There was a flutter in his throat, and his words were not those of assurance, self-possession, or the set speech of other days. "For God's sake, won't you give me an assignment—anything." He could say no more. His voice broke on the last word, and he stood with trembling lips. The words of disapproval in the editor's mind stood still. Emotion and newspaper work do not travel hand in hand. It is the beginning and the end of that game to laugh at tears, freeze pity from the heart, and mock one's soul. And the city editor had been at the game twenty years. On none of the four occasions before when the youth had called had he betrayed any emotion. Willard had rather liked him for that if nothing else, and now—and now the lad had "let go all holds." He had "quit." He was beaten. History does not tell us that hunger was ever tried on the young Stoics of Rome. Youth will endure so long as the gnawing comes from without, but within—that's unfair. Perhaps such a thought ripped through the mind of the coldest city editor of his time—and in all times and times city editors have been as bloodless as the stinging sleet of a winter's night. Never had Willard been moved by hard-luck stories, never had he given anything to one who had weakened. He was a part of the most merciless machine invented since the beginning of time. Hence it could not have been emotion or pity that caused him to reach toward the lad under

But the governor went to her and took her by the shoulders, and he said:

"Agatha, I've been a mighty bad lot—a bad husband to you, though not as bad as you may think. There's no excuse for me, but I'm sorry. D'you think you could take me back?"

The mater put her head down on his coat and began to cry, and I got out of the room.

So you see it seems to be all right again—all right for everybody but me.

Bread on the Waters

The Young Reporter and the Newspaper Man of the Old School

By PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by H. E. TOWNSEND

which his assignment notes lay. No, it must have been the hand of fate. He did not even look at the slip of paper his fingers lifted from the desk. He simply handed it to the starving lad and said:

"What it's worth."

The youth could not speak. He turned away with a flush of joy that brought tears to his eyes. Some hours later he laid his copy on Willard's desk and took a seat in the outer office. An hour passed. He was told the city editor wanted him. He walked in and stood.

"What's the name?" asked Willard.

"Carter—George Carter," he replied.

"Regularly," said the editor, and turned back to his desk.

In a year it is doubtful if the two men spoke beyond the orders and brief conversation necessary between editor and reporter. He was a good man, and Willard saw to it that Carter got the top salary paid. Willard wanted to keep him. But another paper sent for him. Carter went to Willard and told him.

"Go, if you can do better," said Willard, without resentment. And Carter went. Willard realized that Carter was playing the game according to its rough and tumble, "save himself who can" rules, and, while he was sorry to lose so good a man, admired him.

Years passed. They met sometimes and spoke, and that was all. Each went his way. There was never a thank you for the first assignment, never a reference. Willard was still the city editor, Carter became a star reporter. Then something happened in the newspaper world. The sensational, "yellow" methods hit Chicago like a hot wind. To Carter it meant a better chance and more money. He was young and learned the new trick quickly. Not so with Willard. He was past forty. He had been reared in the old legitimate school of news-gathering, and he resented the cesspool and burglar methods to his last drop of blood. It could not prevail, he argued, and held to his old forms. With a stubbornness born of indignation, he ran his paper "as a gentleman should" until the circulation began to fall away. He was sent for and asked to change his methods. He refused point-blank, and was discharged on the spot.

He went forth to find a job. But the world had changed in the ten years he had been "holding down a city desk." It was the "yellow" methods, he argued, but one day an editor dropped the word "old" in speaking of him. Finally he found himself at a copy desk, but it did not last, as he would not allow sensational writing to pass his blue pencil. Then he began to drift, and "poor old Willard," as Chicago knew him, was spoken of as a relic of other days. But his soul was resolute, and the old school dignity held him together as he tore a meager living from the clutch of circumstances.

It was all different with Carter. He became a pace-maker for sensationalists. He was made assistant, then city editor of Chicago's biggest daily. Cold, merciless, without regard for living or dead, he played the game to the limit. Within five years from the day Willard had given him his first chance, he had gone as far as he thought was worth while in a town of Chicago's size. He quit the best job in town, and went to New York. And he went to work at once.

Not at as good a job as he had left, but good enough for one who could master Chicago in five short years. Within six months he fixed his eye on a certain mark, and began to climb to that.

Willard stayed on in Chicago a year or two. Then he began to drift Eastward—he and his wife. They had been pals always, and in the twenty years since he had married her, a fresh, straight thinking girl, they had known nothing but love. Her belief in him was supreme.

His attitude of mind toward sensationalism she shared as faithfully as his meager bed and board. They might starve, but they would at least keep their own self-respect. He read copy, wrote editorials, and did everything that a man of his age could do, but some way,

"I'm afraid you've got to die, Lord Bray," says that old blighter Meacham.

All right! Who cares? Young Jerry'll be a better man than I could ever have been. I was done for long ago. A bad lot. I'm not denying it.

It's a bit young to go, but I don't think I care much about living on now that poor Milly's gone. I was fond of Milly. And yet, in a way, I killed her, didn't I?

I should like to find Milly, wherever she is, and explain that I didn't mean it.



A thin, gray old man entered

somehow, something of his resentment toward the monster sensationalism which had robbed his profession of dignity crept in until he was put down for a crank and passed along.

Finally he reached New York. It was on the day that Carter had reached his goal. But Willard did not know; in fact, he likely had forgotten Carter. And he began the search for work. An old man looking for a job on a newspaper. Not feeble, not helpless, not incompetent, not old, really, save to a newspaper. They remembered him, some of the men in high places; some had worked with him, some for him. But he was old. That ended it.

Weeks crept by—then months. He borrowed a little money, and somehow they lived—he and his wife with the soft voice and the lovelight in her eyes.

EVERY wave must recede, and one tires of the B flat cornet as a musical instrument. Carter, in the very height of his newspaper manhood, saw the coming of another age. Sensationalism had been overdone. While it was clear that newspapers would never go back to the old methods, it was just as clear that something must be done. Why not bring back some of the old things that were good, he argued. The idea evolved as the days went on until Carter knew exactly what he wanted. And that was a paragraph—a good, old-time, caustic paragraph. He laid out the space for the stuff, knew exactly how it would look, and was certain it would be read—could he but get the right man. But who? It was a lost art.

And then the hand of fate opened his office door, and a thin, gray, old man entered. He stood close to the door, his hat in his hand. It was Willard, whipped at the end of five years. There was nothing of the old spirit. His wife was ill and starving, and he had "let go all holds."

"For God's sake, won't you give me something to do—anything."

The words came from trembling lips. The voice broke with despair. He did not know Carter. The years had changed him.

Carter's heart stopped at the cry of the beaten man. He reached for a copy of his paper that lay at hand and turned to the page on which he intended the paragraphs to appear. Then he picked up a pencil and drew a rude circle.

"There," he said, indicating the place. "Four columns wide, eight inches deep. Old-time paragraphs, Mr. Willard, six days a week, so long as I am managing editor here and you live."

The Automatic Senators

By MARK SULLIVAN

O. K.

Composite photograph
of the Senators whose
names are printed in
lists on this page

into a simple picture—has represented clambering happily about Senator Aldrich's chair, the Senators who always vote as Aldrich tells them.

In the Senate discussion of the new tariff there have been upward of a score of votes in which each Senator has been compelled to go on record for or against the duty proposed by Mr. Aldrich. Many of these votes have been on minor, unimportant schedules. From among them we have selected these eight as being important and representative:

Lumber	Sugar	Iron ore	Cotton
Cutlery	Lead	Earthenware	Pig-iron

We print now the names of those Senators who have voted with Mr. Aldrich on every one of these schedules. In each case the duty in question was dictated by Mr. Aldrich as chairman of the Finance Committee. Then when the balloting came to determine whether this duty should be adopted Mr. Aldrich always voted first (the fact that his name begins with A was in the beginning one of the strategic sources of his power), and after him dutifully came all the Senators whose names are printed below, voting, in every case, exactly as Mr. Aldrich voted. They have had no ideas on the tariff that Mr. Aldrich didn't have first. The communities they represent have no business interests more to be considered than Mr. Aldrich's dictation. A charitable person might assume, although the assumption would cripple the law of averages, that in seven out of the eight schedules the ideas of these thirty-eight Senators, and the interests of their communities, would coincide with what Mr. Aldrich dictates; but eight times out of eight is, to borrow a phrase from the contemporary classics, "going some." The Senators who have voted with Mr. Aldrich on every one of the schedules are these:

Brandegge of Connecticut	Kean of New Jersey
Briggs of New Jersey	Lodge of Massachusetts
Burnham of New Hampshire	Oliver of Pennsylvania
Burrows of Michigan	Page of Vermont
Carter of Montana	Penrose of Pennsylvania
Dixon of Montana	Perkins of California
Flint of California	Piles of Washington
Gallinger of New Hampshire	Root of New York
Guggenheim of Colorado	Scott of West Virginia
Hale of Maine	Smoot of Utah
Heyburn of Idaho	Stephenson of Wisconsin
	Wetmore of Rhode Island

The following Senators must be added to the list above. Their record is exactly the same except that upon some schedule each of them was either absent or "paired." (For example, Senator Frye of Maine is permanently "paired" with Senator Tillman of South Carolina. This merely means that whenever Tillman is absent, Frye does not vote.) This list is distinguished from the other merely to be technically correct. No man on either list voted against Aldrich on any schedule:

Bradley of Kentucky	Dillingham of Vermont
Bulkeley of Connecticut	Elkins of West Virginia
Clark of Wyoming	Frye of Maine
Crane of Massachusetts	Nixon of Nevada
Cullom of Illinois	Smith of Michigan
Dewey of New York	Sutherland of Utah
Dick of Ohio	Warner of Missouri
	Warren of Wyoming

With this faithful band as a nucleus, and a few Democrats on one schedule, a few other Democrats on another, Aldrich has been able to be an autocrat. *Their servility has made his autocracy possible.*

Aldrich

WE wish the insurgents were less restrained in their attitude toward Aldrich. Some of them are very much terrified by his one conspicuous power, his ever-present threat, always hinted at, but never put in execution, to read them out of the Republican party. When Aldrich called the opposition a "heterogeneous combination," Beveridge, who is among the less courageous of the insurgents, began to search his soul for sounds to tell how good a party man he is. Cummins is more debonair. Said he:

"Mr. President, evidently some of my Republican associates have been a little disturbed at the suggestion that they are Democrats. That has long ago ceased to disturb me. A certain kind of republicanism has been calling me a Democrat

for the last six or eight years, and I have become so accustomed to the charge that I can hear it with unruffled composure; and I hope that these friends of mine, who seem to think that the country at large will regard that as a disparagement, will take courage, because there is an intelligence abroad now that weighs the opinions of men and determines the position of men without regard to appellations and without regard to the attempt here or elsewhere to expel men from the Republican Party, because they are not willing to accept the Republican doctrine as it is expounded by those who are about us."

Nevertheless, as to most of the insurgents, the party fetich is at once Aldrich's club and his defense. If it were a matter of man to man, and the insurgents were free to say outright what they feel about Aldrich, that autocrat's power would melt to limpness. La Follette is the one man who gives his indignation free rein and defies Aldrich to his face. No well-informed person will give Aldrich credit for any higher motive than service to the organized wealth which he represents. This Senator is not a pleasant public character. His financial relations with the powerful capitalists who profited by his work in making a former tariff have already been told in print. Still later, when the Dingley bill was being made, Aldrich entered into a conspiracy with William Whitman, of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, by which Whitman's confidential man, North, was secretly permitted to write the woolen schedule, for which North received \$5,000 from the Association. During the present session Aldrich has been caught repeatedly in false statements designed to further his own ends. Where he can be, he is bullying and brutal; where he must be, as to some Southern Democrats, he is fawning and truckling.

Urbanity

SENATOR ALDRICH, speaking of Senator Beveridge, achieved this euphemism for the shorter and uglier word:

"It seems to me there are some Senators who are without imagination at all. I do not think the Senator from Indiana belongs to that class, because I think he has an inflated imagination."



Mr. Aldrich's Senators

For the proper names of these amusing little manikins, read the list of Senators printed on this page

This is characteristic of the vulgar bullying with which Senator Aldrich intimidates some of the younger Senators who oppose him. Senator Beveridge has faults of boyish zeal and self-consciousness, and even of taste; which, quite fairly, make older Senators smile at him, but there is not a more conscientious man in the Senate. Senator Aldrich's misstatements of fact have no relation to an excited imagination—they are entirely cold-blooded, intended to deceive, and part of his general determination to achieve the purposes of organized wealth.

From a Prime Minister

THE statesman who uttered these words has been dead a good many years. He was a free trader, but we would match his wisdom against the spirit that has made the present tariff:

"I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who from less honorable motives clamors for protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food—the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

The eloquence which lies in the simplicity of that paragraph has not been matched in this Congress.

Collier's maintains at Washington an office in charge of a legislative expert who will be glad to answer any questions concerning the work of Congress and the Government at Washington. Address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Week

THERE has been no sudden flare-up among the kingdoms, nor as yet any renewal of recent hostilities. Turkey continues more placid than her enemies had hoped.

Germany, observing that Great Britain does not care to play the game of being a public enemy, has grown irritated and even bitter in a few of her statesmen. Lord Rosebery's use of "that threatening and overpowering preparation for war" proved not to be a winsome method of doing a neighbor.

London, and indeed all England, has been entertained by the Imperial Press Conference—threescore proprietors, editors, and managers of newspapers read by subjects of the King in his dominions overseas. Here were concentrated in one group the creators of public opinion in the Empire.

France has been eyeing the passing of the man who founded the great Parisian store, Magazines, where all good Americans go when they buy. Chauchard died and was gathered to his fathers in a pompous emporium funeral, and wearing four pearls on his waistcoat, the market of which, so Paris thought, would better have been the hungry or bought some joy for children.

The procession and final rites were hooted and jeered in the deft way of the boulevardiers. It is well become a saying in Paris to mark a bonfire or a merriment: "I haven't laughed so since Chauchard died."

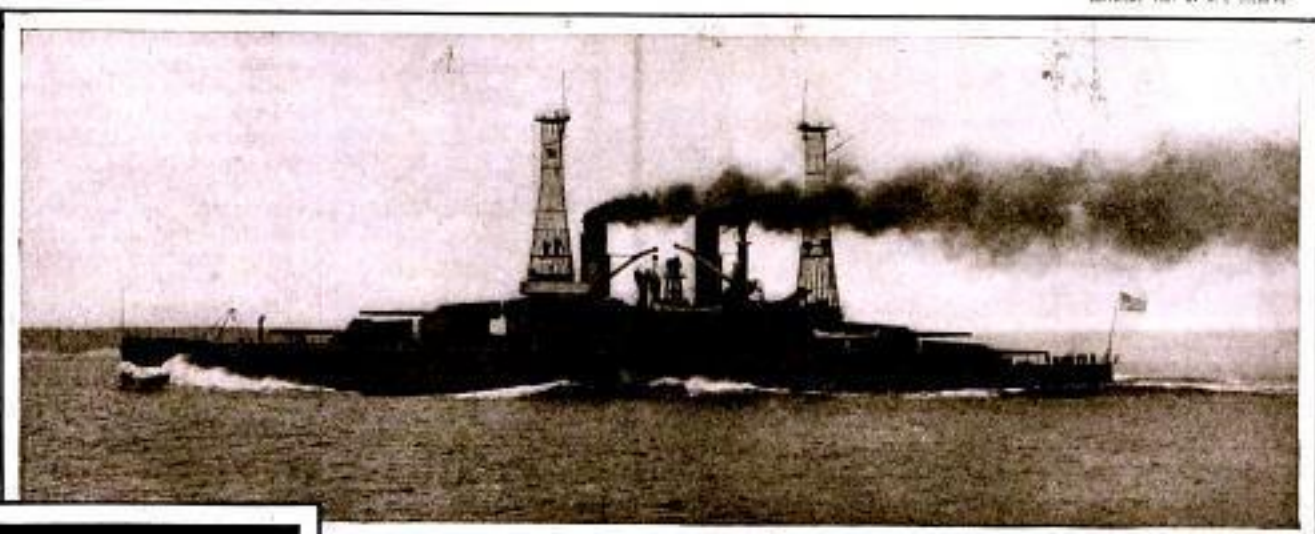
In the home country prosperity is not only promised, but it seems assured, if crops and money are a basis for hope.

In Washington the atmosphere of the week has been in a state of liquid air—hot and moist—has been visibly depressed our statesmen. Nightly the Senate has been thronged to hear the deep rolling voice of La Follette and the other surges beating themselves, like waves on a breakwater, against the high-tariff ramparts. The Wright family, all of whom fly, spent a dashing day in the capital city, and were much honored and little moved. The President looks fatigued and careworn. The job does not sit lightly on competent shoulders.

The Wright Family in Washington

ALL through the Washington day of honor for the Wrights, that which colored every situation—the welcome at Union Station, the breakfast at the New Willard, the large reception at the Cosmos Club, the President's welcome and presentation at the White House—was their invincible modesty.

Four hundred people were swirling around the refreshment tables at the Cosmos Club—stout diplomats, men radiating importance, an ex-President's daughter. The Wright family were lost in that crowd. Occasionally the eye would pick them up quietly chatting with a neighbor or looking out for the sister, who was a happy little woman that day. But it was impossible to make them the center of any group. You feel that they want



The U.S.S. "Michigan" on Her Trial Trip

The battleship developed a speed of 20.01 knots

In appreciation of the industry and courage of the people of San Francisco in rebuilding their burned city, the French people, through their Ambassador, M. Jusserand, presented to the city, on June 5, a medal of commemoration. It was received with appropriate ceremony by Mayor Taylor and other notables.

France Praises



The \$360,000 Holbein

This portrait of the Duchess of Milan, loaned by the Duke of Norfolk to the National Gallery, was about to be sold to an American bidder, when a gift of \$40,000 from an unnamed person, said to be a woman, saved the picture to the English nation.



Mr. Taft is the first President since George Washington to give official recognition to air-flight. Washington is reputed to have witnessed a balloon ascension. It was the first whole-hearted piece of recognition for the Wrights that has emerged from the "seat of government." But all past neglect was swallowed up in the hearty, humorous appreciation of Mr. Taft, sincere as the man himself who said it and the men to whom he said it. They stood there so simply and quietly, beaming back at the President as he jested about their slowness and his heft, and then, with lowered head, they heard him say that they had probably laid down for all time the principles on which heavier-than-air navigation will proceed. That modest mien of theirs finally moved the President to close his speech with a tribute to the men that, unagitated, have stood before kings.

Major George O. Squier, of the Signal Corps, says: "In the case of the Wright Brothers it is desired to associate the Signal Corps of the army publicly and officially with the present universal recognition of their work in advancing the science and art of aviation. These results have been due to the persistence, daring, and intelligence of these American gentlemen, to whom the whole world is now paying homage. It will ever be recorded that the classic series of public demonstrations first made by Orville Wright at the Government testing grounds at Fort Myer, Virginia, in September, 1908, and by Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, France, made a profound impression throughout the world, and kindled especially the patriotic spirit of the American people."

Edward Everett Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who died in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 10, was a national figure because he had been able to celebrate patriotism in a fresh way. Love of country has generally been rendered in its warlike aspects as a cry to arms or a shout of victory. In "The Man Without a Country" he was unusual in revealing the sentiment of patriotism as a steady flame instead of the sudden spurt of the battlefield.

This popular story was in key with Dr. Hale's life as a citizen. He was a humanitarian, but without losing himself in that vague wash of the modern brotherhood which obliterates national and racial lines. He was a hearty lover of the race, but, unlike many modern idealists, he never offended the primitive instincts of clan-nishness and love of the fatherland.

Our rapid, irreverent American life has often shown itself glad to vent its kinder sentiments on some one person in the community, advanced in years, whose life-work has been honorable. Such a venerable figure for the Boston and the Washington community Dr. Hale has been.

In his two most famous stories, "The Man Without a Country" and "My Double and How He Undid Me,"



Wreck of the Canadian Locks at Sault Ste. Marie

The gates at the lower locks were rammed June 9 by the steamer "Perry G. Walker." The water rushing down the locks damaged them to the extent of \$250,000. The steamers "Crescent City" and "Assiniboia" were swept into the river below. It is believed that the lock will be out of commission for the rest of the season.



Bad Air vs. Good Work

You can't do your best work—and you shouldn't expect it of others—in a stuffy, perhaps smoke-filled room, breathing the same air that has been breathed over and over by several people. Pure air is just as necessary as pure food. Poor ventilation produces not only discomfort and loss of energy, but greater susceptibility to disease.

The only way to get fresh air indoors at reasonable cost is to use a

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Desk and ceiling fans do not ventilate, they simply stir up the stagnant air, and make you feel a little cooler. Ventilation by means of windows is slow and insufficient, and subjects you to drafts. To produce real ventilation the stagnant air and disease germs must be removed and fresh air substituted. This is just what the Sturtevant Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set does. Completely changes air in an ordinary room in from 10 to 15 minutes at a cost of only one to three cents an hour. Simple, noiseless, mechanically and electrically perfect. Indispensable in the office, workroom, home, in the sickroom, smoking rooms, telephone booths, phonograph dictation and listening rooms, and scores of other places. It will pay you to investigate. Write today for Bulletin 108-C.

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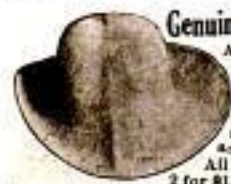
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New Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Hale used the method of Defoe and of modern newspaper men in creating effects of reality. He loaded his paragraphs with such details as the time of day and the number of the house in the street, and by this casual exactitude and accumulation of the concrete he made his imaginative narrative proceed like a fact recital.

The man without a country is Philip Nolan, army officer, who angrily says: "Damn the United States! I wish that I might never hear the United States mentioned again."

That is his very sentence, and on navy vessels he spends a lifetime, in which, by order, no mention is made to him of his country. He learns his lesson by this slow and rather tragic marooning.

In his life Dr. Hale was editor, author, clergyman, and social reformer. He was once minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, and since 1856 he led the South Congregational Church of Boston. Since 1903 he had served as chaplain of the United States Senate.

He had been editor of the "Christian Examiner" and of the "Old and New Magazine."

Among his writings are: "Ten Times One is Ten," "In His Name," "If Jesus Came to Boston." All told, he published nearly fifty books—novels, histories, sociological books, sermons, short stories. He was born in Boston in 1822.

A little late in the group, but still of the group which included Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, and Lowell. Hale was a Harvard man and also a unit in the Athenian community, inhabiting and leaving Boston, Concord, and Cambridge.

A motto to which he gave international currency is: "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand."

The Destroyers

GREAT BRITAIN is planning the most convincing spectacle of naval power in her thousand-year history. The greater part of the home and Atlantic fleets will draw up in the Thames on July 17, and for four succeeding days. One hundred warships will stretch from Westminster to the Nore.

Twenty-four battleships, such as the *Bellerophon*, *Téméraire*, and *Agamemnon*, sixteen armored cruisers, six depot ships, five warships attendant on the destroyers, will be among the craft riding at anchor at Southend, Marsh-End, Canvey Island, East Tilbury, Rosherville Pier, Mucking Lighthouse, Purfleet, Woolwich Reach, and Silvertown.

The Knapp Cure

THE Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work is an instance of taking education to the man on the job and luring him into the better way. It is instructing the Southern farmers, by practical demonstrations on their own farms, in the best methods of soil cultivation. A subdivision of the United States Department of Agriculture, and conducted by S. A. Knapp and his son, two men who have had twenty-five years of familiarity with Southern agricultural problems, the work aims at these final results:

1. The emancipation of the farmer from the bondage of debt.
2. The ownership of more and better tools, teams, and stock on the farm.
3. The improvement of the land.
4. Better rural school buildings and more months of schooling.
5. Better highways, rural-mail delivery, and telephone service.
6. Contentment with the life of a farmer.

A man familiar with local conditions, a practical farmer, is sent around to the farmers in his community. "Use five acres in the way I advise you," he says, "and I will give you the seed for nothing."

The farmer complies, and cotton, say, or corn is planted and cultivated by the best modern methods.

There is a system of three sorts of agents. The local agent comes from the neighborhood in which he is going to do his work. He receives \$75 a month. He drives around day by day through the dif-

ferent farmers, makes these suggest for new methods of planting, and then turns from time to time to see that it have been carried out. He has absolutely no expenses, because he uses his own horse and team and the farmers put him up nothing. If he were to go to a hotel would be at a remove from the source of information, but when he goes right to the family he is able to convince his 1 of the best thing to do in planting. C him is the district agent, who receives \$100 a month and expenses. These expenses are the railway fares which has to pay out in traveling from county to county where his men are at work. Over the district agent is the agent the State, who receives from \$125 to \$ a month.

The department has 325 such travel agents. It watches their careers by a system of gaudy-headed pins which are placed in a map and moved about from town to town as the agents make their rounds. Oftentimes the locality will vote part the salary for the agent because it sees a large benefit to its local needs. Sometimes a community will give \$100 a month to a district agent and the department will add \$25. The Government gives an appropriation of \$225,000 a year, and the General Education Board gives \$102,000 a year.

This demonstration system began with a fight against the boll weevil of Louisiana. The campaign was then taken up in Texas, and since then has spread through Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, but not or has it been a campaign against the Mexican boll weevil, but also the local needs have been considered and the work has extended itself over into Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. These demonstrators are preaching their locality the need of raising supplies of all sorts at home, and cultivating cotton intensively as a cash surplus by raising corn and other supplies on the same farm. The one-crop idea has been disastrous to Southern prosperity. The great central West made itself independent by raising its own supplies of every sort, instead of sticking to the one-crop idea.

The Easy Doctor

A STRONG and intelligent section of the community is desirous of rigid enforcement of the immigration laws, and some desire an extension of the statutory power of exclusion. The following item states that the Queenstown examination of immigrants sailing to America was wholly inadequate on certain days.

It is an extract from the unpublished report of the Sub-committee of the United States Immigration Commission.

"The Sub-committee of the Immigration Commission, consisting of Senator A. Latimer and Representative John L. Bennett, to whom was referred the territory of northern Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany, on the European trip, respectfully report:

"Memorandum of Commissioner John Burnett of his trip from London through England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland:

"August 29—1 arose early and went down to the dock where a tender was to carry the emigrants to one of the sailing to America.

"I did not make myself known, and directly the third-class were ordered aboard. The doctor stood at the gangway, as employees said he would do, and I stayed till every one of them had gone on, and not a single eye or head was examined, any other examination made. I visited Mr. Culver, the American Consul, afterward, and asked him about the examination at the gangway, and he said they were very rigid. This did not conform with what I had seen, although I did not know Mr. Culver knew that I had witnessed the examination. The Consul is an honorable man, and his deputy at the gangway where third-class passengers were being examined, and no doubt thought it was properly conducted, but I fear he is being imposed upon. The Consul informed me that emigration from southern Ireland to the United States and Canada was considerable, and that it practically all passed through Queenstown."



Until the Summer is Over, Bid Your Oven Good-by

Next winter go back to home-baked beans, if you will. But have some of our summer meals ready to serve. Let us bake your August beans.

It requires sixteen hours of soaking, cooking and baking to prepare a dish of home-baked beans.

That's why you don't serve them often in summer. You are seeking for dishes that require less heat.

But let us have the heat, the work and the worry. We will send you the meals all ready to serve.

And we promise delicious meals. They will be the best baked beans in the world. We will try to please you so well, if you try us for a month, that we can keep our trade forever.

Baked pork and beans, when the beans are digestible, make an ideal summer dish.

Don't judge them by home-baked beans—beans that ferment and form gas. They form, it is true, a severe tax on digestion.

But Van Camp's do not. They are baked in steam pressure. We apply twice the heat that you can in a dry oven.

The heat breaks the granules so digestion acts instantly. There's nothing easier to digest than a dish of Van Camp's beans.

And Van Camp's are delicious, for every bean is left whole. None of the crisped beans that you get in home baking. No beans that are mushy and broken. They are mealy because they are perfectly baked, and nutty because they are whole.

Then our tomato sauce is baked into the beans, giving a delicious blend. Everyone likes Van Camp's pork and beans. One never can serve it too often.

Good beans are 84 per cent nutriment. And one-fourth of that nutriment is nitrogenous. This is Nature's choicest food.

And beans, as you know, are cheap. With more food value than the choicest beef, they cost not a third as much.

And they are ready to serve if you buy Van Camp's. Every can in the pantry means a meal without cooking.

So we ask you to try them for August. Don't spend summer hours around a hot stove. Now is the time to learn what this dish means to you—to learn how your people like it.

And don't buy from hand to mouth. Have them on the pantry shelf. Always buy a dozen cans.

Van Camp's

BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

More people are using Van Camp's beans than all other brands together. For nobody ever wants common beans after once tasting Van Camp's.

Some time try to bake beans as Van Camp's are baked—having them nutty, mealy and whole. You will realize then what a science this is. We have spent 48 years in learning it.

Nobody ever yet has baked beans that begin to compare with Van Camp's.

We use only the whitest and plumpest of Michigan

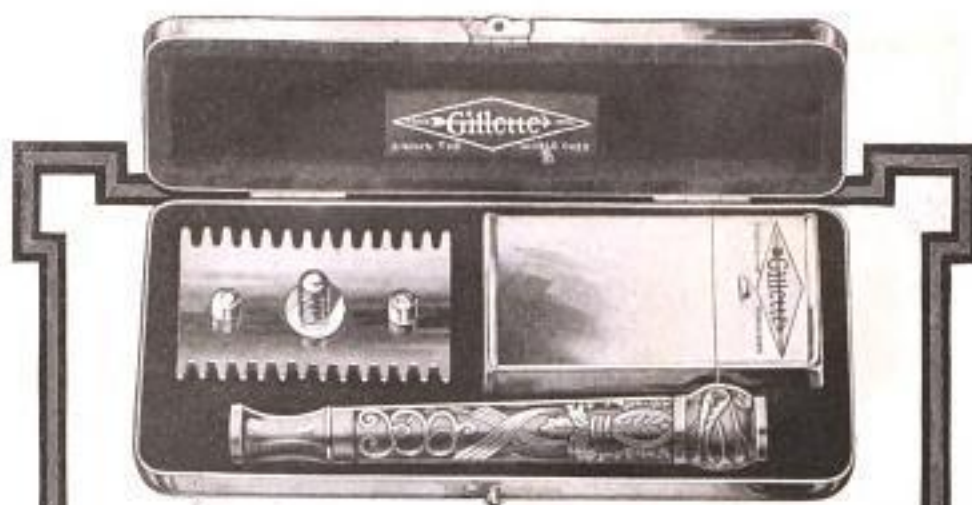
Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

beans. Every bean is picked out by hand. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We use only vine-ripened tomatoes, to get a sauce with sparkling zest. It costs us five times what some sauce would cost.

But we have an enormous business staked on this single dish. So we make it without regard to cost—make it as people like it. It will pay you to insist on Van Camp's.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Indiana



Gillette Safety Razor

SLIP a Gillette Safety Razor, Pocket Edition, into your vacation grip.

You'll find it the most useful single article in your whole outfit. The GILLETTE has solved the shaving problem for summer, winter and all the time.

Whether at the mountains or seashore, hotel or cottage, on the trip or in camp, you can always be sure of a clean, satisfying shave with the GILLETTE at hand.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It insures a perfect shave, no matter how tough the beard or tender the skin. It is the one safe razor and the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

No matter where you go—at home or abroad—you'll find the GILLETTE in use and you will be able to supply yourself with GILLETTE blades.

The New Pocket Edition is about the handsomest and cleverest little device you ever saw; pocket case is made in gold, silver, nickel or gun-metal. Plain polished suitable for the engraving of initials or monogram or richly engraved in Renaissance or Floral designs. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14K gold-plated.

Prices \$5.00 to \$7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

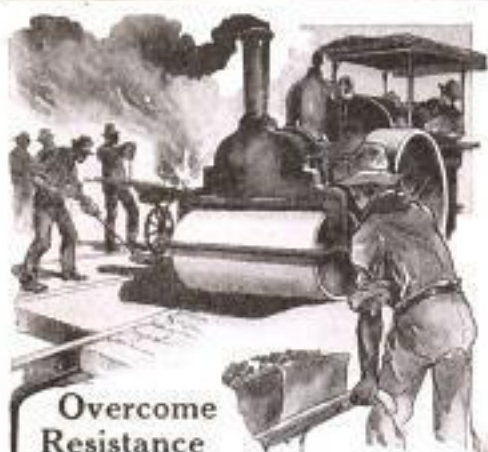
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15 FEET OF CREAM
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Delicious—Antiseptic

Combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste
42 inches of cream in trial tube sent for 4 cents.

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PARIS GARTERS

They fit so well you forget they're there

A necessity with Knee-Drawers
No metal can touch you

You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere

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25-50¢

The Guest That Tarried

(Concluded from page 15)

and Norah and the old people would have none of it. The sick seldom realize the drag and drain made upon them who nurse and serve them, and Mrs. Brennan would hear of no one touching her save Norah or Nolan; and Norah flamed out at any stranger from Askatoon, which had so cruelly treated them, entering the sick-room. A little help—very little—was accepted for the kitchen and the garden, but the burden and the watching and the wearing care of the sick-room remained their own portion.

Another spring came, and then the early summer—the first of June; and then the end came like a sudden gust of wind in a still valley, which whirls the dead leaves and lifts old branches from the ground, and while yet the valley is all tremulous and disturbed, the gust becomes a gale, and the floods break loose, and villages are swept away.

The end fell suddenly—but not like that. There came to the door of the house of Brennan one bright morning a man bearded and big and buoyant. He had in his hands a canvas bag, such as postmen or fishermen use, and in his eyes was a light of humor and eagerness and anxiety all in one. He knocked at the lintel of the open door and entered. As he did so a figure came slowly from the other room, bent and feeble and gray-haired. At sight of the bearded stranger the old man stood still for an instant, bewildered and troubled, and then with a moan of joy he stumbled forward.

"Terry—Terry—Terry, my own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms. The old man convulsively clutched the man's hands and kissed his cheek. "Shure, God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once again. 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word,'" he added. Then, after an instant, he said: "Let me break it to her—to your mother. Terry. Oh, God, be praised! 'Tis just in time you've come, for you'll set things right—Terry, Terry."

But the quick ears of love had heard; the ears that had listened so long had grown acute beyond all usual measure. They heard the voice of the old woman calling from the bedroom.

"Terry, my son—oh, my son, my own son!"

A moment later her arms were round him, drawing him close—her arms were round him, for thus much had Norah and Nolan done. They had brought her back from the moveless life, to the use of all her body again, albeit feeble and uncertain; and her face shone as she held her boy's hand in hers, and she told him of the months that had gone, and of Nolan and all he had done, of Norah and all she had suffered. And the strong man shook with sobs as he heard the tale, and looked at these two beloved beings brought back from the brink to the height of land where the feet are firmly placed.

"There was a piece in a newspaper—I got it down in New Orleans," he said at last. "Lifted out of a sermon preached at Askatoon it was, and I came as quick as I could. I ought to have come before, but—"

He paused, for some one was entering the room—the ghost of a man, as frail and worn as one that has come back from the desert, its famine and its thirst. The hair was no grayer, but the face was sunken and the eyes were like caverns in which great lights glowed. He moved with an effort at briskness—a pitiful attempt to imitate the days that were gone.

"Oh, 'tis you—'tis you—and in good time!" he said feebly, and in a voice husky with weakness. "You can take my place, Terry, for I'm not feelin' so well as I might; but 'twill be all right in a day or two if you'll take the shift. Turn and turn'll do it."

The strong man put an arm round him, drew him into the other room, and seated him peremptorily, yet gently, in the great armchair.

"Yes, 'twill be all right now, Nolan," he said with a voice blurred.

"She'll need good care yet," Nolan said; "they'll both need watchin', but the worst is over, and they're steppin' out into the sun—out into the sun."

"'Tis fifteen years since you stepped in out of the rain," said Terry. "I met Norah and the Doctor on the road here, and they told me all I wanted to hear. I wouldn't let 'em come back with me."

"But I've earned me bed and bread this past year and more. Shure, I can say that, Terry. 'Tis all I can say, I owe them for the rest."

"Owe them—God's love, owe them! I

tell you what, man, I owe you two li as dear to me as my own, and I mean pay you for them, one way or another."

"How d'ye mean to be doin' that?"

"Well, first, I'll be settin' you up in a business that you like—when you're fit out again, and look like a man and no disembodyed spirit."

"Settin' me up in business? How'd be doin' that?" He looked at Terry's legs on the floor. Terry's clothes were not specially fine. He did not look flush.

"With a few thousand dollars, Nolan. Listen now. I came here—I'd a fancy to do it—pretendin' to be as poor as you left. But it's little they think of that—he jerked a thumb toward the other room—"It was me, only me, they wanted. Where's my baggage?"—he kicked the bag the floor—"but here's my wallet," and drew forth a great pocket-book, opened, and took out a handful of thousand-dollar bills. "Nolan, my boy, I'm a millionaire—twice a millionaire—and in fifteen years—Mines—railways—mines again, and the newspaper—and that's a mine too! The you are, Nolan." He chuckled and slapped Nolan's knee.

Nolan did not show surprise. He did not seem greatly moved by the sight of money. There were other things in life.

"Shure, what else but a millionaire would you be wid your head, Terry? There was niver a head like yours; as I said that when I stepped in here fifteen years ago. You'll be doin' a lot for the I suppose," he nodded toward the other room, "and for Shannon and for Norah."

"They'll have everything and anyth they want."

"Norah's a fine woman—oh, the finest and finest! To think that I've come in such a family! Put ye're hand behind ye ear, Terry, and hear the news I've for Norah's to be marryin' of me when we c lay hands on a priest—if ye think I'm too old for her," he added innocently.

"Too old? Norah? Why she is—" Terry stopped short and changed the sentence.

"Norah is the pick of the bunch; and two of you are the best of the basket."

"Well, if I'm not too old for her—"

Terry smothered a laugh. "What k of business shall I start you in, Nolan?"

"Shure, I think a stage 'twixt Askatoon and Cowrie would do. Four horses to a stage, and ten altogether—that'd mean change and two for accidents as well. The stage painted red, and a horn—there not be a railway that way for ten years. Then there'd be breedin' of a few horses—lart about horses in Ireland and I ca for them in Injy—bedad, I did care them there. Shure, that's a life to k the blood stirrin'—a fine stage painted red and a horn, and four horses forinst rattlin' the whipple-trees! Would that too much, d'ye think, Terry? Could stand it now?"

"Well, of all the blasted—" But Terry turned away to choke back his tears!

A week later Nolan sat in the sun on a maple stump in front of the house, singing to himself:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine day that Clancy married?"

Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass was so green!

And when the neighbors wandered ho I was the guest that tarried.

"What's that you're singin', Nolan?" said Norah's voice behind him.

Nolan started, as from a dream; then with the resource of a resourceful race, said with an air of delicate confidence a candor quite inimitable:

"Oh, just a little anthem of the happiness that's comin' to us, Norah, dear. But he winked slyly to himself.

She laid a warm, kind hand on his hand and looked down at him with a rich, laugh, bubbling from her mouth.

"It's a fine tooth ye have in your head, Norah, girl," he said, glancing up at the rogue in his eye.

Her face flushed with pleasure. "That's what the Young Doctor said," she answered; and what the Young Doctor said had carried her on through many a day and night, not forgetting the help of Nolan Doyle.

"Oh, the Young Doctor—him? Shure he's the best breed of Inniskillen. We ride a steeplechase yet together, him and me, same as we did beyand—under laden Hill."

And they did. They drive the finest horses in the Far West, importing brood-mares from under Calladen Hill by to Inniskillen.

PURITY ESSENTIAL

In no other form of food is Purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, and out richness, milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal.—Advt.



More Than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

They Look Neat and
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Everwear
TRADE MARK
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For Men and Women

Don't make the mistake of thinking all guaranteed hose are alike. Many brands not half as good as Everwear are "guaranteed."

Don't think because Everwear sell at the same price as other guaranteed or ordinary hose, that Everwear are coarse, heavy and awkwardly made. For Everwear are more than merely guaranteed hose. They embody all the best features of the finest imported hose, though they cost much less. Everything that constitutes the making of a really superior hose,—yarn, workmanship, colors, etc., goes into them.

So make sure you get Everwear. Some merchants might try to sell you something they claim "just as good." For your own protection see that the name "Everwear" is on the box and on each pair of hose.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order stating size, kind and color wanted. Enclose price and we will send you the hose express prepaid. If you have worn other guaranteed hose and they were not satisfactory, you should order a box of Everwear at once. You will never really enjoy hose comfort, satisfaction and economy until you try them.

**Six Pairs of one Size in a Box
Solid or Assorted Colors**

Men's Silk Lisle—\$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, purple, gun metal, light and dark shades of blue and gray, Hunter Green and Reseda Green.

Ladies'—\$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Men's Egyptian Cotton—\$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy; light and dark shades of gray and tan.

Ladies'—\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 12, Milwaukee, Wis.



Buy Happiness

for sufferers in dark hot
tenements.

**\$10 Sends 4 to
Sea Breeze**

our Fresh Air Home, and
the hospital for tubercu-
lous children, which cured
Smiling Joe.

How many may we
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\$5 gives two whole weeks of new life and cheer to a worn out mother and infant, to an underfed working girl, or to a convalescing patient.
\$10 gives four run-down school children a fresh start for next year.
\$25 names a bed for the season. \$50 names a room.
\$100 gives a happy day excursion to 400 mothers and children, their only outing.

Can you not have a lawn party or a fair for Sea Breeze?
Please send to R. S. MINTURN, Treasurer, Room 232, No. 105 E. 22nd St., New York
N. Y. ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR
R. FULTON CUTTING, President

To how many other such children
will you help us give a fighting chance
before it is too late? \$5.00 will do
it for one.

My little girl had measles and then pneumonia.
The doctor says two weeks at Sea Breeze might
have saved her.



"It's easy to get well at Sea Breeze. It kept me
from losing a whole year at school."

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

STRONG'S ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

"Supreme for a third of a century"

THIS wonderful soap does more than cleanse the teeth—it sweetens the breath and hardens the gums. Ordinary dentifrices often injure the tender gums which in turn affects the roots of the teeth. The teeth can never be healthy under such conditions. But with Arnica Tooth Soap the enamel is left sparkling with cleanliness while the gums are soothed and nourished. The teeth remain sound for years.

The package is the most convenient ever put out. The cake fits snugly into a metal receptacle covered with a hinged lid. There is no glass nor box to break and let the liquid out. There is no powder to spill and waste. You simply wet the brush and rub it over the cake of soap. Then apply to the teeth and the effect is that every impurity is instantly removed, the teeth gleam like ivory and the breath is sweet and delightful.

Try a single package. Compare it with any other similar article—powder, paste or liquid—then you will forever ask your druggist for only Arnica Tooth Soap at 25 cents a box.

STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY

BEAUTY consists of more than graceful outlines—it means a perfect skin. Pimples and eruptions indicate an unhealthy condition of the skin. Sunburn can be avoided during the hot summer months and chaps prevented in winter by a little care of the skin. All that is necessary is to apply Strong's Arnica Jelly with the finger tips, rub it gently into the pores, and the skin becomes as soft as velvet and as smooth as silk.

This soothing ointment now holds a place on the dressing tables of all who have tried it once.

Try a package this week. It comes in collapsible metal tubes which are unbreakable and add greatly to the convenience. Ask your druggist for the genuine Strong's Arnica Jelly at 25 cents a package.

NOTE: If your druggist does not have these goods, send the price to us and we will mail them without any charge for postage.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906.
Serial Number 1612

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HERE is a chance for you to get into a profitable business of your own. Here is an opportunity to become your own employer, and to

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Rapid Passenger Traffic Car owners in all parts of the country are making astonishing profits in the sight-seeing business; in hotel, bus-line and resort work with our handsome, luxurious Cars. **You** can do the same if you start **now** with

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Rapid owners are receiving big dividends on their investments. The business is pleasant (out of doors) and is cash in hand every trip. No bad accounts like the owner of a business founded upon the same capital as a Rapid, has to stand.

The Rapid line is the oldest and most successful of any on the market.



20 Passenger Pullman

Our cars are noted for their reliability, durability and economy of operation. Rapids are not experiments. We have spent over a quarter million dollars to make them the best Passenger Traffic Cars that are made to-day.

If you want to make your money work for you, you will not find a better investment than to put it in Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars.

Send for our booklet "The Rapid Way of Making Money." It tells all about the money-making possibilities of Rapid Passenger Traffic Cars. Also write us, confidentially, about your ability to purchase a Rapid. We do not sell on time or installments.

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506 Rapid Street
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Here's the Knife that You've Been Looking For

The combination is absolutely new and thoroughly practical. It's simply an answer to a large and insistent demand for such a knife. Already it has proved one of our greatest sellers. Immediate approval by dealers has prompted us to bring it to the attention of the general public. It's another sample of the fine grade of cutlery, made in a thousand variations, you can secure when you purchase a knife guaranteed by our trademark, which for over 30 years has stood for the highest quality in cutlery and tools.

The illustration shows this knife in actual size. It is made in America—is strong and very useful, and with proper care will last a lifetime. It has a stag horn handle with German silver bolsters and shield. The tempering of each of its four blades is especially adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, as shown by the straw color of its leather punch blade—the

Harrison patent—made of best quality tool steel—it will cut with ease a perfectly round hole any size up to 1/2 inch.

The large cutting blade of Wardlow's Crucible Steel will hold a razor edge. Its screw driver blade will turn any rusty or resisting screw, while the can opener blade is of a quality of shock hardened steel rarely put into an article used for the purpose.

If you camp, hunt, fish—use anything or do anything that requires a reliable, handy tool, you'll certainly like this knife. Remember—every article sold under the OYB trademark is strictly warranted. If your hardware dealer does not have it in stock, send us his name and address, or on receipt of price we will forward one direct by registered mail.

Ask for this knife today and cut this advertisement out as a reminder.



HIBBARD, SPENCER, BARTLETT & Co.
STATE STREET BRIDGE
CHICAGO, ILL.
(Established 1855)

Ask for 935.



The Foremost French Pioneer

A Story of Samuel Champlain's Voyages Which Are to Be Celebrated in a Series of Pageants on Lake Champlain Next Week

ELEVEN years before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the foot of an adventurous Frenchman had trod many miles into the interior of this continent.

In July, 1609, Samuel Champlain discovered and gave his name to the beautiful lake which lies between New York and Vermont. While New England still remained uninhabited by white men, and the English colony at Jamestown hugged the coast, looking to the mother country for food and protection, Champlain gazed upon the great lakes, crossed Huron and Ontario, and penetrated into the center of New York State.

Unlike most of the early pioneers who came to Canada, Champlain was neither a priest nor a fur-trader. He had many of the qualities which go to make up the soldier of fortune: the disregard of danger, the indifference to privation, the ardent love of adventure, but he was not the coarse, cruel, grasping soldier, lustful for blood and gold—he was the *preux chevalier*, gentle in time of peace, forgiving toward his enemies, generous and deeply religious. He was a captain in the royal navy during the reign of Henry IV, and, becoming tired of the perpetual warfare of the Old World, Captain Champlain resigned his commission to explore and colonize the new.

Suggestion of the Panama Canal

THE expedition which led to the discovery of Lake Champlain was by no means his first voyage to America. As early as 1609 he had gone as far south as the Isthmus of Panama, and had described the advantages to trade which would result in cutting a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In 1608 the Sieur de Monts received a grant from the King of France of all the territory between the fortieth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude. With a stroke of the kingly pen, De Monts was made feudal lord of a territory reaching from the neighborhood of Philadelphia to Cape Breton Island. Three years later James I of England granted to the Plymouth Company the right to establish colonies in this same region, paying no attention to the French King's claim, but this is also a kingly prerogative. De Monts selected Champlain to go and build a settlement in his new domain, and in doing this he chose one of the ablest of the early makers of America.

Champlain sailed from Honfleur in May, and, going up the St. Lawrence River, he built a few huts where to-day stands the picturesque old city of Quebec. Of course, he and his men had a hard winter. It was so severe that more than half of them died of scurvy. The Indians, who, like summer insects, lay by no store for the future, came to him and begged for food. They were literally starving, and fought among themselves for the carrion with which the Frenchmen had baited their traps. Champlain received them with great compassion, and gave them food from his own scanty supply. The generosity and humaneness with which he always treated the Indians won from them an enduring friendship. They never faltered in their trust in him, and never once betrayed his trust in them. Had it not been for this friendship on their part, he could never have performed the wonders he did in the way of exploration.

The March upon the Iroquois

THE spring of 1609 found him in good health and courage, planting his garden against the necessities of the winter to come. At this time a young Algonquin chief came to him and made just the kind of a proposal that would naturally appeal to the adventurous soldier. It was to join the allied tribes of Canada—the Algonquins, Hurons, and Montagnais—in an expedition against the Iroquois of New York. In return for the favor of his alliance, the Indians promised to take him, at some future time, to the Great Lakes and to show him where there were copper and other wealth dear to the heart of the European. Champlain agreed at once, and in May he set out, accompanied by eleven of his men and his Indian allies.

The party went up the St. Lawrence as far as the Richelieu River, which is the connecting link between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. Here they found that they could not navigate the smaller stream in their shallop, and nine of the men went back in it to Quebec. Three-fourths of the Indians deserted at this point, leaving Champlain with two white companions and sixty Indians to invade

the Five Nations of the Iroquois—the fiercest, most ruthless warriors on the American continent. The Canadian Indians would never have dreamed of such an invasion if they had not had a sublimely confident in "the man with the iron chest," as they called Champlain.

They had a difficult journey up the Richelieu River, and coming down the western channel, past the islands of Motte and North and South Hero, reached a point where the full expanse of the lake glistening under the July sun. If he eliminate the summer cottages which do dot the islands and shores, Champlain looked upon the same scene which the traveler who goes there on a pleasure trip sees to-day. On the left were the Green Mountains, whose summits of white limestone Champlain mistook for snowy peaks; on the right were the Adirondack Mountains and forests, then the favorite hunting grounds of the Iroquois.

The original plan of the Indians was daring enough to satisfy the love for the wildest adventure. It was to travel Lake Champlain, go through Lake George, make a portage of a dozen miles, striking the Hudson, glide down the river to the sea, borne along by the absolute belief in the omnipotence of their muskets and three steel breast-plates. It will be seen, this plan was interrupted, but had it not been, Champlain would have antedated Henry Hudson's discovery by a few months, or, possibly, as traveling was a slow process in those days of Indian ambuscades, Champlain, going down the river, might have met Sir Henry on his way northward.

When the invaders reached the southern extremity of the lake, off a rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was afterward built, they met the Iroquois, who, having got wind of the invasion, were coming to seek it. The first meeting was at night while both parties were in their canoes, and by common consent they agreed to wait until daylight before beginning the fight.

The inhabitants of New York State were very disdainful of the Canadian Indians. Having no information as to the great power which was concealed in their ranks, the Iroquois wondered at the temerity of their northern foes, and watched them closely during the night, to see that they did not run away without giving battle. Both sides spent the time in shouting boasts as to what was to happen as soon as it was light, but the Canadians were silent as to the secret of their courage.

At sunrise the Iroquois began the attack, and, as they advanced with military precision than was usually shown in Indian warfare, Champlain took time to admire them: two hundred stalwart braves, in stature more majestic than he had ever seen, and with three chiefs at their head, wearing a rude armor of wood bound with thongs.

Champlain Turns the Day

HAD it not been for the presence of Champlain the allied Indians would have turned tail and run. As it was, they became very anxious and called loudly upon their champion. Clad in light armor, with shining breast-plate and a plumed casque on his head, Champlain stepped through the ranks and strode forward until he was thirty paces in advance of his party. The Iroquois stopped short with astonishment. Here was an apparition to strike terror to the bravest heart, because it was the unknown and the mysterious. There were a few moments of silence; the gonquins behind him were too intensely wrought by excitement to utter the shouts of defiance, and the Iroquois front were too much astounded to move or speak. Champlain quietly raised his arquebus, and taking careful aim, as he were shooting at a mark, put a bullet through the brain of one of the chiefs. Instantly pandemonium broke loose. The allies yelled like so many fiends; the Iroquois also yelled, but with a less cert note; then, with a valor which deserves to be chanted in their war-songs, they rushed toward this terrible foe, who was armed with a thunderbolt (which he reloaded), launched it again in the faces. The two other white men, who had been concealed under buffalo robes in canoes nearby, suddenly opened fire. This settled the fight. No courage or proof against such odds, and the Iroquois fled in consternation, while the allies followed them to complete the victory.

Since that day Lake Champlain has been the scene of many a bloody conflict. Fort Ticonderoga was taken and retaken during the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, the hills reverberate

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with the thunder of cannon when Mac-
donough defeated the English fleet, but
Champlain's shot, killing the Iroquois
chief, was the first explosion of gunpow-
der to awaken their echoes. It won the
day, but it kindled in the breasts of the
defeated Iroquois a rage which did not
become extinct for years—not until they
had burned the villages of their enemies
and practically annihilated the Huron and
Algonquin tribes.

When the ceremonies attendant upon
this victory were completed, the Canadian
Indians were satisfied to return home,
taking their hero with them, in triumph.
Six years later he made his longest and
his last voyage into the interior of the
continent. With a dozen white men and
a band of Indians who were always eager
in avall of his prowess against their Iro-
quois foes, he ascended the St. Lawrence
and Ottawa Rivers, crossed Lake Huron
and Lake Ontario, and came down into
New York State as far as Canandaigua.
Here he found a town of the Senecas
which was fortified by a stout palisade
thirty feet high and defended by a large
force of warriors. Nothing daunted by
this obstacle, Champlain and his men
built a wooden tower with huge shields,
capable of sheltering several men. When
this was finished three or four of his men
climbed into it, and two hundred of his
Indians dragged it forward, very much
after the fashion of the famous wooden
horse which the Greeks employed at the
siege of Troy, only in this case the vehicle
rolled up in broad daylight, accompanied
by the yelps of painted savages. From
this portable fortress a raking fire was
poured over the stockade. The ruse might
have been successful if the attacking In-
dians had possessed more patience, but
in their exultation they exposed them-
selves too recklessly and met with serious
losses. Champlain himself was wounded
by an arrow, and, although he drew it
out and wanted to continue the fight, his
wounds suddenly became discouraged and
drew off, carrying him with them. They
were kind enough to him, nursed him in
his wounded condition, and finally brought
him safely back to Quebec, but he had
lost prestige among them, for they had
discovered that the man with the iron
coat was not invulnerable.

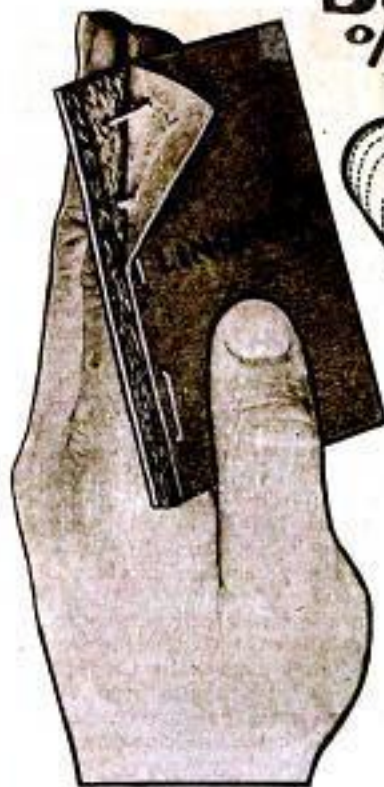
He made many voyages between France
and Canada, visiting the court at Paris,
being feted by King and nobles, and re-
turning to the hardships of life in New
France with equanimity and pleasure, for
his heart was in his work in the New
World. Here, on Christmas Day, 1635,
at the age of sixty-eight, he died, and at
his death his country lost her foremost
pioneer in America.



John Bull and His Island

IN APPROACHING his explanation
of England and the English, Mr.
Price Collier is attracted by the
Englishman's breakfast. It is a
solid repast of tea, eggs and bacon,
cold meat, and jam. What you want is
not refused, but what they like is gradu-
ally forced upon you. Thus the English
govern their colonies. There is no raising
voices, no ridicule of your habits, just
unmoving, confident bulk. The English-
man holds himself at high value and, when-
ever and whenever possible, takes all he
can get. It is done quietly, as a matter
of right, with a subdued air of sanctity.
For other meals there are eggs, bacon,
beef, mutton, ham, tongue, chicken
with potatoes, cabbage, and cheese. It is
man's diet, suited to men who play and
eat hard and rule about one-fifth of the
world. The Englishman likes it, sighs
for it when separated from it, and those
who survive are, as Mr. Collier admits,
splendid animals indeed. It is washed
down with a prodigious amount of malted
liquors and heavy wines. In 1906 the En-
glish consumed twenty-eight gallons of
beer each for every man, woman, and
child. They spent over a thousand mil-
lion dollars for drink, sport, and the navy.
Sport is a religion. Indeed, the English
spend more, as Mr. Collier rather quaintly
states it, "on sport than they do on religion
and education." Young and old play out-
door games together in a way almost un-
heard of here. It gives the boys manli-
ness and poise, and keeps their elders fit.
Keeping fit is a duty for these modern
men. They never can tell when they
will be called upon. When the South
African war broke out, Lord Roberts, al-
ready an old man, and grieving then for
the loss of his son, said: "I have been
keeping myself fit for just such an emer-
gency," and started for the front.
It is a man's country. Society is ruled
by men rather than, as in America, by

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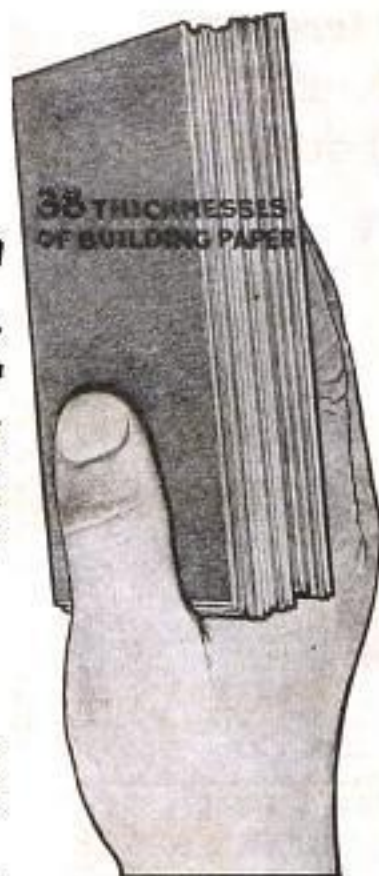
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women. Politics, not amusement, is its keynote. Echoes from the far-flung battle-line are always in the air. Fighting is going on somewhere. At London dinner-tables and clubs one is always meeting some one just setting out upon or returning from exploration, colonizing, or war.

More About an Englishman's Home

IN HIS home the Englishman is master. It is his castle, rather than his wife's. He spends a great deal of time there, and he likes to entertain and invest himself with a certain personal dignity. If he is living in a big house and loses his money, he would rather move to a small house and keep his servants than live apart and shabbily in the big house. Also, the horses for his wife's brougham will be sold before he will sell his hunters. The Englishman's domestic economy throws light upon the larger questions of British politics. The severest stricture that can be passed on a man's political course is that he neglects imperial interests for personal ambition, and the reason is that, in imperiling British interests, he imperils British incomes and thus the peace and comfort of the English home.

These are not new things, perhaps, but Mr. Price Collier, in his "England and the English," just published by the Scribners, puts them and much else in a new and especially understandable way. His own experience gives him an uncommon point of view. Mr. Collier was a student at the Harvard Divinity School in the early eighties; in 1903 he was living at Tuxedo Park and writing a book about driving. He knows Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, the City of Mexico and New York, and mentions an acquaintance with England extending over some thirty years. Toward his own countrymen his attitude is that of one who, although living in a fashionable country neighborhood from which detached but pleasant relations with Wall Street can doubtless be maintained, yet feels free to lambaste the vulgar new-rich.

He steps easily from budget statistics to French epigrams and coachmen's "hands." Yet, although decidedly a sportsman, his reticence toward a great Personage is worthy of remark. He is more inclined toward Cleveland, President Eliot, Charles Eliot Norton, Choate, and Root. He has no sympathy with Socialism nor votes-for-women, and in quite a London "Spectator" manner curtly dismisses such matters as "sentimentalism" and "effeminacy." Indeed, toward the whole altruistic tendency of to-day, Mr. Collier appears to present an almost early-Victorian opaqueness and indifference. Within the field which interests him, however, he is keen, widely-informed, and always vigorous and interesting.

The Sun that Never Sets

ALTHOUGH he deeply respects and has a real affection for this stout, red-checked, honest, sport-loving old fellow, Mr. Collier is not without misgivings about his future in a new, nervous, scientific age. "Although one may praise," he says, "and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way he has played it, this need not interfere with the conviction that he is being caught up with—which means, of course, ere long, left behind—in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are now playing." Many other vistas, similarly interesting, are lighted by Mr. Collier's book. He tells who the English are and discusses their home life in town and country, sport, society, Ireland, and the way they govern themselves and others. It would not be easy to find more interesting reading on such a subject at this time.

A Transcript of Tenement Life

CHARLES FORT has lately published an unusual book, "The Outcast Manufacturers." There is no story, and its language is elliptical, consciously terse, forbidding. Read the first chapter, in which his score or so of slovenly New York tenement types are created and staged, and you'll wonder why good white paper was spoiled to picture chaos, complete and sordid. Chapter II will interest you, and you'll sit up as late as is necessary to finish the transcript. Arthur Morrison and Gissing have gone to the heart of the London slums, and have made fair stories out of their accurate studies. Fort cares nothing for his story, and he is a rampant individualist as to style, but he makes his group of tenement incompetents live under your eye. It is superb verbal photography—atmosphere, humor, the sordidness of the people and streets, brief flashes of exaltation, the by-play of politics, poignant little tragedies, are thrown upon the pages sharp-edged and convincing. In place of a story there is a slow progression of the group. At the end you'll wonder who Fort is and what he thinks about his people. The book won't even give you a hint. J. M. O.



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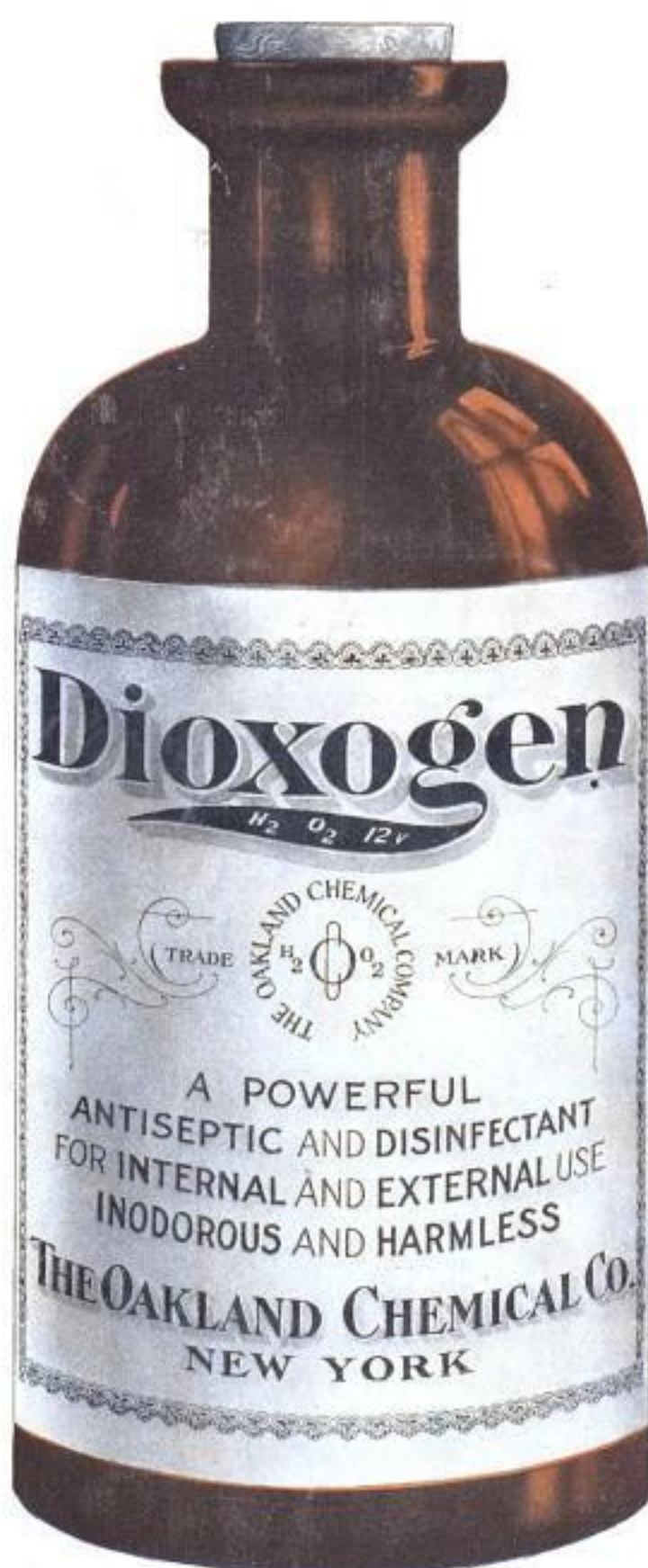
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